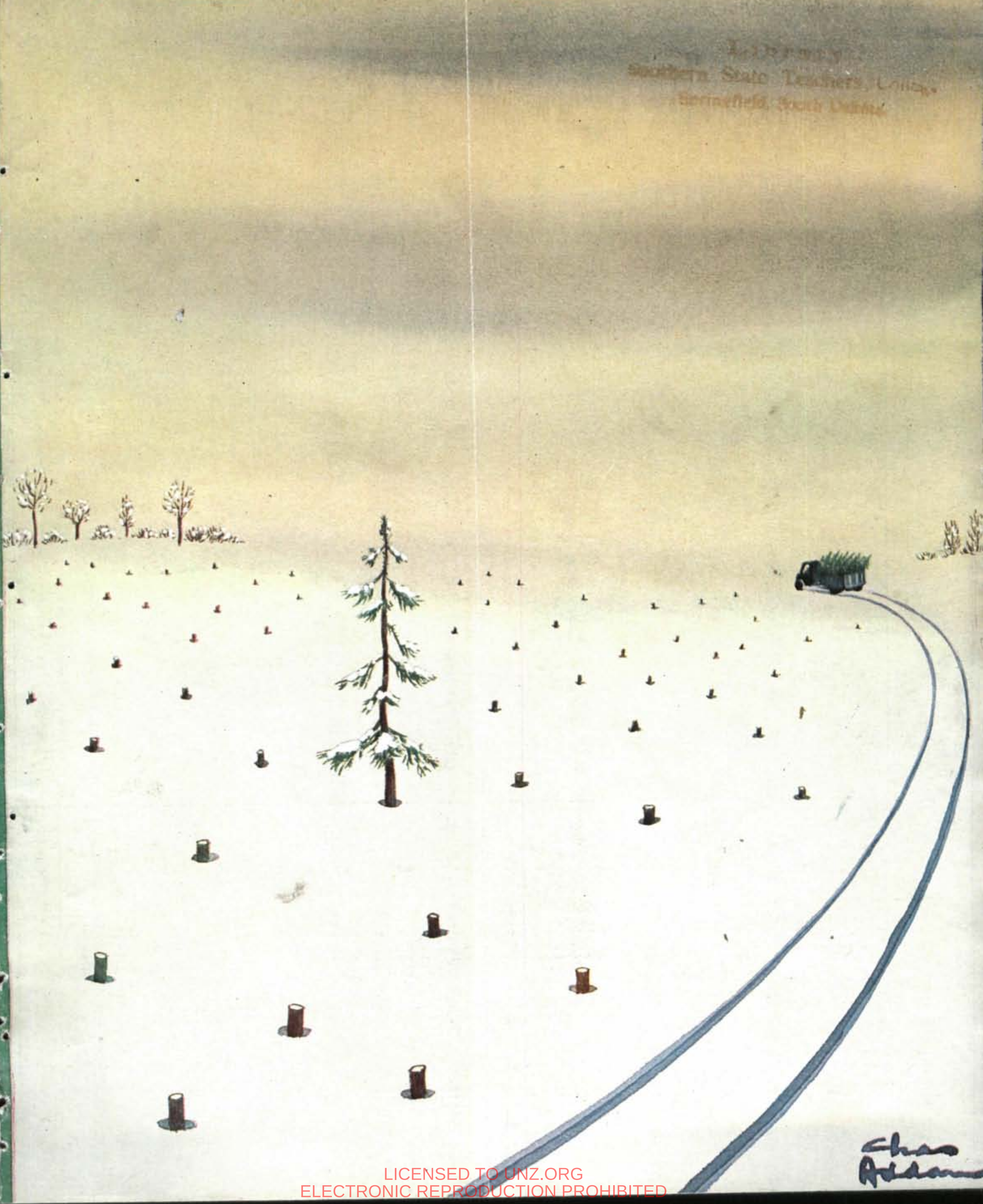
Dec. 8, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

DEC 19 REC'D

Library
Southern State Teachers College
Springfield, South Dakota

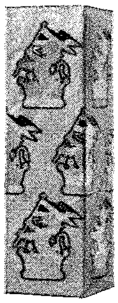


Chas Addams

MISS UNA MERKEL
MR. AND MRS. LEON AMES
MISS DONNA ATWOOD
MR. AND MRS. RORY CALHOUN (LITA BARON)
MR. AND MRS. REESE MILNER
MRS. COBINA WRIGHT

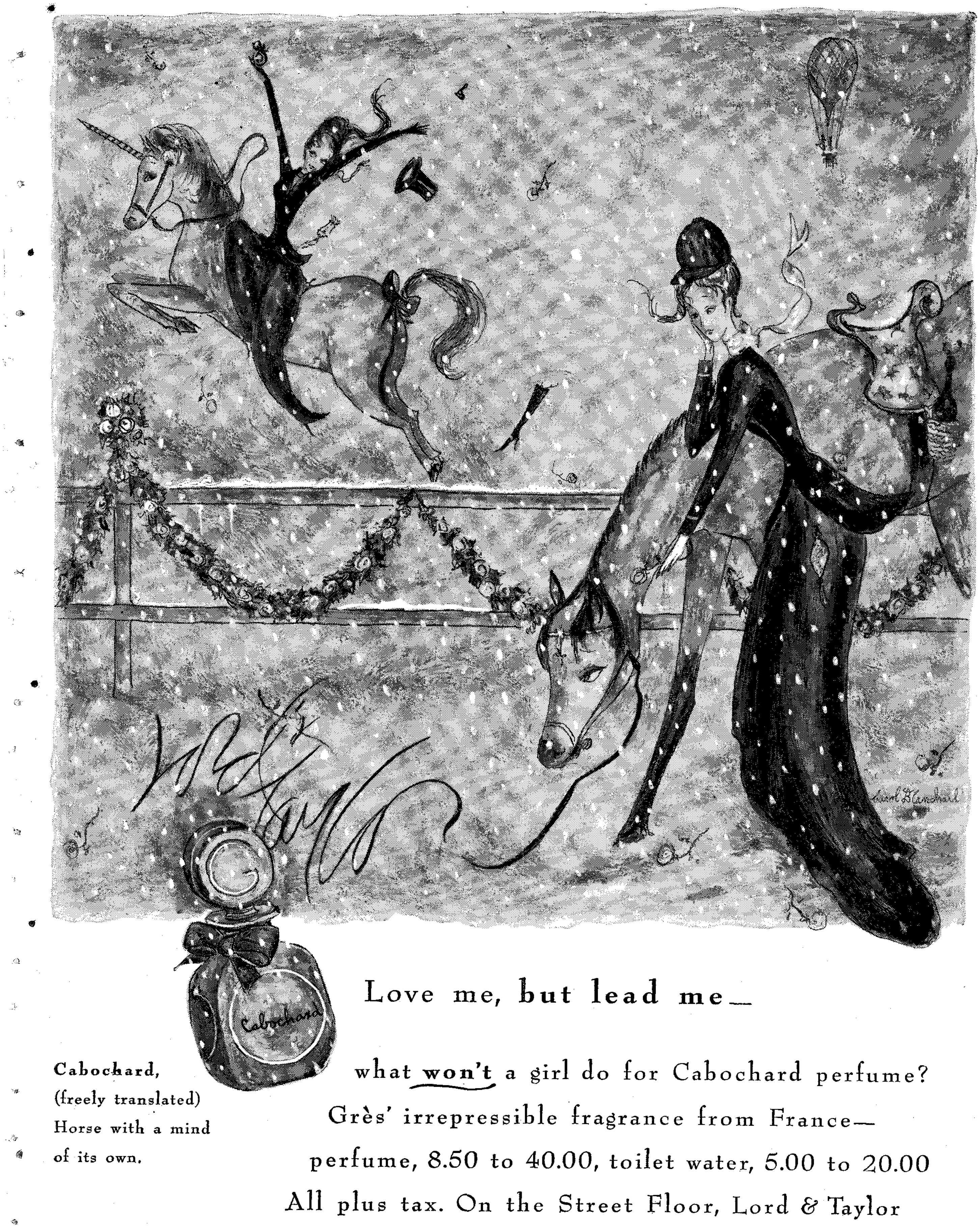
Donna Atwood gives a party in Hollywood

and serves Vat 69...the light Scotch you'll recommend tomorrow. This international skating star and actress knows that Vat 69 is preferred by the world's most discerning Scotch drinkers. Treat your friends during the holidays by giving and serving the Scotch you know they'll enjoy. One Scotch Stands Out...Vat 69. Beautiful gold foil gift wrap at no extra cost.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODS. CO., N. Y. SOLE U. S. DISTRS. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

Library
Southern State Teachers College
Springfield, South Dakota



Love me, but lead me—

what **won't** a girl do for Cabochard perfume?
Grès' irrepressible fragrance from France—
perfume, 8.50 to 40.00, toilet water, 5.00 to 20.00
All plus tax. On the Street Floor, Lord & Taylor

Cabochard,
(freely translated)
Horse with a mind
of its own.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel about the trouble stirred up at Cambridge when a young physicist is discharged for faking some facts in his dissertation. Not too satisfactory from a theatrical standpoint. Brewster Mason heads the mixed British and American cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 9.)

Calculated Risk—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Harold—About a trio of bachelors who decide to give a pal a bit of social polish so that he can marry a rich girl. Not much here. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lord Pengo—S. N. Behrman's witty and perceptive study of an art dealer as influential as the late Lord Duveen. Charles Boyer's performance in the title role is flawless, and Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, Agnes Moorehead, and Brian Bedford give him stout support. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Moby Dick—Orson Welles' adaptation of the Melville novel is full of sound and fury but very little significance. Rod Steiger plays Captain Ahab at the top of his lungs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—A jolly comedy, by Sumner Arthur Long, that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all first-rate. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Night Life—A melodrama by Sidney Kingsley, set in a Manhattan night club, that endeavors to prove that the meek shall inherit the earth, even if they die in the course of getting their inheritance. Not up to Mr. Kingsley's best efforts, but well acted by Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seidman and Son—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college to which you should not send your sons or daughters. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**a man for all seasons:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **take her, she's mine:** Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are in Phoebe and Henry Ephron's comedy about college life and anxious parents. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Moon Besieged—A play by Seyril Schochen, in which Ted van Griethuysen and Charles Tyner appear. Staged by Lloyd Richards and presented by Loren E. Price. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Little Me—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who, in the course of the play, makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton. But, for all Mr. Caesar's efforts, the comedy is lukewarm, and the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are not at all memorable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lind-

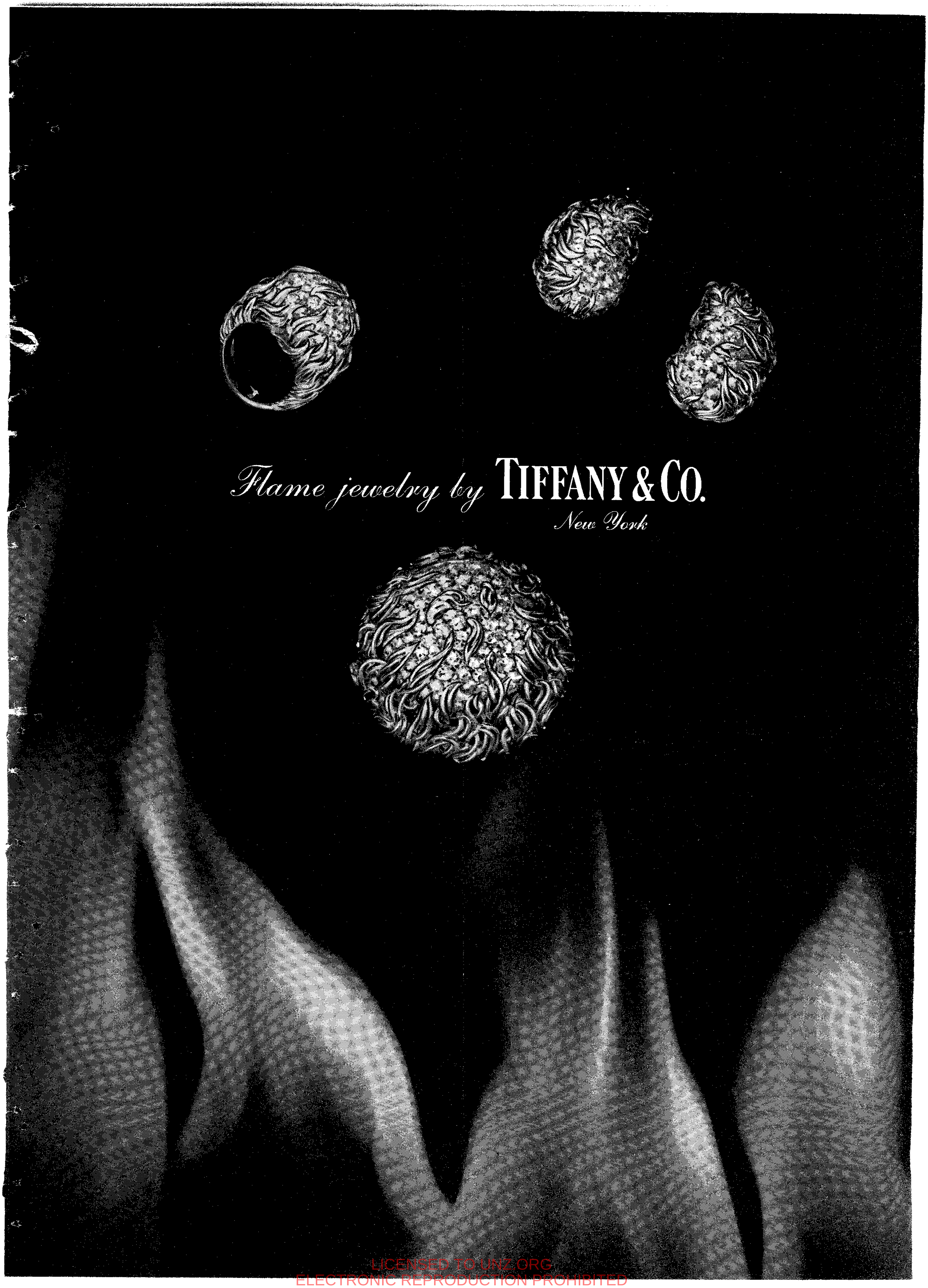
	Page
BOOKS	235
THE CURRENT CINEMA	233
FOOTBALL	152
MUSICAL EVENTS	203
CONCERT RECORDS	205
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	160
THE RACE TRACK	209
THE SPORTING SCENE	213
THE THEATRE	148

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 42, December 8, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.


Flame jewelry by TIFFANY & Co.
New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

say and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** King Arthur and all that. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.) . . . **carnival:** Carla Alberghetti portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **milk and honey:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

In the Counting House—Sydney Chaplin and Howard Da Silva in a play by Leslie Weiner. Directed by Arthur Penn and produced by David J. Cogan. Opens Thursday, Dec. 13. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A *maddening, capricious, and indelible evening.* (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—A disappointing production, directed by David Ross. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Intimate Relations—The first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Living Room—Martyn Green in a revival of Graham Greene's play. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis makes a fine, lusty widow, and Michael Conrad is funny as a bloodthirsty sergeant, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Night Is Black Bottles—A play by Sam Soffer. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, James Ray, and Patricia Roe. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather affecting first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P.S. 193—A professor of philosophy vs. a vengeful and addled veteran of the Korean War. At its best, David Rayfiel's melodrama manages to be frightening, touching, and funny; at its worst it is somewhat high-toned and cloudy. Severn Darden and James Earl Jones play the antagonists. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A couple of unpretentious and rather charming one-acters, the first set in India, the second in Japan, that Rolf Forsberg has fashioned from Buddhist fables. There is also a prologue in which a number of Chinese characters cheerfully act out Zen riddles and maxims. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Under Milk Wood and **Pullman Car Hiawatha**—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play, plus Thornton Wilder's one-act comedy, done professionally for the first time in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays

B
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS

Once you
give her
'Jolie Madame'
. . . she'll
ask you
to pick out
everything!

Jolie Madame

BALMAIN

PARFUMS – PARIS

15.00 to 85.00, plus tax.

Peck & Peck

The resort look:
linen and mohair

Perfect costume for sunny climes. The sleeveless sheath of fine linen, jacketed in frothy mohair with contrast banding and thistle embroidery. Aqua, shrimp or beige. 8 to 18, 39⁹⁵

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester
Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Indianapolis
Atlanta • St. Paul • Minneapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D.C. • Hartford • Providence

at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—The company will present "The Nutcracker" for an eighteen-day engagement that starts Friday, Dec. 14, and will run through Monday, Dec. 31. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 12:30 and 5:30.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—A company of dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—The final performances of a four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 6-7: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 9: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 9: "The Mikado." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, which is a day's drive from one end to the other, Keely Smith throws obvious songs and obvious sob-sister sound effects into her twice-a-night recitals, but what is also obvious is that every so often she's gently spoofing the whole Las Vegas show-shop apparatus, or apparition. The jack-in-the-box Lester Lanin and his giant band fire dance music point-blank at the guests. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the dance music. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The sporting element and the spectator-sporting element elbow to elbow, or foot to foot when, after ten-thirty, they populate the tiny dance floor presided over by Roger Steele's small band. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre. Phil Wayne's trio is for dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Another band fills in for everyone on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Shirley Bassey, a young Londoner in whom prospectors have discovered large amounts of glee, is singing again in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Dance orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make the appropriate noises during the interludes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts its day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's sonorous and soothing dance orchestra, which dates back deep into the days of 78 r.p.m., is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the new varsity crew in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, who has forsaken houseboats on the Seine and beaches at Southampton for a more serious pursuit—the construction of a dance band with the perfect New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Ted Straeter and his fluent dance band are bathed in the moonlight of the Columns, a de-luxe patio. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, the Straeters and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the rest of his evenings, except Sundays, in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

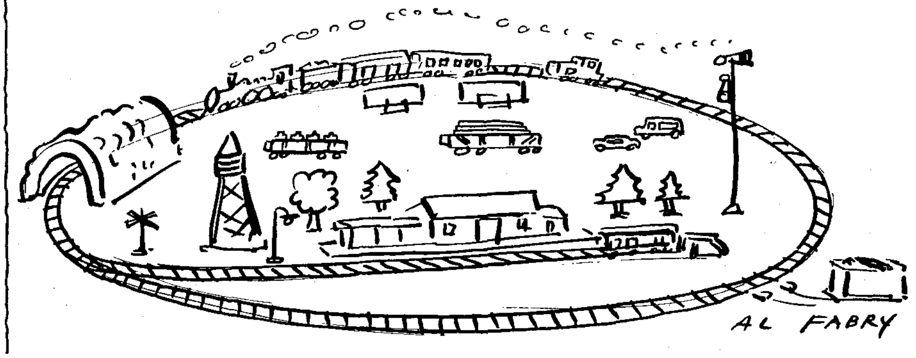
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

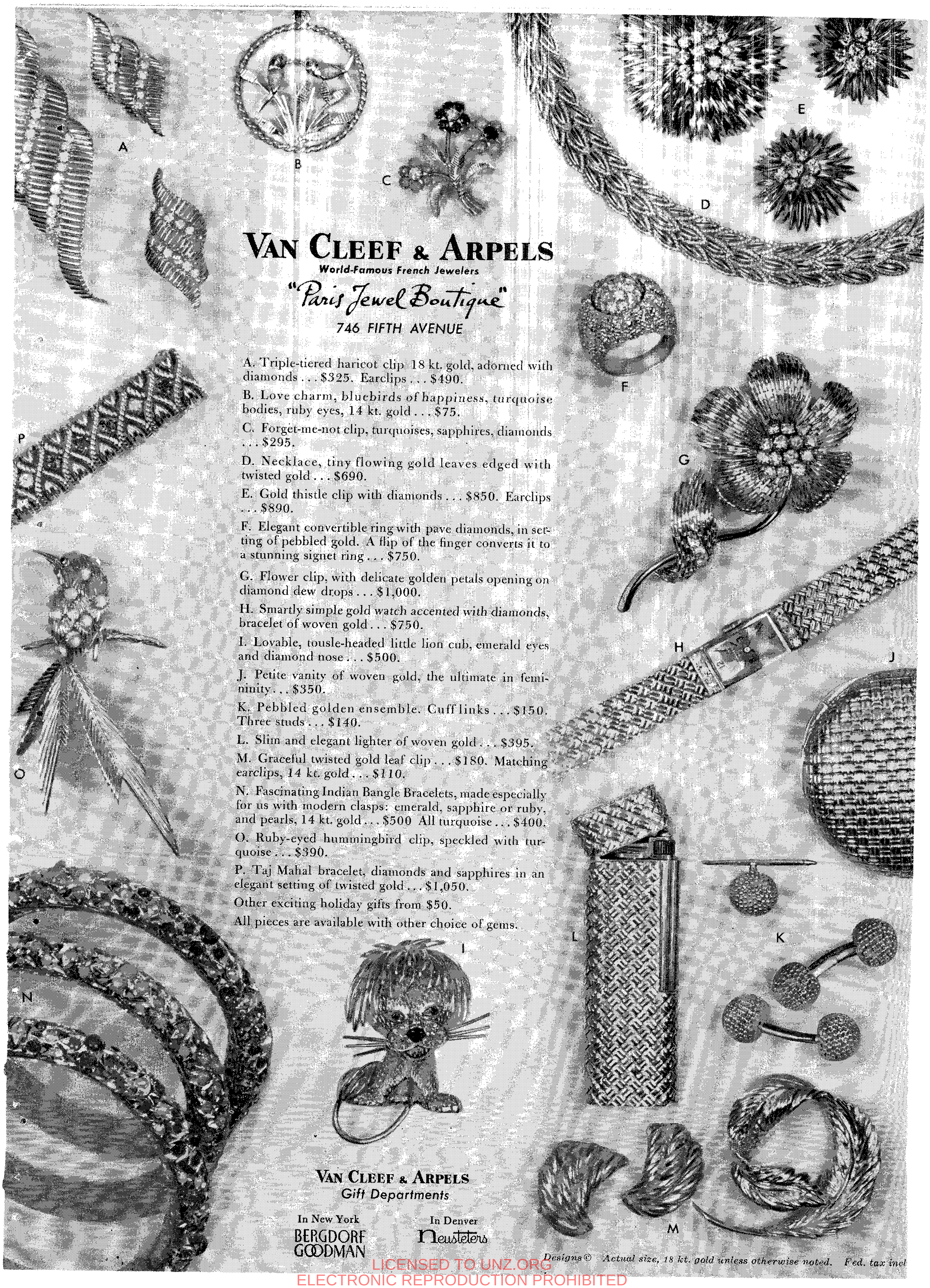
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anyone who can sing a song like "Supper Time" the way Pearl Bailey does can't be all bad, no matter how much she (Miss Bailey again) doth protest, in many another aria, that she's the wickedest gold-mining operation in North America. Her lively confessionals take place at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Two dance bands, the bigger and much the better of them Milt Shaw's, are also on hand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has put Emile Petti (invisible for three years now) back at the piano most of the time from five until one. Fridays and Saturdays, he expands, after nine-thirty, into a trio. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand





VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

"Paris Jewel Boutique"

746 FIFTH AVENUE

A. Triple-tiered haricot clip 18 kt. gold, adorned with diamonds . . . $325. Earclips . . . $490.

B. Love charm, bluebirds of happiness, turquoise bodies, ruby eyes, 14 kt. gold . . . $75.

C. Forget-me-not clip, turquoises, sapphires, diamonds . . . $295.

D. Necklace, tiny flowing gold leaves edged with twisted gold . . . $690.

E. Gold thistle clip with diamonds . . . $850. Earclips . . . $890.

F. Elegant convertible ring with pave diamonds, in setting of pebbled gold. A flip of the finger converts it to a stunning signet ring . . . $750.

G. Flower clip, with delicate golden petals opening on diamond dew drops . . . $1,000.

H. Smartly simple gold watch accented with diamonds, bracelet of woven gold . . . $750.

I. Lovable, tousle-headed little lion cub, emerald eyes and diamond nose . . . $500.

J. Petite vanity of woven gold, the ultimate in femininity . . . $350.

K. Pebbled golden ensemble. Cuff links . . . $150. Three studs . . . $140.

L. Slim and elegant lighter of woven gold . . . $395.

M. Graceful twisted gold leaf clip . . . $180. Matching earclips, 14 kt. gold . . . $110.

N. Fascinating Indian Bangle Bracelets, made especially for us with modern clasps: emerald, sapphire or ruby, and pearls, 14 kt. gold . . . $500 All turquoise . . . $400.

O. Ruby-eyed hummingbird clip, speckled with turquoise . . . $390.

P. Taj Mahal bracelet, diamonds and sapphires in an elegant setting of twisted gold . . . $1,050.

Other exciting holiday gifts from $50.

All pieces are available with other choice of gems.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

Gift Departments

In New York
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

In Denver
Neusteters

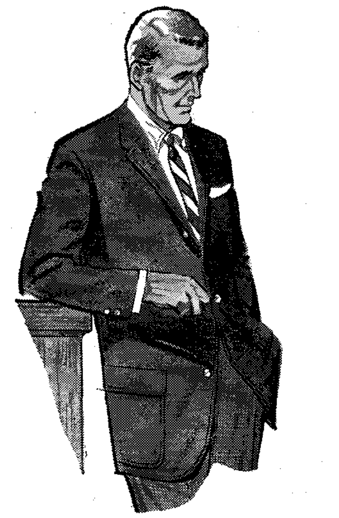
Designs© Actual size, 18 kt. gold unless otherwise noted. Fed. tax incl

A&F

Prized Possessions

Happy, indeed, is the man who receives a gift of Viyella...that soft, light, luxurious blend of lamb's wool and cotton...such as in these handsome A&F club coats, tailored especially for us.

The Rob Roy Viyella Club Coat in a distinctive red/black check. Cut for comfort. 65.00



The Augusta Viyella Club Coat in a very flattering shade of dark green. 59.50

Mail and phone orders accepted

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS
PALM BEACH SARASOTA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin, who is at the instrument on Sundays, does a Sunday warmup from one to three-thirty in the neighboring Mon Plaisir, whose manner is slightly less regal.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, which is in continuous service. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a miniature dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor perambulates a violinist, Herman Honigsberg, of superior strain (or strains). A pianist is his accompanist. They're at work every evening but Sunday.... **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Just what the architect ordered for Greta Keller, whose calm soliloquies on life, love, and laughter in Vienna are sung after ten. From six to ten, a zither plies its trade. Closed Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Once in a while, a quartet of Basques gains the stage for a small symposium of foot-and-mouth work; the rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. ... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast (which ranges from zimbalons to sopranos) of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Betweentimes, a pianist and (every night but Sunday) an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. ... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Some hodge and some podge in this reincarnation of Vienna, N.Y., but the *spécialité de la maison* is Vicky Autier, a French soufflé whose book of songs by no means condemns her to a whole evening of loving Paris in the springtime. Closed Mondays.... **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, at times a coeducational adjunct of the Ivy League, has Joan Bishop's limpid piano at tryst time, which is five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is now the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's there from seven to midnight. No sound on Mondays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti is again rambling along his piano from five to eleven at night. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This, the taproom of the Hotel Stanhope, serves as a recital hall for Gustavo Lopez and his guitar between nine-thirty and one every night but Monday.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals (apparently in the floor) to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too). Closed Mondays. ... **LEFT BANK** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Nikki Price, still the pretty young Smith-Vassar sort, carols without any fuss and feathers to the piano of Dave Mackay. Ten is the hour they begin, and Saturday, Dec. 8, is their last night. On Monday, Dec. 10, Cal Bostic's prancy songs and piano will return to their old home.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden's current galaxy of girls, mostly of Grenadier Guards dimensions, is called "The Venus Touch." It demonstrates, quite visually, the theorem that beauty is only skin-deep, but what's wrong with that? Barbara Heller, whose favorite weapon is left-field wit, is the top of the evening, even though she does *not* appear in undress uniform. Dancing.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" is a comic strip tease in which Las Vegas has made a long-term investment. As a history of burlesque, it offers several lacunae, a number of bumptious (and grindious) young ladies, and a rough-and-ready comedian (Irving Benson) who is really funny, in the great burlesque tradition. The result converts this supermarket into an old curiosity shop indeed. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dick Gregory, a reform movement, carries a big stick but walks softly, and jovially, through quite a few issues of the day. His companions are Fran Warren, who tends to hit-parade chansons, and Georgie Auld's jazz band. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The best-laid plans of Julius Monk, which rarely gang agley, are on exhibit in his newest and perhaps best revue, "Dime a Dozen," which is a fitting occupant of this small but imperial opera house. The players—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Susan Browning—are infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action fitting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, armed with piano and his faithful sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, makes good use of the idle hours between theatre and breakfast with his gay songs, fey songs, play songs, anything but work songs. He's in the lounge every night but Saturday.... ¶In the back room, the Chad Mitchell trio produces, out of its neat assemblage of voices, folk arias for all occasions (even if the arias have to be made up on the spot), and a pair of fledgling but most agreeable funmakers—Dave Madden and Marilynn Lovell—disport themselves. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, the entire cast will give way to another of similar persuasion—a folk group called the Highwaymen, and further new humorists—Mark Russell, and the team of Siller & Mira.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue without music, in which the cast—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Eugene Troobnick, and the perfectly lovely Zohra Lampert—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinée at three; Mondays and Tuesdays are the rest periods. . . . THE PREMISE, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, set in a tiny theatre that's really a coffee-and-pastry shop. The conversation of the four characters onstage, sometimes fun-loving and sometimes furious, is both exemplary and extempore. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A bunch of good neighbors from down around the equator are whooping and dancing it up in the back room with a certain amount of rhyme but with no reason. Between their sessions, a brace of persuasive dance bands—one of them Pupi Campo's—calls upon the customers to outdo the mummers. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Nevertheless, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier* who invented this particular Village green, has returned from his sabbatical, and there's life in the old place again. When he's not in action, Tobi Reynolds is singing heartfelt and hoity-toity ballads, Betty Kean and Lew Parker are barking like seals in their domestic-science course, Tiger Haynes and his cataclysmic Three Flames are providing, as background, their pandemonious plays on music. The Mlles. Reynolds and Kean, along with M. Parker, depart on Sunday, Dec. 9; on Tuesday, Dec. 11, Mabel Mercer ends a long holiday. Sam Hamilton will be her accompanist. A small revue of Village manufacture will arrive the same evening. Closed Mondays. . . . VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): 1962 turns into this year of grace whenever Paul Draper's mercurial feet skim the countryside, Larry Adler's harmonica skims from Bach to Beale Street, or the pair of them collaborate on a spur-of-the-moment interlude of ballet and badinage. Nina Simone and her quartet occasionally get into this Olympiad. Mondays are allotted to other performers. . . . BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Amid the pungent aroma of *caffè espresso*, the well-spoken Woody Allen is splashing merrily in a stream of subconsciousness that should delight even those who have been admonished not to go near the water. Tuesdays, when he absents himself, are more or less amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): It's never quite clear what Charlie Mingus, shouting commands from his position at quarterback, is demanding from the stalwart men of his new band (Quentin Jackson, Charlie Mariano, Don Butterfield, Howard McGhee, and Jackie Byard among them), unless it is absolute perfection. The result is a whirlwind—romantic and/or raucous parodies of Ellington, stretches of deeply embedded humor, and tremendous blues. The rest of the sound is the trio of Bill Evans, a miniaturist whose abstract portraits are enhanced with an infinite variety of detail. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . ROOM AT THE BOTTOM, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be involved. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's exulting sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Buzzy Drootin, and Willie Wayman are deeply and redoubtably involved in it—is responsible for the "Danger: Blasting" signs in the neighborhood. Closed Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Gene Krupa's feat of guiding his band and beating his drums without ever quite knocking the house down is a triumph of reckless driving. On Friday, Dec. 7, Lionel Hampton's band will replace the Krupas on the target range. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dinah Washington and her great big songs should be on hand by Tuesday, Dec. 11; Cannonball Adderley's thunderers and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's quintet are now at work, but the Adderleys depart on Sunday, Dec. 9. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The gallant quintet in which Bob Brookmeyer, Clark Terry, Tommy Flanagan, and Bill Crowe are concerned cuts its last free-style caper on Sunday, Dec. 9. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, Mongo Santamaria's sextet moves in. Closed Mondays. . . . EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is at the head of a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The principal occupant of the bandstand is Ahmad Jamal's new-school trio, which, like Ida, is sweet as apple cider. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lee Evans' threesome, which lives inside the circular bar, is laden with pomp and circumstance, and that's about it. The intermission piano is done by Frances Thompson. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): College-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Johnny Letman, Red Richards, Eddie Barefield, Pee Wee Erwin, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WALLACE BASSFORD—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Gouaches from two books, "On Board Noah's Ark" and "Marina," by this artist who died in October; through Dec. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Seacoast and harbor scenes by the French painter; through Dec. 22. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANOLIS CALLIYANNIS—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Greek artist residing in France. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Eight new Aubusson tapestries, as well as new paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

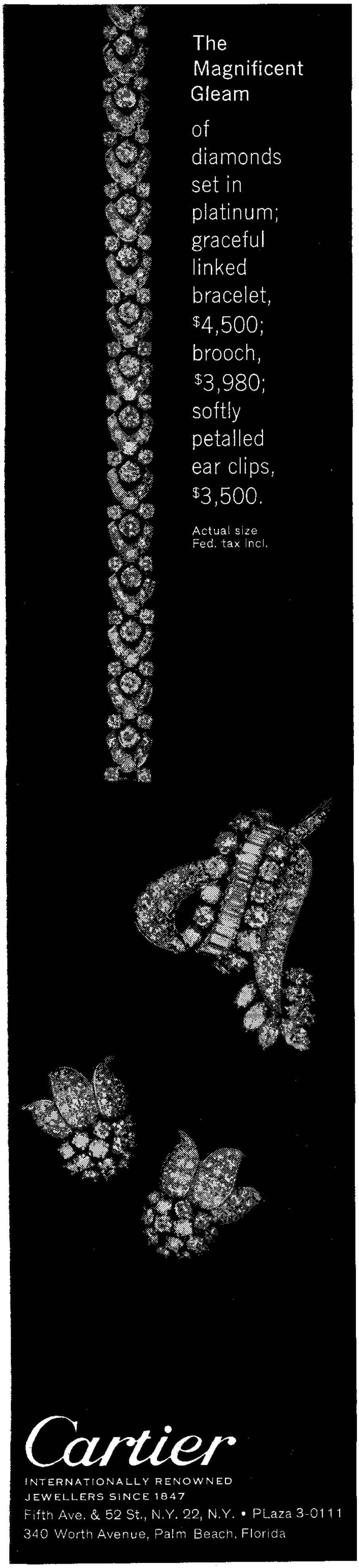
LEONARDO CREMONINI—Figures, landscapes, and animals by an Italian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by this Paris modern; through Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDVIK DURCHANEK—Hammered and welded sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

URSULA FÖRSTER—Bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Dec. 22. (Weyhe, 794 Lex-

The tiffin coat . . . silk-lined silk brocade in cornflower, emerald, sungold or white; also blue, yellow or cyclamen silk pongee; 8 to 18. Altman Loungewear, second floor, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, suburban stores. **25.00**



The Magnificent Gleam of diamonds set in platinum; graceful linked bracelet, $4,500; brooch, $3,980; softly petalled ear clips, $3,500.

Actual size
Fed. tax Incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847
Fifth Ave. & 52 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111
340 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

André François—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 29. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Osgood, 137 W. 55th St.)

John Groth—Water colors and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Raoul Hague—Abstract carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

Stanley William Hayter—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Held—Primarily abstract paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Jan. 5. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

Philippe Hosiasson—Oils and gouaches by the Russian-born contemporary French abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zubel Kachadoorian—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William King—Figurative sculptures, mostly bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Knaths—A twenty-year retrospective of paintings, mainly on Cape Cod themes; through Jan. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Wifredo Lam—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Dec. 22. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Neo-plastic paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages in vinyl plastic and other materials; through Dec. 22. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses—A memorial exhibition of her works, dating from pre-1938 worsted pictures to her last finished painting, "The Rainbow;" through Dec. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Dec. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jan Müller—Previously unexhibited paintings done by this Expressionist from 1955 until his death, in 1958; through Dec. 22. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Walter Murch—Still-lifes; through Dec. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Papashvily—Animals in stone; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—A show entitled "Portraits and Models;" through Dec. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A group of new linoleum cuts (heads, figures, and still-lifes) being shown here for the first time; through Jan. 5. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Piper—This English artist is exhibiting a model of the baptistry window of the new cathedral at Coventry, and original designs and cartoons for it; through Jan. 5. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

Ogden Pleissner—Oils and water colors, principally scenes in France; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective paintings on paper; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Rivers—"Paris and After, 1961-62," paintings; through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through Dec. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Moses Soyer—Figure studies; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

Jean Tinguely—Radio sculptures by this Paris artist; through Dec. 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

John von Wicht—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Collages; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Sol Wilson—Drawings of landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes, with figures; through Dec. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Japanese Art and Artifacts—Screen paintings, scrolls, Buddhist paintings, gold lacquer ware, coins, and swords, from an Osaka collection; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Sculpture/International—Pieces by, among others, Marino Marini, Louise Nevelson, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Dec. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures and Manuscripts—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Primitive Sculptures—At the EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: "Coptic Stone Sculpture," an exhibition consisting largely of stone sculptures and bas-reliefs of the Early Christian and Late Archaic Period of Egypt, circa 250-650 A.D.; through Dec. 29. . . . SEGY, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: "Sculpture from the Congo," containing works in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Jan. 10. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Christmas Shows—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: Framed etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts ($25 to $750) by, for instance, Georges Rouault, Kaethe Kollwitz, and Johnny Friedlaender; through Dec. 29. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings and sculptures ($25 and up) by Sam Middleton, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and others; through Dec. 27. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.). . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-seventh annual Christmas show, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and drawings ($50 to $2,500) by such artists as Arthur G. Dove, John Marin, and Ben Shahn; through Dec. 22. . . . GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA, 10 E. 8th St.: Works in various mediums ($5 to $500) by contemporary Latin-American artists; through Dec. 31. (Open Friday evenings until 9:30.). . . GERSON, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures, collages, and drawings ($100 and up) by American and European sculptors; through Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Eric Sloane, Chen Chi, and Ned Hoffman are among the contributors to an exhibit of oils, water colors, sculptures, and portraits ($100 to $2,500); through Jan. 15. . . GRIPPI, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Oils, water colors, drawings, small sculptures, and prints ($10 and up) by James Kearns, Peter Paone, Roger Prince, and others; through Dec. 29. . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Harry Crowley, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and August Mosca are three of the artists with paintings ($150 to $2,500) on view; through Jan. 5. . . . VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.: Participants in a showing of works in a variety of mediums (under $100) include Haim Mendelson, Sylvia Lowen, and Yolande Fusco; through Dec. 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by, among others, Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: The first offering in the galleries' new quarters is a thirtieth-anniversary exhibition, composed of paintings (by Ernest Fiene, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Doris Rosenthal, to mention a few) borrowed back from museums and private collections; through Saturday, Dec. 15.... **NESSLER**, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: A midseason show of miniatures by Thomas Yerxa, Luis Eades, Hughie Lee-Smith, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings (landscapes, figures, fantasy) by Leon Golub, Philip Pearlstein, Mondrian, and others; through Dec. 29.... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BRANDT**, 11 E. 57th St.: Master drawings by (for instance) Bronzino, Giovanni di Bologna, and Carrachi; through Dec. 31.... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters as Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Saturday, Dec. 15.... **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Raoul Dufy, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Dec. 29.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24.... ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Herbert Katzman, Jimmy Ernst, and Robert Vickrey, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Sunday, Dec. 9.... ¶ Manuscripts, books, and other material by Marianne Moore, in celebration of her seventy-fifth birthday; through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Art of Eastern Chou, 772-221 B.C.," a showing of bronze, pottery, and other figures, plaques, weapons, and so on, borrowed from private collections and museums; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibit of a hundred and fourteen works on loan from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; through Jan. 5.... ¶ "The Nativity," thirty illuminated manuscripts depicting scenes relating to the birth of Christ; starting Saturday, Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"New York Silversmiths of the Seventeenth Century," a show containing tankards, teapots, spoons, bowls, porringers, beakers, and the like; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, made up of items by artists invited to participate, including Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, and Philip Guston; starting Wednesday, Dec. 12. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10-11, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, George London, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Töpper, Elisabeth Söderström, Otto Edelmann, Karl Dönch, and Sándor Kónya.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Barry Morell, and Walter Cassell; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and George Shirley.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Lili Chookasian, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization.)... ¶ Monday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Paul Schöffler, Jess Thomas, Karl Dönch, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Helen Vanni, and Jan Peerce; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and George Shirley.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Régine Crespin, Lili Chookasian, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Hertha Töpper, Elisabeth Söderström, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Sándor Kónya.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: "Aïda," with Leonie Rysanek, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Margaret Roggero, John Alexander, and Clifford Harvuot.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

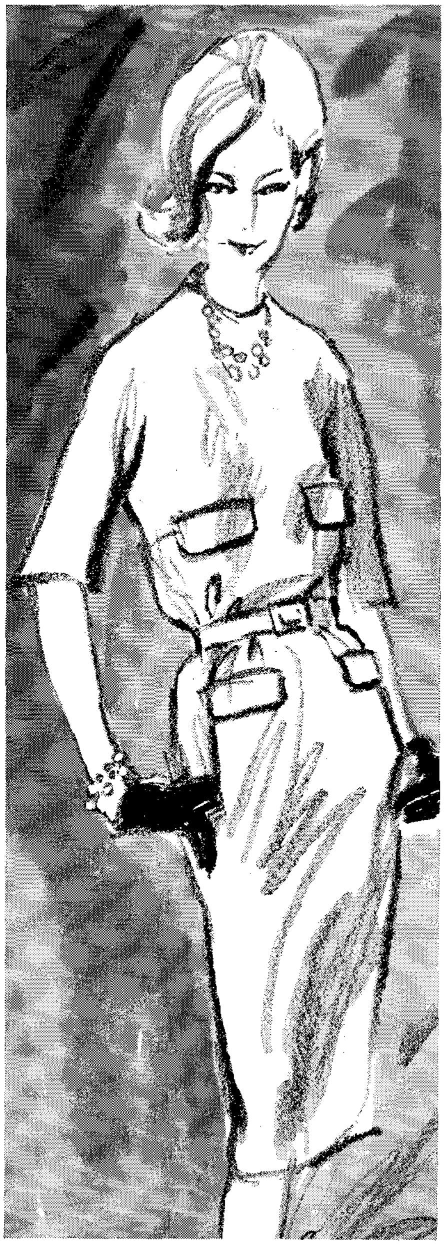
New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Sir John Barbirolli conducting a Haydn-Mahler program on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3 (all with Aldo Parisot, cello).... ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3 (all with Christian Ferras, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, as piano soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the second in a series of six concerts, this one devoted to the music of Ives, Wolpe, Cowell, Cage, and Varèse. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

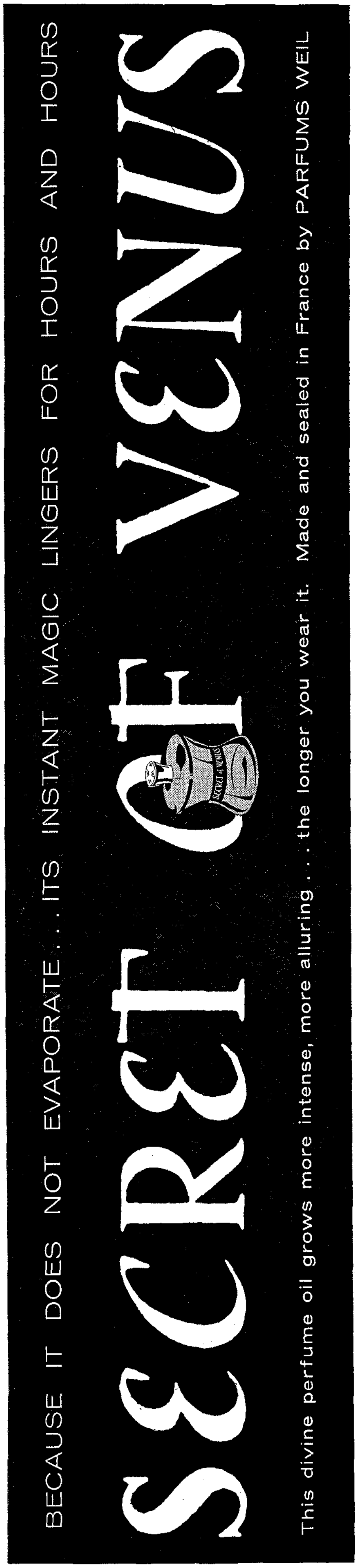
Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Mendelssohn-Bach program,

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Sheer worsted crepe
in a gem of a dress that
will garner raves whether
you travel south or relish
its charm here at home.
The easy skirt boasts new
front-side seaming and
carefully concealed pockets.
By Alper Schwartz in
bud green, light blue, gray
or beige wool. Sizes 10 to 20.
(N-7) **55.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000


BECAUSE IT DOES NOT EVAPORATE . . . ITS INSTANT MAGIC LINGERS FOR HOURS AND HOURS

SECRET OF VENUS

This divine perfume oil grows more intense, more alluring . . . the longer you wear it. Made and sealed in France by PARFUMS WEIL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Martina Arroyo and Janet Wheeler, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and Robert Arnold, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide and Maurice Nobleman conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Washington Square Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Maurice Peress. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 4:30. For tickets call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

American Opera Society—Thomas Schippers conducting a performance of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" in concert form, with Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano; Luigi Alva, tenor; Sesto Bruscantini, baritone; and Fernando Corena, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a chamber orchestra, with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary conducting, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; and others. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting an all-Brahms concert, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Korean Children's Choir—Soo Chul Chang directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Moeller directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Chorus and Orchestra—Peter Flanders directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Marlene Kleinman, mezzo-soprano; Walter Blazer, tenor; Andrew Frierson, bass; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and Joan Meitzler, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8:15.)

Rinat Choir of Israel—Gary Bertini directing, in the choir's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

New York University Glee Club—Craig Timberlake directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Spanish Music from the Thirteenth Century to de Falla—Martina Arroyo, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Ruth Negri, harp; and Joseph Iadone, lute; plus strings, oboe, flute, and clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Daniel Ericourt—Piano, in the last two in a series of all-Debussy recitals. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, and Friday, Dec. 14, both at 5:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in two all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, the second in a series of three programs.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the last two in a series of all-Beethoven programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—A series of three all-Bach programs, the first two played on the harpsichord, the last on the clavichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, and Tuesday, Dec. 11. Series repeated: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and Monday, Dec. 17. Each evening at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitars. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Jacques Abram and George Ricci—Piano and cello, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Margaret Hillis. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—In an all-Mendelssohn program, with Seymour Lipkin, piano, and William Schoen, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano, with an ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Augustin Anievas—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Lise Schneider—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Martha Schlamme—Folk singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 2-2806.)

Kroll Quartet—With David Glazer, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 6:30: Los Angeles vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—Zora Folley vs. Doug Jones, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Liberty Bowl: Villanova vs. Oregon State. (Philadelphia Stadium, Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1.)

Professional Football—At the **Polo Grounds**: Titans vs. Buffalo Bills, Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Houston Oilers, Saturday, Dec. 15. (Games begin at 1:30.) . . . **Yankee Stadium**: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. Women admitted only after noon. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Little Orchestra Society**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Russian program, with Arthur Delmoni, violin, and dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11.) . . . BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY: A performance of "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.)

Circus and Holiday Festival—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6:30), plus a puppet theatre, side shows, carnival rides, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-0960. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 10; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sundays, 1 to 9. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE: "Stone Tower." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.) . . . GUSSY COMPANY: "Gussy, the 3-String Guitar." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 11 and 1:30.) . . . HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11. . . . ¶ Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 and 4, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND: "The Magic Box" and "Punch and Judy." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

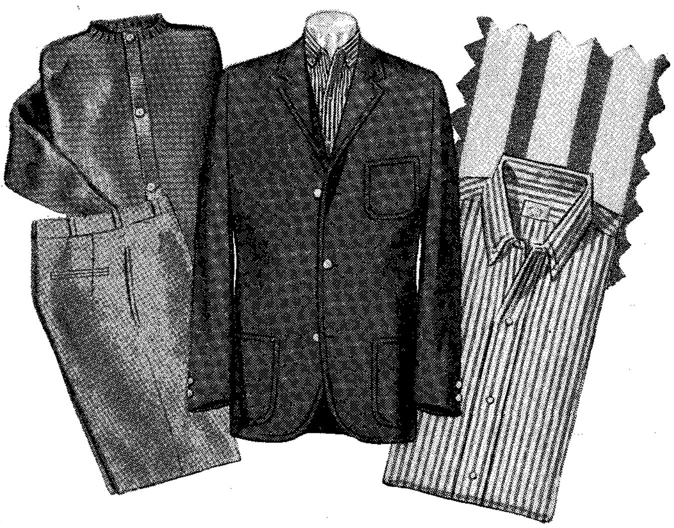
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On a Midnight Clear," tells the story of the Christmas star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Dec. 8, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, bronze *doré*, Meissen and Berlin porcelains and faïence, *objets de vertu*, paintings, and rugs; the property of Edalji Dinsha and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 1:45: Classical and Near Eastern art, including Persian miniatures and illuminated manuscript books, Greek and Italiote terracotta vases, Siamese sculptures, and rugs; from the collection of the late Hagop Kevorkian. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 8.



GIVE HER AN EXCLUSIVE GIFT
that could only come from Brooks Brothers

OUR NEW BLAZER *made on our classic model of navy wool flannel. Brass buttons, welted edges, center back vent,* $32.50

OUR OWN MAKE SHIRTS *of Scottish broadcloth in attractive British Broad Stripes (swatch shown actual size). Red, blue, green or yellow on white,* $12.50. *In cotton oxford—also with button-down collar. White,* $8.50; *yarn-dyed blue, pink, yellow or stone,* $9

SHETLAND SWEATERS, *hand-framed in the Shetland Isles. Cardigan,* $18.50; *crew neck pullover,* $16.50

OUR RAINWEAR, *tailored on our men's models. Tan cotton poplin,* $25; *Dacron® polyester and cotton,* $32.50. *Cotton gabardine double-breasted English trench coat,* $55

BERMUDA LENGTH SHORTS *of grey, olive or brown herringbone tweed,* $17.50; *of grey or olive worsted flannel,* $15

Sizes: Blazers, 6 to 16; Shirts, 10 to 18; Sweaters, 34 to 42; Bermuda shorts, 24 to 30; Raincoats, 6 to 18. Mail Orders Filled.

ESTABLISHED 1818

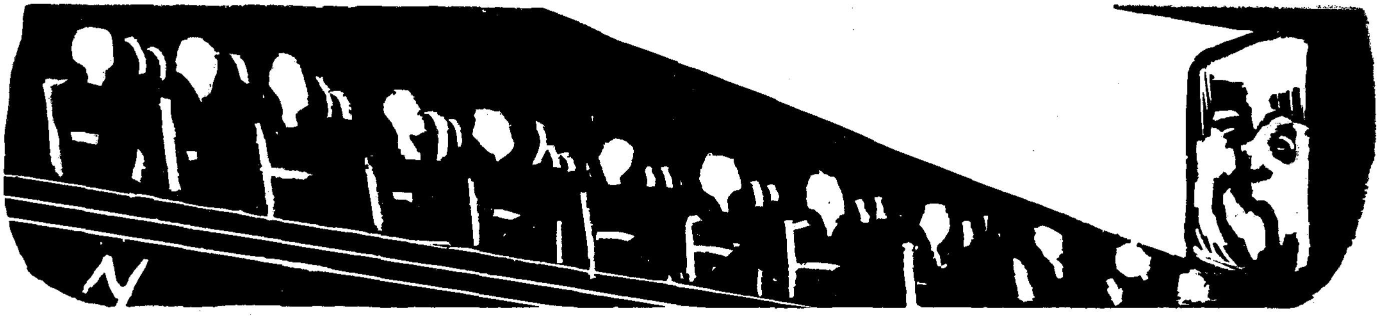
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



Billy Budd—A classic study of good and evil, drawn from the crabbed work of Melville. Peter Ustinov has directed it with an eye to beauties internal as well as external, and is fine in one of the chief roles. Also present and also fine are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 10.... ¶ Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through Dec. 11.)

Divorce–Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Lolita—No longer an examination of sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 12.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—What a poor young man from the Midlands is running toward or away from hangs in the balance for the length of this harsh English tragicomedy of working-class manners, lyrically directed by Tony Richardson. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only.... ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—This is a melodrama about brainwashing. You think a Fascist group is about to take over America. You think the Russians have a trained killer on call, who goes around picking off good Americans. You think you are Frank Sinatra and have only a few hours in which to save your country. Now go to the theatre and try moving back from the edge of your seat. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 11, tentative.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston repeating the excellent performance that he gave on Broadway as the hero of this musical, which has been adapted for the screen by Marion Hargrove from the original play by Meredith Willson and Franklin Lacey. It deals with some gay doings in an Iowa town in the early, innocent days of the twentieth century. Mr. Willson's robust tunes are a big help. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 10.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Phaedra—An odd but successful modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—A truly moving picture, based on a falsely moving plot. Its stars are Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney, and they are all wonderful. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Dec. 11.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

Shoot the Piano Player—Using any number of practical and impractical cinematic jokes, François Truffaut, who wrote and directed this brilliant French movie, somehow manages to tell a sad and haunting story about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 11.)

Sundays and Cybele—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as affecting, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 7, tentative.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through the afternoon of Dec. 10.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 6, tentative.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7-10.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 6.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 12, tentative.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 11, tentative.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 9-11, tentative.)

Lover Come Back (1962)—A comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson and Doris Day. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; starting Dec. 12.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 7, tentative.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 11, tentative.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 8, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Dec. 6, at 8: "Gold Diggers of 1933," with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers.... ¶ Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957." Through Dec. 8: "Torment" (1947). Dec. 9-12: "Mid-Winter Sacrifice" (1946); and "Woman Without a Face" (1947), no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 9: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Eddy Duchin Story," revival, Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.
From Dec. 10: Theatre closed.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
"The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jumbo," Doris Day, Stephen Boyd.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 11: "If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.
From Dec. 12: **LOVER COME BACK,** revival; and "Come September," revival, Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 11 (tentative): **HAMLET,** revival.
From Dec. 12 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 11: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.
From Dec. 12: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 11: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
From Dec. 12: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE MOON IS BLUE, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NORTH BY NORTHWEST, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"No Exit," Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 8: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.
Dec. 9-10: "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann; and "Swordsman of Siena," Stewart Granger, Sylva Koscina.
Dec. 11: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini.
From Dec. 12: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur; and "The Shoes," a short film with Buddy Hackett.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 11: **BILLY BUDD.**
From Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Freud," Montgomery Clift, Susannah York. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Wiltwyck School for Boys. For information about tickets, call OR 4-5010.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 10: **BILLY BUDD.**
Dec. 11: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Freud," Montgomery Clift, Susannah York. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Wiltwyck School for Boys. For information about tickets, call OR 4-5010.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Dec. 6 (tentative): **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY;** and **THE MARK,** revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 11: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.
From Dec. 12: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 11: "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann; and "Swordsman of Siena," Stewart Granger, Sylva Koscina.
From Dec. 12: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
From Dec. 10: **THE MUSIC MAN.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 11 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival.
From Dec. 12 (tentative): **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 11: "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann; and "Swordsman of Siena," Stewart Granger, Sylva Koscina.
From Dec. 12: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 8 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival; and "The Grass Is Greener," revival, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
Dec. 9-11 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER,** revival; and "The Innocents," revival, Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From Dec. 12 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Reluctant Saint," Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 11 (tentative): "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 12 (tentative): "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Long Absence" (in French), Alida Valli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 11: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.
From Dec. 12: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 10: **BLACK NARCISSUS,** revival; and "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.
Dec. 10, at 6, 8, and 10: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (silent), Lon Chaney.
From Dec. 11: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 11: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 12: **LOLITA;** and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 6: **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.
Dec. 7-10: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
From Dec. 11: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 11 (tentative): "The Little Humpbacked Horse," performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Dec. 12 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.

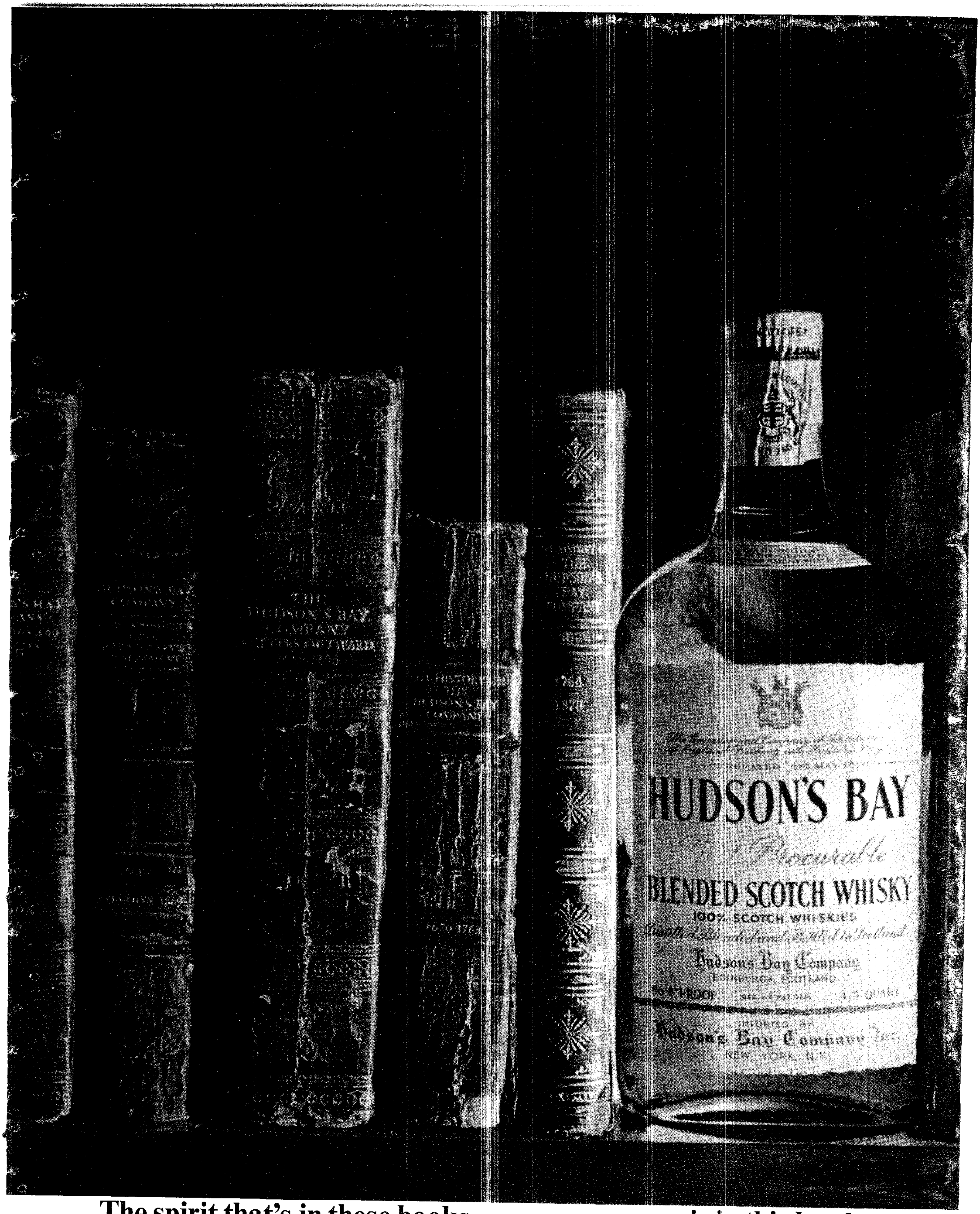
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 11: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.
From Dec. 12: "Ride, Vaquero!," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Escape from Fort Bravo," revival, William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 11: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.
From Dec. 12: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.

100% COTTON SPORTS SHIRT BY HATHAWAY

You'll like the comfort of Cotton. How do you like your comfort? Take your cue from 100% Cotton! Spike it with bold color. Make it comfortable, durable and carefree. Carefree? Yes, because today's new Cottons need no special handling. Just wash them. Wear them. And go! Take things easy in easy-care Cotton cruise shirts, long-sleeve sports shirts, slacks and jackets, sturdy country coats and raincoats. You'll like Cotton.

National Cotton Council/Memphis/New York/Los Angeles. **COTTON...THE FIBER YOU CAN TRUST**


THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
LETTERS OUTWARD
THE HISTORY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
1670-1763
1764-1870
HUDSON'S BAY
Procurable
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Hudson's Bay Company
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
PROOF
4/5 QUART
IMPORTED BY
Hudson's Bay Company Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

The spirit that's in these books is in this bottle.

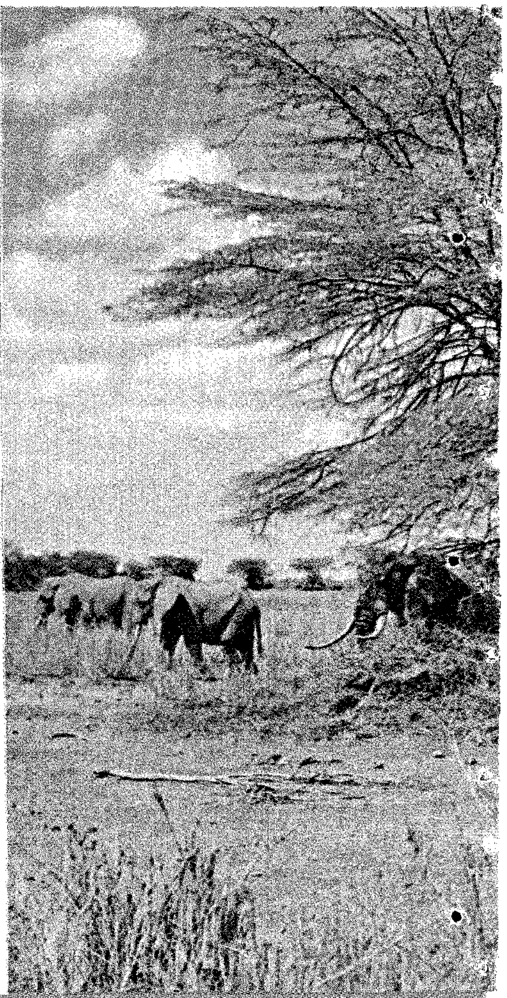
Here is Scotch that is robust, rewarding, redolent of history. Proudly descended from the whisky that was distilled for that intrepid company of adventurers who carved an empire out of the wilderness nearly 300 years ago. The men of Hudson's Bay Company have strong ideas about their destiny & their Scotch.

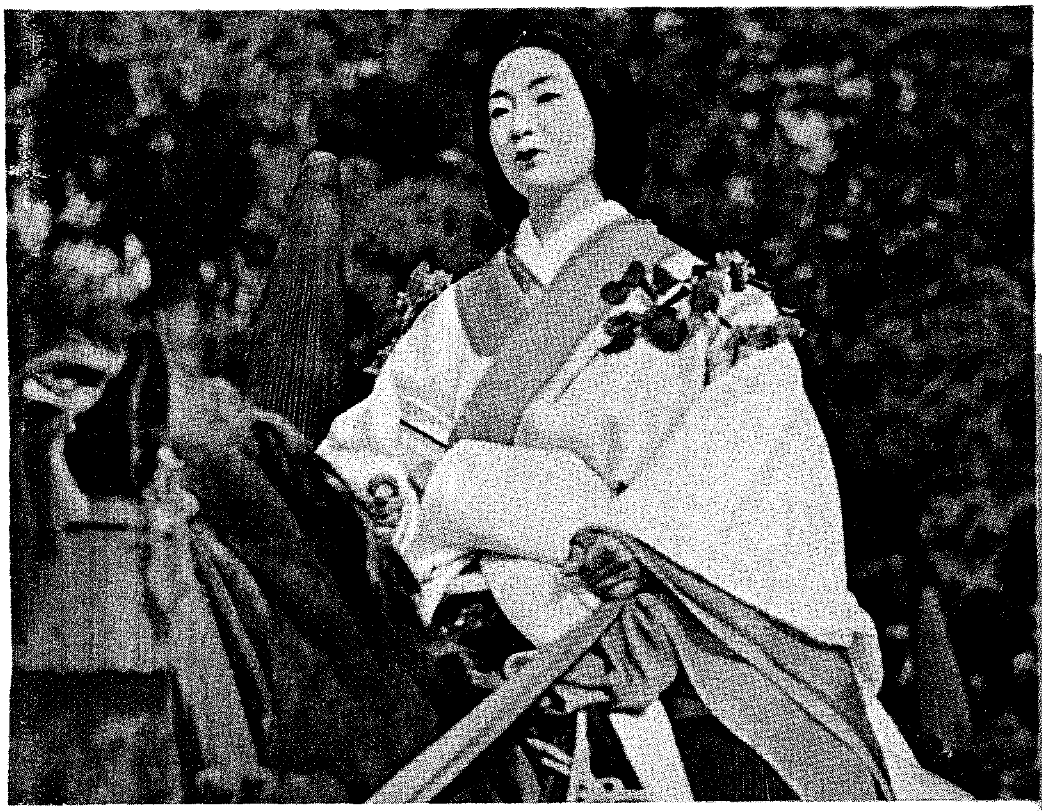
Superb is the service, myriad the rewards

along the BOAC World Jet Circle

James Cook and Phileas Fogg. And you. Around the world. What a grand thought. Well, why not? BOAC and your Travel Agent will see to it that your world journey will be the most rewarding of all. Everything can be arranged. What you will need, what cities you want to touch down in, how long you'll want to stay, what you'll see. Explore and experience the wonders of the world in any of the 52 countries served by BOAC: the pageantry of Britain, the Incan heritage of Lima, the "message" of the Orient, the wild animal wonders of Africa . . .

And all along the way, you will travel by Rolls-Royce 707 Jetliner in the care of BOAC—certainly the finest way to meet the world of comfort contained in "British Service." It is warm, impeccable. Sample it first at your BOAC office. Come in and discover how many worlds you can tour along BOAC's World Jet Circle. And how very reasonable is the cost. Ask about the great new Round-the-World travel bargain—BOAC's Speedbird Economy tour of eight fascinating countries in 21 days for only $1,725.





ALL OVER THE WORLD
B·O·A·C
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Offices in all principal cities

Money's all right,

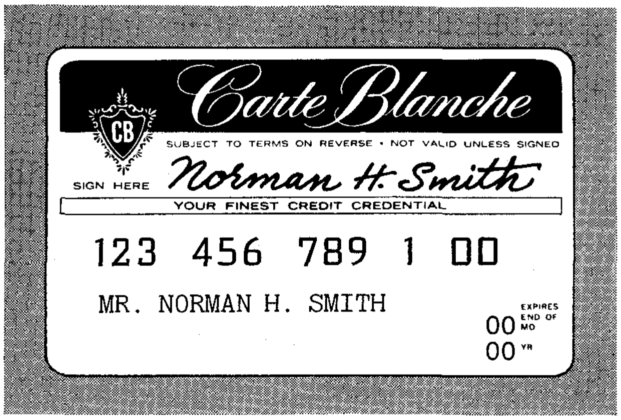
if you care for that sort of thing

You'll never hear us giving money a bad name. We like it, and we like to do business with people who have it.

But we have a thing here that works even better than money, according to many who have tried it. This is such an unusual claim that we'd like to tell you about it.

What we have is a genuine all-purpose credit card.

Restaurants like it. Hotels and motels like it. Fine shops and stores of many kinds like it. Florists like it. Air lines, car rental services, filling stations like it. And the people who like Carte Blanche best of all are those who carry it.



Credit Card Binge

One slim white plastic rectangle, with your name on it, enables you to get rid of the oddball miscellany of cards you may have accumulated, perhaps without even trying, back in the days when credit cards were collected the way kids collect bubble gum cards.

The trouble with the credit card binge was that everybody got into the act, both ways. Thousands of places issued them, millions of men carried them. A status symbol quickly became a laughingstock. The only people who were really happy about the situation were the manufacturers of wallets. Herds of steers, hordes of pigs, and assemblies of alligators were slaughtered to provide the card carriers with their portable filing cabinets—and the tailors of America shuddered at what happened to a suit when a lumpy bundle of pasteboard and plastic was dumped into the pockets.

For Solid Citizens

Just when good old-fashioned cash was about to stage a triumphant comeback, the Hilton people issued a credit card that went to the head of the class, and remains there.

Its name is "Carte Blanche," the credit card that carries more weight.

You can't get Carte Blanche unless you meet certain standards that establish you as a solid citizen with a good credit record. But once you *have* Carte Blanche, it signifies to all concerned that you're the kind of customer they want. You're dependable and respectable. You pay your bills. If you were in a television Western you'd be wearing a white hat.

Carte Blanche also stamps you as a man who knows his way around the best places. This one card is your passport to more than 100,000 fine establishments throughout the United States. For example, Carte Blanche is the only credit card endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.

These firms *welcome* Carte Blanche. We pay them faster than other national credit services do, and we charge them less for the service. So the Carte Blanche man is welcomed by them.

Help at Tax Time

Finally: have you read the new Internal Revenue regulations about business entertainment deductions? Carte Blanche receipts give you room to write in the kind of information the tax man will want to know.

Carte Blanche has an honest face. If you already have an honest face, Carte Blanche gives you another. As you know, there are times when your own honest face isn't enough.

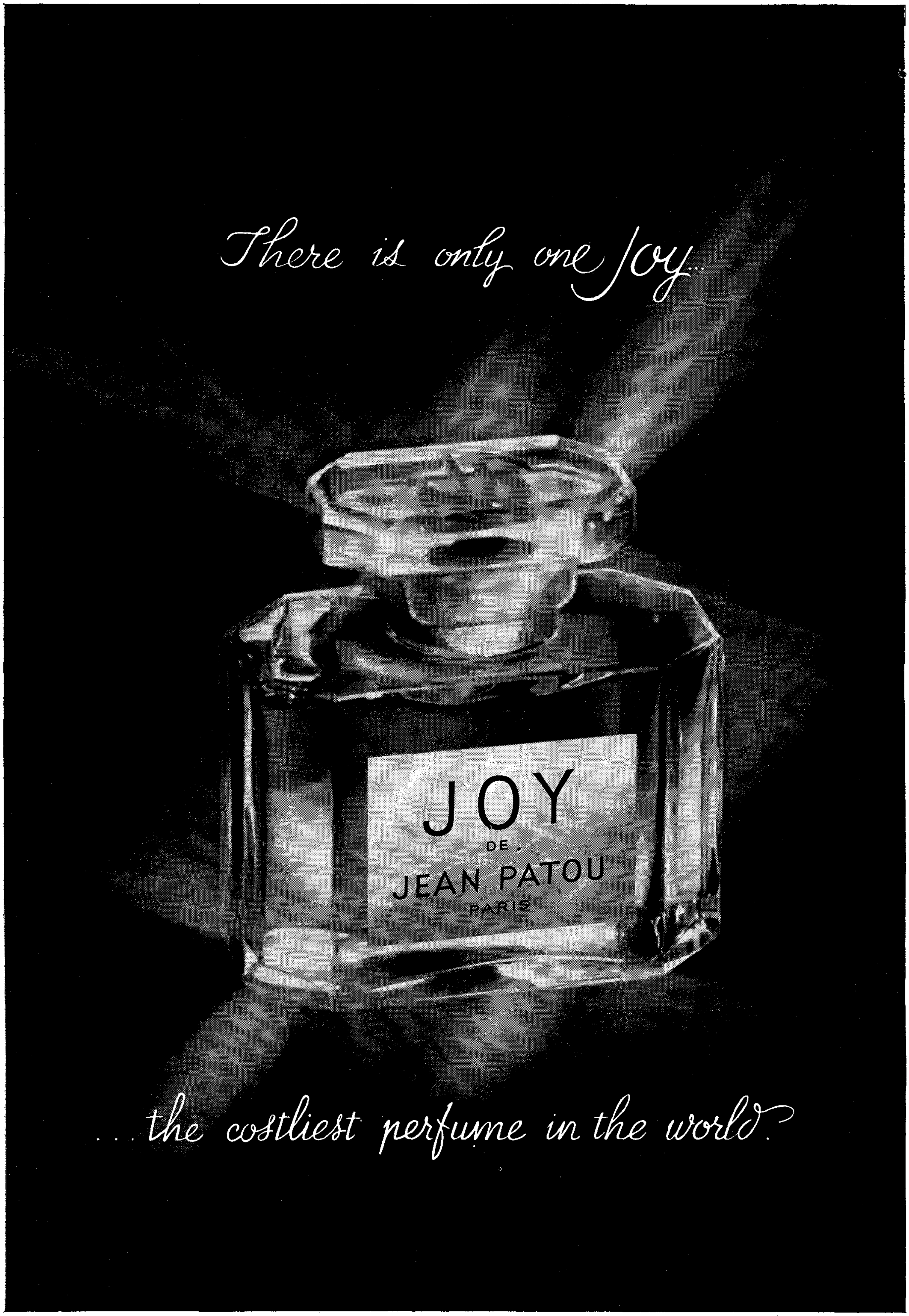
Money? Sure you need money to pay the bills we send you. But you don't need to tote a lot of it around. And Carte Blanche says things about you that mere money doesn't say —and can't.

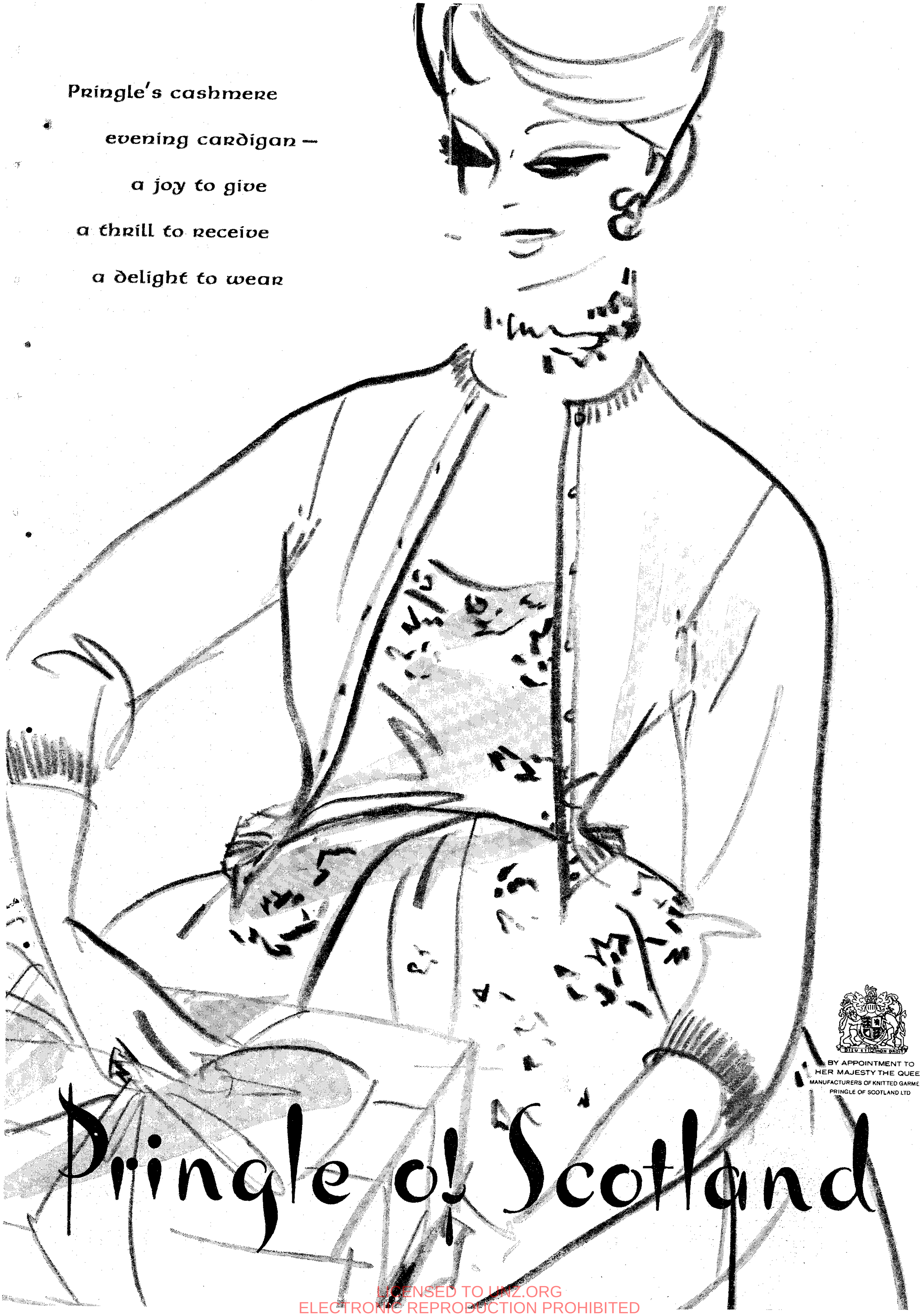
It says, "He's good for this tab—and there's more where that came from."

It says, "This is a man worth knowing. Take excellent care of him. He deserves it."

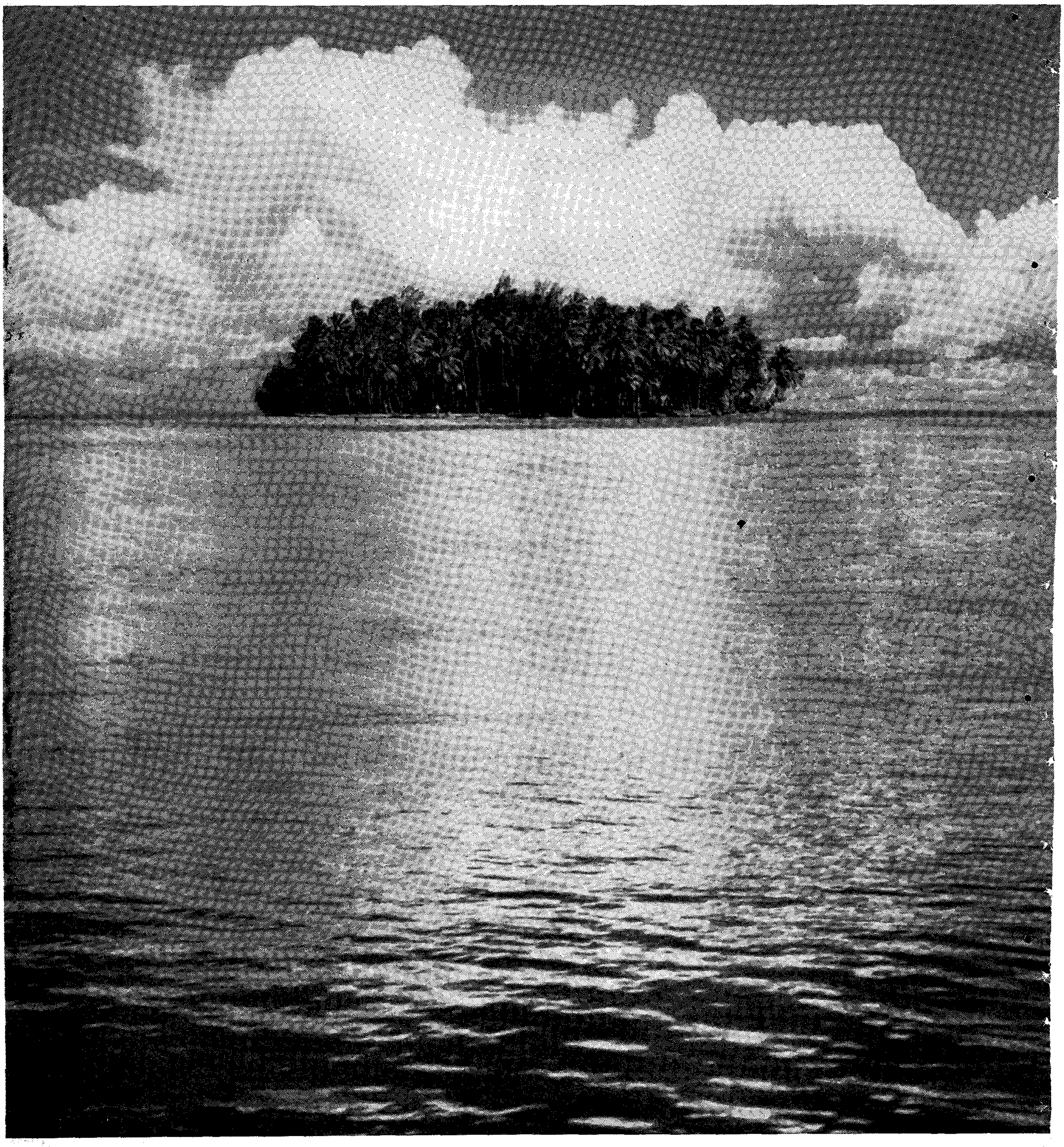
Carte Blanche, 8544 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 69, California

THE CREDIT CARD THAT CARRIES MORE WEIGHT


There is only one Joy...
JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
...the costliest perfume in the world.


Pringle's cashmere
evening cardigan —
a joy to give
a thrill to receive
a delight to wear
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD
Pringle of Scotland

Two things to own i

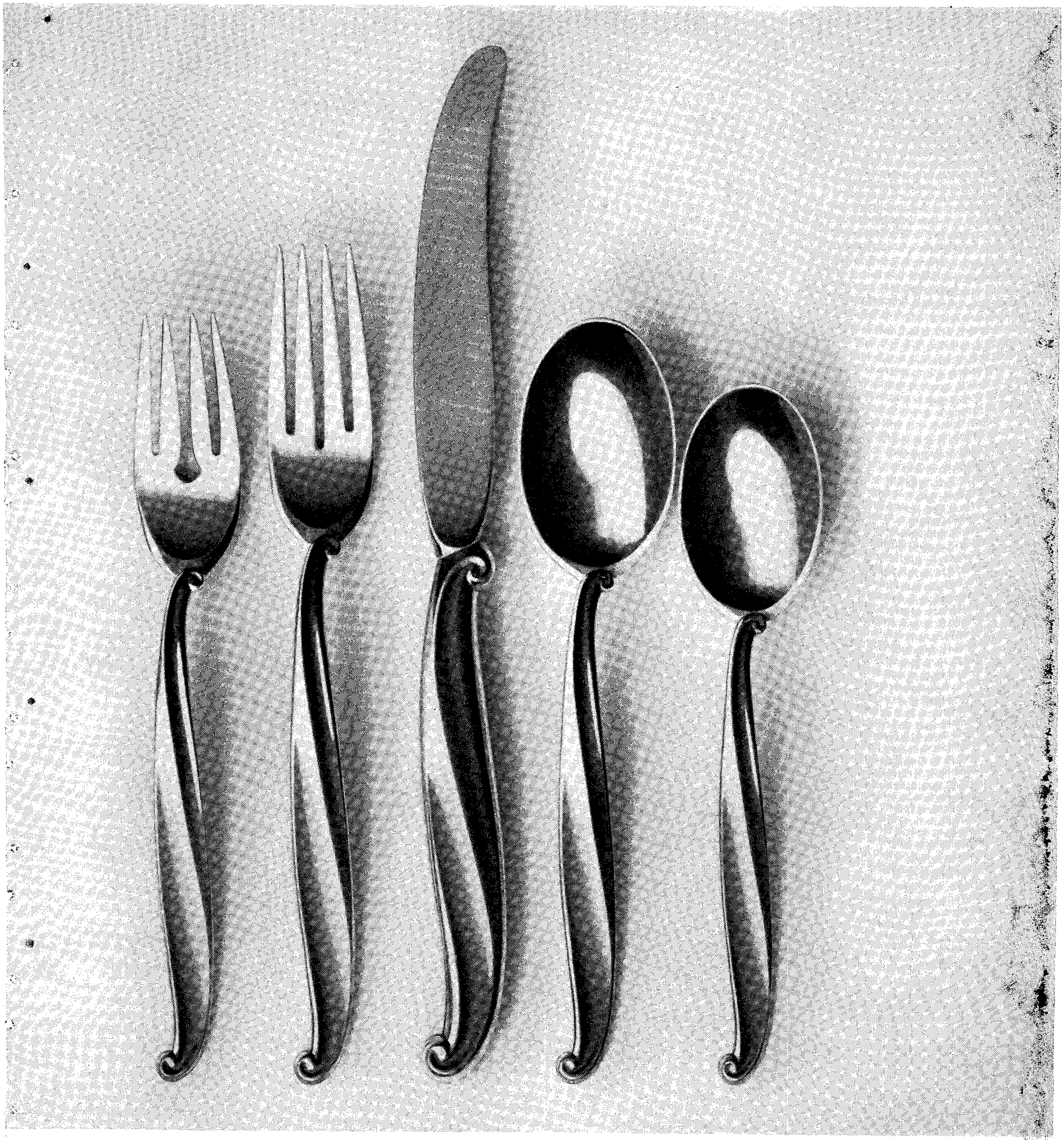


1. A SMALL ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

For Sale: Enchanted small island or "motu" in a warm, turquoise, tropical lagoon just off Tahiti. Pampered and protected by the gods of the sea, who surrounded it with a great coral barrier reef. Beloved by even small craft. Powder-white sand beaches embrace 4 acres of lush coconut palms, pandanus trees, fragrant frangipani blossoms, brilliant hibiscus and Tiaré Tahiti blooms. Thatched hut for a weekend —or a lifetime-gone-native. Less than a mile from mainland, but light-years away in spirit. $1,250,000.

OFFERED BY C. HALL, 12685 MULHOLLAND DR., BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.

olynesian-Oriental:



2. SWAN LAKE STERLING BY INTERNATIONAL

For Sale: Sinuously slender place setting of solid sterling silver, recalling the enchantment of the South Pacific. Handle design suggests waves gently lapping white sand beaches, or the lilting rhythms of ukuleles. Graceful, unrestrained styling reflects free spirit of the Polynesians. Lends a touch of getting-away-from-it-all to the most cramped city apartment. Perfect for a luau—or a lamb chop! Considerable savings on sets of 4, 8, or 12 place settings. Single 5-piece place setting, incl. Fed. Tax, $38.50.

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

More Light than Sweetness

Riddle us this.

If charm and lovability are supposed to be so indispensable for any television show bent on longevity, how come "Meet the Press" has just celebrated its 15th anniversary?

(The program's one deliberate attempt to be charming came after a woman viewer wired to ask why permanent panelist Larry Spivak never smiled. The next week, Mr. Spivak did try a smile, after which the same woman wired, "Please...don't do it again.")

Apparently, then, other factors account for "Meet the Press'" status as the most durable public affairs series on network television.

Fact is that no other single program has illuminated so many vital public issues in so exciting a way. The procession of Senators, cabinet members, labor chiefs, military leaders and business executives who've fearlessly faced its reporters (and May Craig's hats) has been dazzling.

JFK's Been There

(John F. Kennedy made eight appearances between 1951 and 1960; which goes to show how "Meet the Press" can kill a man's political future.)

Foreign guests have been imposing, too. Among them: Britain's former Prime Minister Eden, Germany's Chancellor Adenauer and India's Prime Minister Nehru.

Through its interrogations of such newsmakers, "Meet the Press" has become quite a newsmaker in its own right.

It was on this series, remember, that:

Whittaker Chambers' public accusation of Alger Hiss started the chain of events leading to Hiss' conviction for perjury.

Thomas E. Dewey announced his withdrawal from the 1952 Presidential race in favor of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Gen. Walter Bedell Smith gave the first public intimation that Soviet Russia had an atomic bomb.

News Sprint

All of which helps explain why Sunday evening's "Meet the Press" is so frequently a front-page story Monday morning. (During one particular year, this happened on 27 out of 52 week-ends.)

Most newspapers are nice enough to credit the source, but not all.

We recall, for example, that a few papers pointedly omitted mentioning either the program or network in reporting on the interview of Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan a few seasons back. This was a bit silly, since the show was seen by 15 million viewers—making it the most open secret since Gussie Moran's lace panties.

Mikoyan showed his greatest annoyance, by the way, when asked to explain why Khrushchev's Stalin-denouncing speech of 1956 still hadn't been made public at home. He virtually sneered throughout his evasive reply.

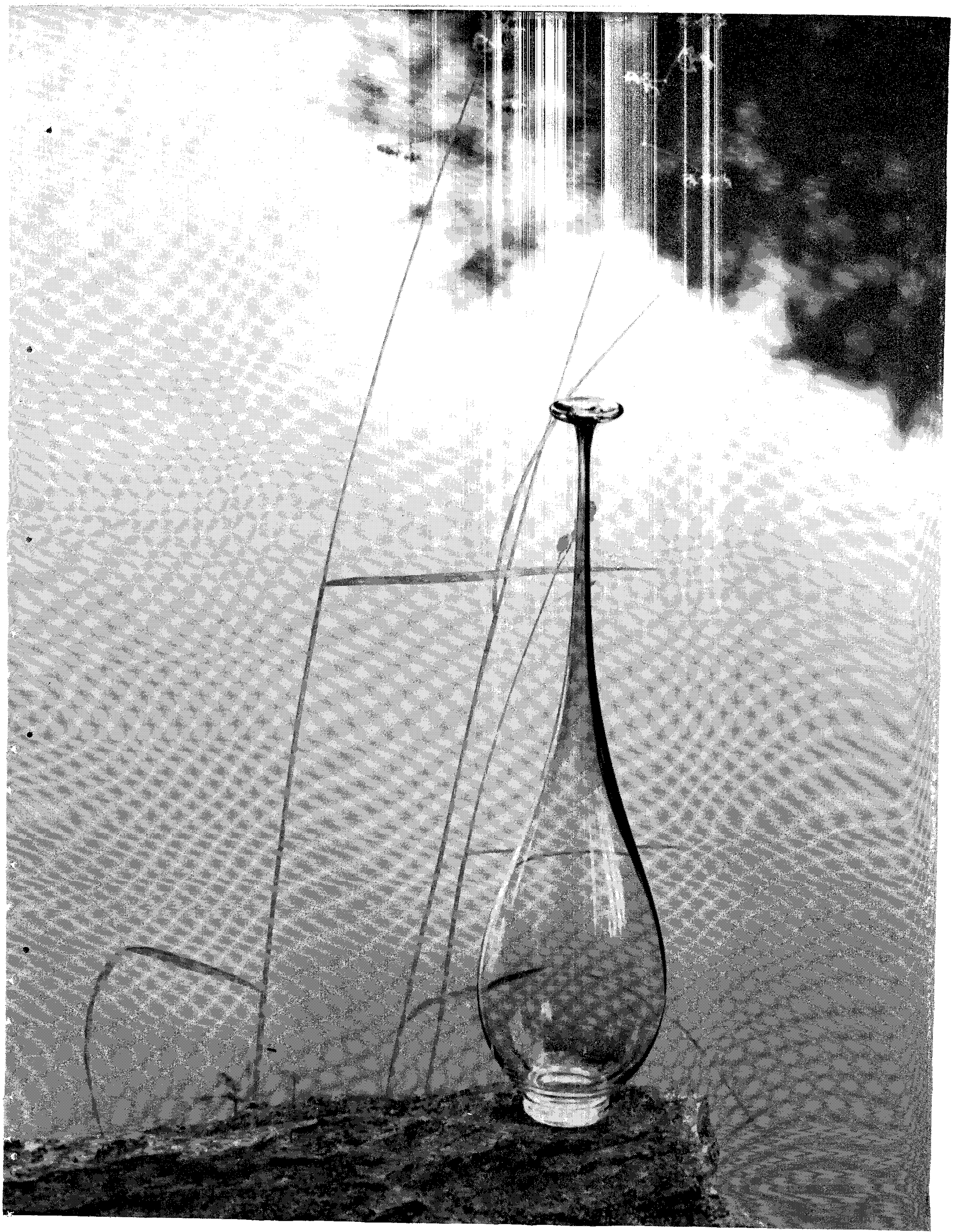
Possibly the most *direct* response, on the other hand, came from Mrs. Robert Taft. Asked what she usually told those people who claimed her Senator husband lacked political sex-appeal, she instantly came up with, "Oh, pooh!"

Happy Returnees

Over its 15-year span on NBC Television (the radio version goes back even further), "Meet the Press" has made an invaluable contribution to public information.

It pleases us no less that it has made its mark without sacrificing fair play for sensationalism, and that even visitors who've been subjected to the most incisive questioning have cheerfully accepted invitations to return. A good sign, that. Obviously, a guest suffering from heartburn wouldn't think of going up for seconds.

This is NBC, the largest single source of news, entertainment and information in the free world.



ORREFORS CRYSTAL

WRITE FOR BOOKLET • U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVES: EAST—FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.; WEST—ZACHO, 3157 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

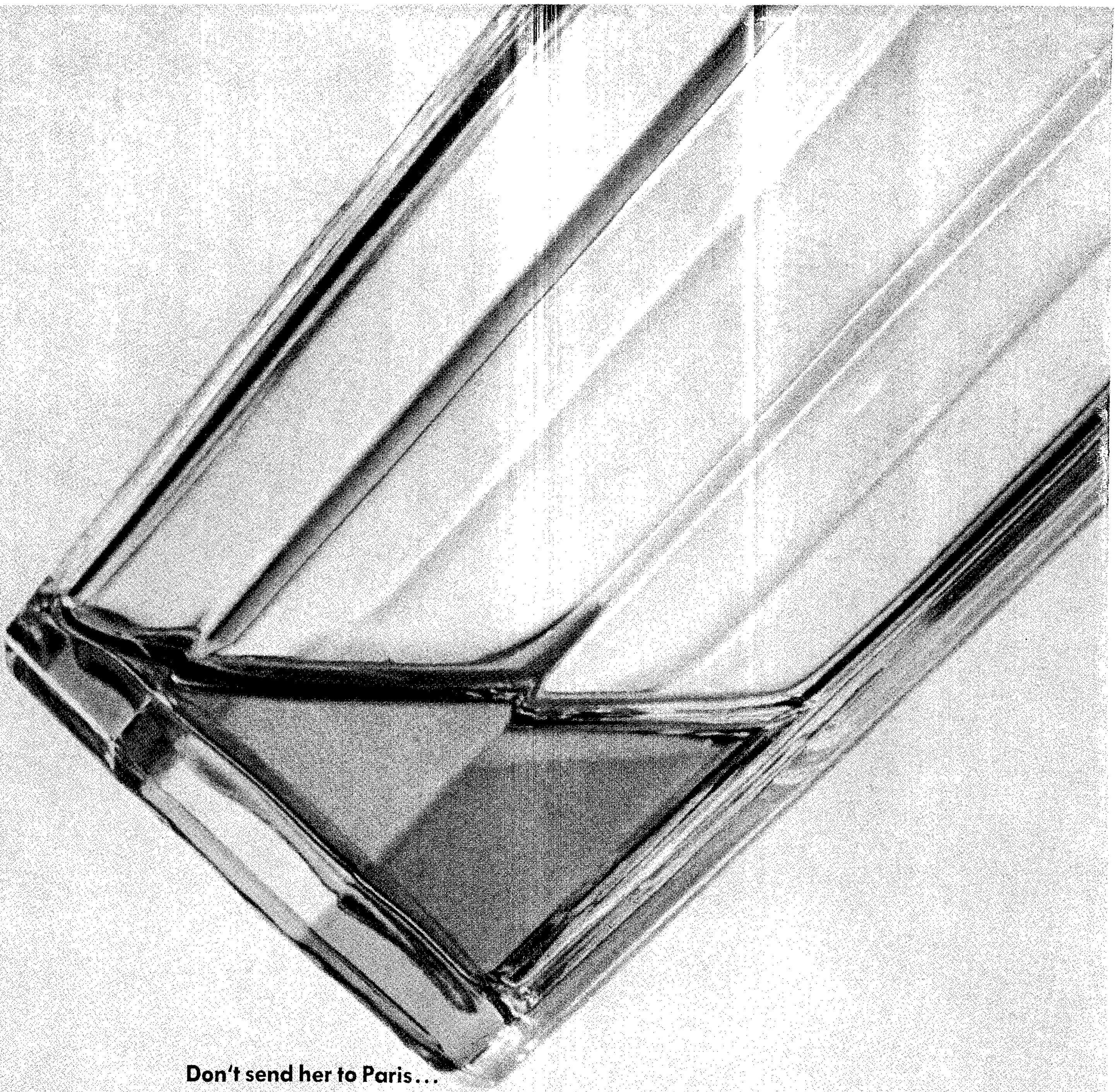
JEWELS SET IN PLATINUM AND 18 KT GOLD

Emerald diamond platinum daisy clip	**$2975**	**$950**	Diamond platinum gold earclips
Diamond gold shell bracelet	**$1250**	**$1800**	Diamond platinum dome ring
Diamond platinum hoop earclips	**$5500**	**$1150**	Baguette sapphire gold cuff links
Diamond platinum gold clip	**$1950**	**$2000**	Tapered baguette diamond platinum ring

Illustrated Actual Size

All prices include Federal Excise Tax

©Olga Tritt, Inc. 1962



Don't send her to Paris...

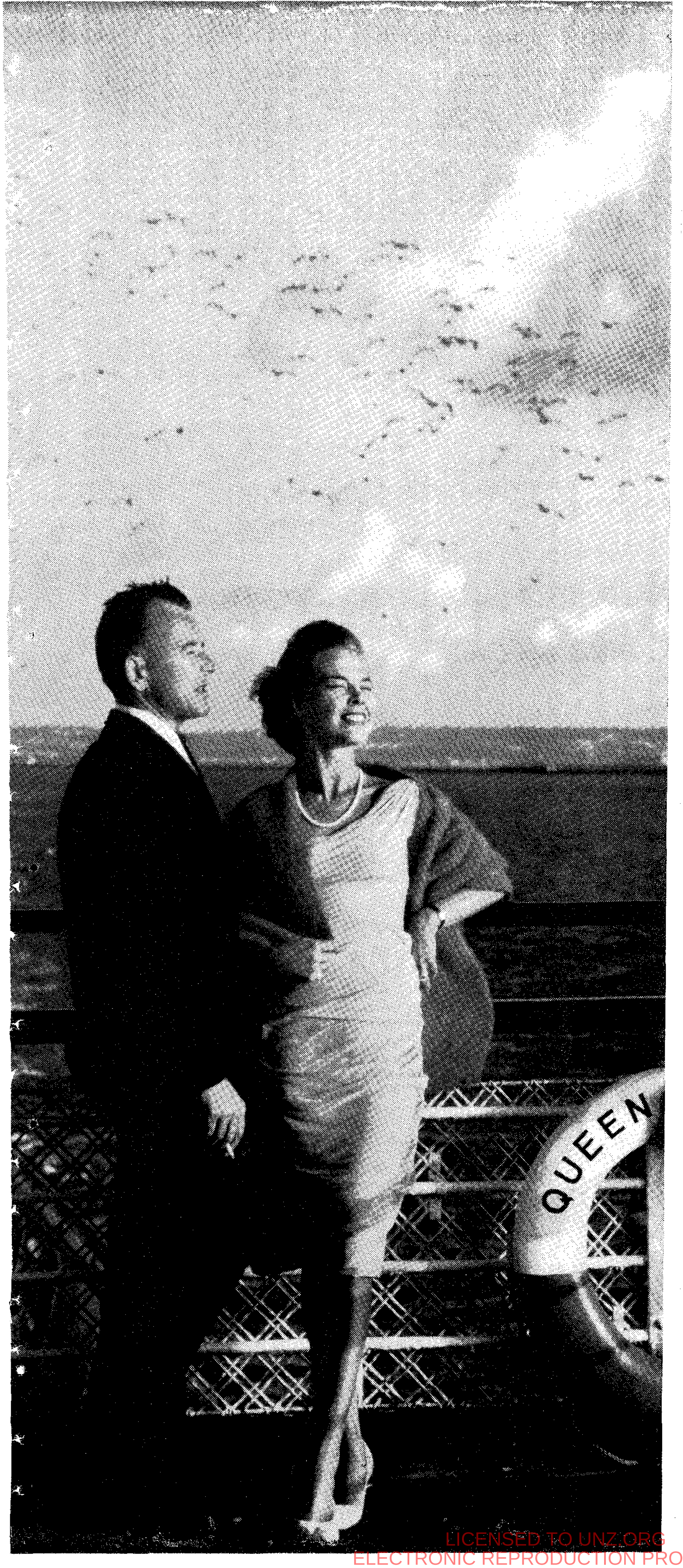
France's most captivating perfume is now here.

Once in a generation France sends a great new fragrance. Madame Rochas ...the fragrance created in the image of one woman for a very few women

MADAME ROCHAS
Parfums Marcel Rochas New York/Paris

1955
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
REIMS
pop goes the Piper... no wonder the French never drink water

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1955 VINTAGE • PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE • CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS • PIPER PINK • **RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.**



A word to the wives...

whose husbands are going on a business trip to Europe

Your husband's business trips to Europe need no longer be the break-neck experiences they used to be... once he discovers Cunard's Vacation Island—and takes *you* along! So many important, stimulating couples always travel First Class aboard the stabilizer-equipped superliners Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. And after five relaxed days at sea—only *three* of them regular working days—you and your husband will *feel* so much better.

With that marvelous Cunard food, fun, and flawless service, how could you help feeling better? No wonder more and more corporations, large and small, say to their executives: "Go at least *one* way by Cunard." They—and you—have an investment in the health and fitness of that pressure-packed husband of yours. If he *must* work en route, there are secretarial services available as well as ship-to-shore telephones on the "Queens."

Sea-Air Combination: If your husband is pressed for time, combine a relaxing 5-day superliner crossing with one way by air and still enjoy the 10% Thrift Season round-trip saving. Regular jet service by Cunard Eagle Airways to London from Miami via Nassau & Bermuda. Also 50 BOAC flights weekly from the U.S.A. to Europe by Boeing 707 jetliners or jet-prop Britannias. Flight reservations through any Cunard office or your travel agent.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

"Getting there is half the fun"
... and good business, too!

Go Cunard

QUEEN ELIZABETH · QUEEN MARY · MAURETANIA · CARONIA
SYLVANIA · CARINTHIA · FRANCONIA (new) · CARMANIA (new)

CUNARD LINE:
Main Office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.

WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Merriam-Webster
RELATIVITY FOR THE MILLION by MARTIN GARDNER
BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS By John Bartlett
SPEAK EASY
1963
A Merriam-Webster Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary
HOW TO TELL A LIVING STORY WITH HOME SLIDES
JEAN and CLE KINNEY
The Earth & You
A GEOGRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN
NEW CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY
FACTS AND FIGURES
RAND McNALLY COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS
The Fred Astaire DANCE BOOK

FOR INFORMATION **Doubleday** AND PLEASURE

WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY: A Merriam—Webster
Completely new, unabridged, 100,000 new words, meanings. 200,000 usage examples from the Bible to Churchill. The ultimate in dictionaries. $47.50. Deluxe India paper $59.50

RELATIVITY FOR THE MILLIONS
Martin Gardner. Simple, straightforward explanation of relativity for the layman by an editor of *Scientific American.* Most up-to-date treatment of the subject available. 2-color illus. by Anthony Ravielli. Macmillan. $6.95

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
New edition. Completely revised. Important as the dictionary and the Bible. ". . . convenient, indispensable, altogether admirable," to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes on an earlier edition. Little, Brown. $10.

1963 APPOINTMENT CALENDAR
52 superb photos from the Museum of Modern Art Collection, including camera artists Ansel Adams, Steichen, Bourke-White. Generous write-in spaces for daily appointments, reminders, notes. Gift envelope. Museum of Modern Art – Doubleday. $2.75

SPEAK-EASY POCKET LANGUAGE CARDS
Unique, fun, spare-moment way to master or brush up a language. Pocket-size, phonetic pronunciations, essential phrases. *Different* gift for the travel-minded and student. **French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Greek, Japanese.** Ea. $1.98

HOW TO TELL A LIVING STORY WITH HOME SLIDES
Jean and Cle Kinney. This easy-to-read book tells you how to build an 80-slide picture show to fascinate friends, family. Contains 50 sample plots, 250 illus. Richards Rosen Press. $3.95

THE EARTH AND YOU
Norman J. G. Pounds. Fascinating, fresh approach to physical geography, climate, the atmosphere, economic, social, political geography and how each shaped man's destiny. Many maps, diagrams, photos. Rand McNally. $6.95

WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY: A Merriam — Webster
Complete, authoritative, up-to-date. This leading desk dictionary is recommended at schools, colleges, business offices everywhere. 125,000 entries with rules for spelling and punctuation. Indexed $6.

FACTS AND FIGURES
Bertha Morris Parker. Illus.: *Lowell Hess.* Big, exciting treasury of information answers questions, helps with school work, provides limitless fun for the entire family. Thousands of full-color illus. 7¼ x 10¼". 144 pp. Golden. $5.

THE NEW CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY. French-English; English-French
Most up-to-date. Equally valuable for study of classical French and today's usage. Latest scientific and cultural terms, slang, colloquialisms. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50. Thumb-indexed $8.50

COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS
Completely new edition of the famous atlas. Now includes 192 pages full-color maps, many more pages of historical, relief maps, points of interest, information tables. 80,000-entry index. Rand McNally. $14.95

THE FRED ASTAIRE DANCE BOOK
Ed.: *Lyle Kenyon Engel.* Illus.: *Josh Pryce.* Basic steps as taught in the Fred Astaire dance studios. 2 dance lessons and invitation to Fred Astaire dance party *free* with every copy purchased. 192 pp. Cornerstone. $4.95

Doubleday New York • Manhasset • Garden City • Scarsdale, N.Y. • West Hartford, Conn. • Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. • Hanover, Pa. • Baltimore • Washington, D

Order now! Prices subject to change without notice.

Doubleday

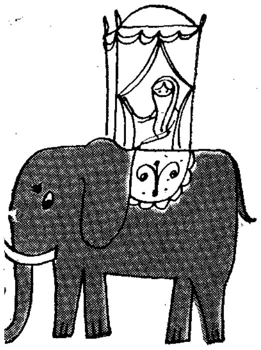
Let's Take A Trip...

travel and far away places

15 passports to adventure

View-hunting in Italy
Fodor's Jet Age Guide to Europe 1963
Fodor's Modern Guides
Hawaii 1963
James A. Michener
FODOR GUIDES FOR 1963
Fodor's Guide to the Caribbean
Bahamas
Bermuda
1963
White Marble
Brendan Behan's Island
An Irish Sketch-book
by Brendan Behan
drawings by Paul Hogarth
Olson's Orient Guide
Enjoy Europe by Car
William J. Dunn
The World of Mankind
Paris on the Seine
Blake Ehrlich
Wonderful Places to take Children
WONDERFUL PLACES TO TAKE CHILDREN
Europe
An Aerial Close-up
Charles E. Rotkin
The Amazon

Doubleday's bright 24 page Catalog is yours for the asking. Use convenient coupon.



VIEW-HUNTING IN ITALY
Sidney and *Allyn Bloeme*. Makes travel an adventure, for greater fun and thrilling experience. 462 pages; photos, maps. Hastings House. $5.95

Fodor Guides for 1963
Ed.: *Eugene Fodor*. "In 25 years as travelers' aids," says *Newsweek*, "Fodor has won a name for straight steering." Up-to-date help on where to stay, play, what to pay, where to eat, "offbeat" places, where to shop, what to buy. McKay.

FODOR'S GUIDE TO EUROPE, 1963. $5.95
FODOR'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN, BERMUDA AND BAHAMAS, 1963. $5.95
FODOR'S GUIDE TO HAWAII, 1963. $4.50

RED POPPIES AND WHITE MARBLE
Martin Flavin. Fascinating mosaic of modern Turkey against the background of the commercial centers of the past, sites of Alexander's victories, remnants of the Ottoman Empire. End paper maps. 288 pp. Nelson. $5.

PARIS ON THE SEINE
Blake Ehrlich. Loving promenade through 7 miles of cityscape and 2,000 years of history. Sights, sounds, secrets of Paris, captured in 130 black-and-white photos, 20 full page. Atheneum. After Christmas $12.50. Now $9.95

BRENDAN BEHAN'S ISLAND: An Irish Sketchbook
Brendan Behan. Drawings: *Paul Hogarth*. Enlivened with song, poem, story, Hogarth's drawings, this book tells a lot about Ireland, but even more about that fascinating human Behan who took the world by storm. Geis. $5.95

OLSON'S ORIENT GUIDE
Harvey S. Olson. Finest guide available for travelers to the Far East! Prepared by one of America's leading travel agents. Where to go and stay. What to see, buy, eat and wear. Lippincott. $6.95

ENJOY EUROPE BY CAR
William J. Dunn. Intricacies, advantages of traveling by car, written by an expert. From preparations . . . to wrestling with the Continental featherbed. Currency, mountain passes, mileage charts, more. Nelson. $5.

THE WORLD OF MANKIND
Staff of Holiday Magazine. Today's world in words, pictures. Writings by Steinbeck, Rama Rau, Catton; photos by Cartier-Bresson, Capa, others. 10 x 13¼". 360 pp. Golden. After Christmas $20. Now $16.95. Deluxe: After Christmas $25. Now $19.95

THE AMAZON
Emil Schulthess. A strikingly beautiful photographic portrait of the Amazon region. 150 plates (78 in full color) show the people, the cities, the landscape, the animals. Size: 14 x 8". Simon and Schuster. $15.

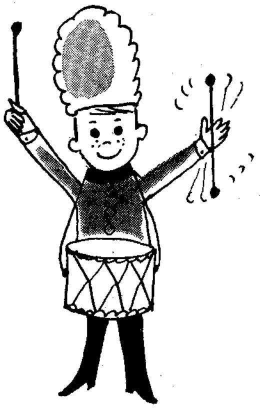
WONDERFUL PLACES TO TAKE CHILDREN: Vol. I: In the West; Vol. II: Midwest, South; Vol. III: Northeast
Exciting, educational, inexpensive or free things for youngsters to see and do. Channel. Ea. $2.95. Set of 3 in plastic travel bag. $7.95

EUROPE: An Aerial Close-up
Charles E. Rotkin. An excitingly different gift book with over 200 low-level photographs of Europe's most beautiful sights. Magnificent gift book for connoisseurs. Lippincott. After Christmas $17.50. Now $15.

troit • Grosse Pointe, Mich. • Birmingham, Mich. • Toledo • St. Louis • Clayton, Mo. • Dallas • New Orleans • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • Boston: The Old Corner Book Store

Doubleday

For Lucky Boys & Girls



SINGING SCIENCE RECORDS

The mysteries of science and nature revealed in gay, informative songs by top stars. Science Materials Center. Each $3.95. 6 records gift-boxed $19.95

EXPERIMENT SONGS
Dorothy Collins—Ages 5-8

SPACE SONGS
Tom Glazer & Dottie Evans —Ages 5-11

WEATHER SONGS
Tom Glazer—Ages 7-11

NATURE SONGS
Marais & Miranda—Ages 7-12

MORE NATURE SONGS
Marais & Miranda—Ages 7-12

ENERGY & MOTION SONGS
Tom Glazer & Dottie Evans —Ages 8-12

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE GREEKS
GREAT MYSTERY STORIES
GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE
THE SIGN OF THE FOUR

SUNRISE LIBRARY

Informative! Exciting! For age 9 up. By top juvenile editors, artists. Profusely illus., many spread over 2 pp. Hart. Ea. $1.95

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE GREEKS
Well-loved favorites of ancient mythology, simply told.

GREAT MYSTERY STORIES
Top collection features master sleuths Holmes, Lupin, "The Thinking Machine."

GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE
Archimedes, Pasteur, others who battled ignorance.

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR
Sherlock Holmes unravels a web of intrigue in the exotic East.

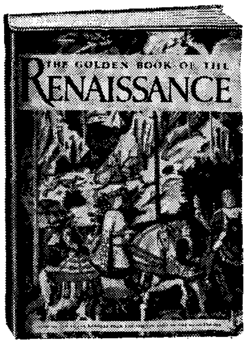
MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS
A treasury of wondrous, ancient lore.

GREAT ADVENTURE STORIES
An absorbing collection of fast-paced, tingling tales.

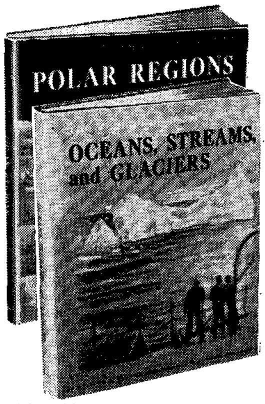
GREAT SHORT STORIES
Brilliant, fascinating tales by the literary greats.

GREAT SUSPENSE STORIES
Chilling collection of horror masterpieces.

GREAT AMERICAN HEROINES
Stirring examples of courage and vision in American history.

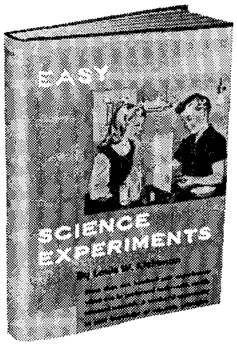


THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE RENAISSANCE
Adapted for young readers by *Irwin Shapiro* from *The Horizon Book of the Renaissance.* Vivid look at the glorious age of splendor, creative achievement. Superb text, full-color illus. 8 x 11". 168 pp. Golden. $5.

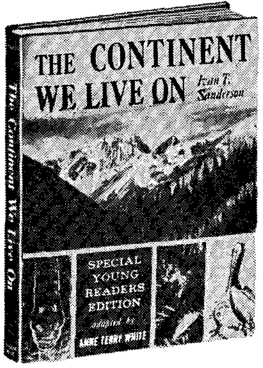


The Young Pathfinder's Series. Beautifully illus. in color throughout.

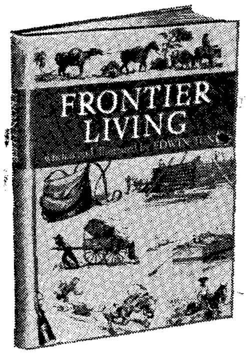
OCEANS, STREAMS, AND GLACIERS. Fascinating life in the seas. **BIRDS.** Wonderful intro. to winged life. **SNAKES.** Two-headed snakes, 28-ft. monsters, etc. **POLAR REGIONS.** The icy areas and Eskimo life. Hart. Ea. 2.95



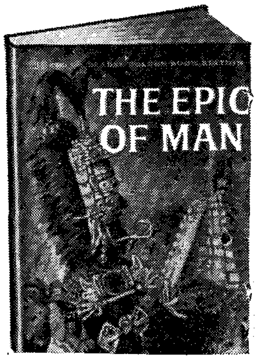
EASY SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS
Louis W. Kleinman, M.Sc. Illus.: *Justin Pearson.* Over 100 science experiments that can be performed safely, without supervision, with materials to be found in the home. Profusely illus. in color. *Ages 11 up. Hart.* $2.95



THE CONTINENT WE LIVE ON
Special Young Readers Edition. Big, colorful de luxe gift book, bursting with beautiful maps and photos. Children 10 to 14 will love reading about the fascinating natural wonders throughout North America. Random. $4.95



FRONTIER LIVING
Written, illus.: *Edwin Tunis.* Every significant aspect of daily life on the frontier is vividly re-created in this handsome pictorial history of two centuries of American life. Over 200 drawings. World. $5.95

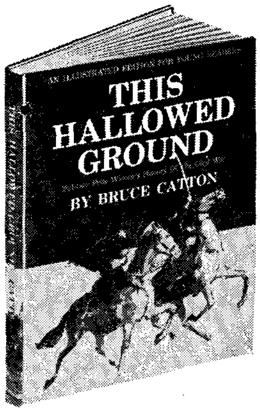


EPIC OF MAN
Adapted by *Eugene Rachlis* from *Life's The Epic of Man.* Adapted from *Life's* $13.50 best-seller . . . the fascinating story of man from pre-history to first civilization. Lavish illus. For the whole family. 8 x 11". 180 pp. Golden. $5.

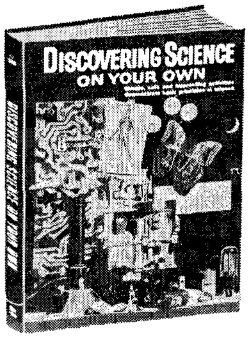
Doubleday America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops · Where Artistic Interests Meet.

Order now! Prices subject to change without notice.

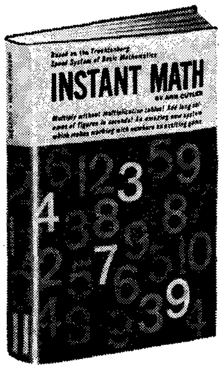
Doubleday



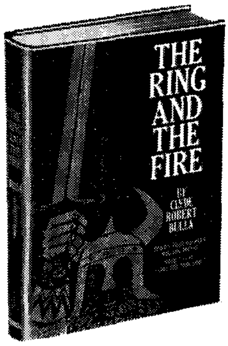
THIS HALLOWED GROUND
Bruce Catton. Abridged, Illus. Ed. for Young People by a Pulitzer prize-winner. Over 100 illus., incl. historic lithographs, maps, 60 full-color pictures, recreate the drama of the Civil War. Up to 16 yrs. Doubleday. $4.95



DISCOVERING SCIENCE ON YOUR OWN
Illa Podendorf. Illus.: *Robert Borja*. Exciting home experiments for ages 8 to 13. Contents tell what things are made of, discuss magnets, electricity, heat and cold, weather, sound, more. Illus. Grosset & Dunlap. $3.95



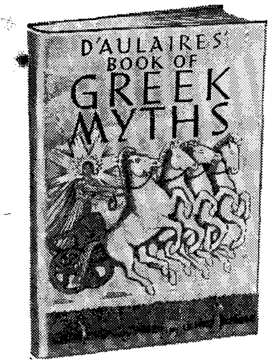
INSTANT MATH
Ann Cutler. Takes the drudgery out of arithmetic. Simple, visual presentation of first steps in addition, multiplication based on best-selling *Trachtenberg Speed System of Basic Math*. All ages. Doubleday. $2.50



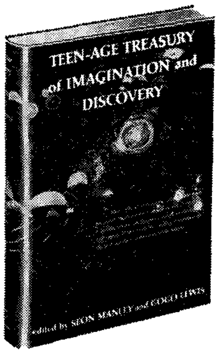
THE RING AND THE FIRE: Stories from Wagner's Nibelung Operas
Clyde Robert Bulla. Woodcuts: *Clare & John Ross*. The stirring tales which form *The Ring of the Nibelung* told with enthusiasm, skill. Incl. musical themes, Wagner's biography. Ages 12 up. Crowell. $3.50

Jean Craighead George
THE SUMMER OF THE FALCON

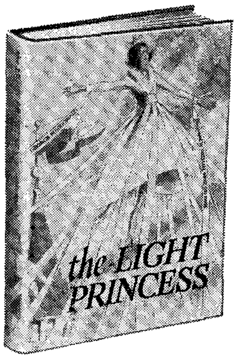
THE SUMMER OF THE FALCON
Written, illus.: *Jean Craighead George*. A sensitive girl grows into womanhood through family guidance and self-discipline. Her story is interrelated with that of the falcon she trains. Ages 10 up. Crowell. $2.95



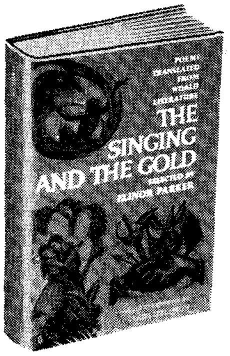
***D'AULAIRES' BOOK OF GREEK MYTHS**
Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Big, beautiful book of myths – tales of the immortals of Olympus woven as one continuous story, stunningly illustrated in color and black-and-white. 8⅞ x 12¼". 192 pp. All ages. Doubleday. $4.95



TEEN-AGE TREASURY OF IMAGINATION AND DISCOVERY
Ed.: *Seon Manley* and *Gogo Lewis*. 45 selections by masters of imagination and discovery – Newton, Poe, Joyce, Anne Frank, others – incl. gripping account of Glenn's orbit. Ages 12-16. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95



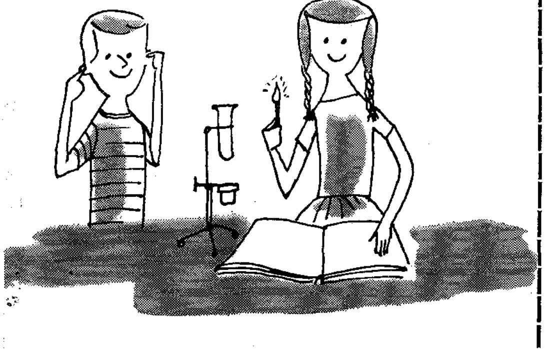
THE LIGHT PRINCESS
George Macdonald. 4 color illus.: *William Pène du Bois*. Delightful new edition of the beloved story of the princess who lost her gravity . . . especially planned for reading aloud. Exuberant illus. Ages 6-10. Crowell. $3.50



THE SINGING AND THE GOLD: Poems Translated from World Literature
Ed.: *Elinor Parker*. Wood Engravings: *Clare Leighton*. These poems have been translated from most of the languages known to man and deal with basic emotions. Ages 12 up. Crowell. $3.75

THE GIANT GOLDEN BOOK OF BIRDS
Robert P. Allen. Illus.: *Arthur Singer*. Glorious full-color illus. on every page introduce young people to the fascinating world of birds. Over 460 species. 10 x 12¾". 100 pp. Golden. $3.99

**Just watch their eyes light up with these wonderful, wonderful gifts*



Beautifully gift-wrapped Free.

Doubleday Book Shops MUrray Hill 8-5300
724 Fifth Ave. at 57 St., Customer Service, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me the following:

Quant.	Item	Price

Attach paper for additional items

Name________________

Address________________

City________Zone____State______

Shipped free anywhere in U.S. On purchases under $4.95 add 25c mailing charge. Add 3% for N.Y.C. delivery.

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

Quant.	Item	Price

Send to:________________

Address________________

City________Zone____State______

Enclose card signed:________________

☐ charge my account ☐ gift wrap FREE
☐ check enclosed ☐ Diners' Club #______
☐ send catalog FREE

carven
carven
paris parfums france

This stopper is a starter.

High fashion in fragrances from France. ma griffe...robe d'un soir...vert et blanc. From $4 to $125 (plus Fed. tax) **carven-parfums**

from the Nat Kaplan gallery

Pure white embroidery on Wedgwood blue imported Erinore® Irish linen, about $125. Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

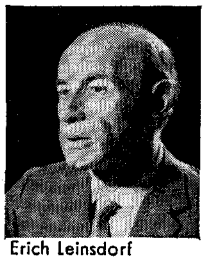
PIANO BY BALDWIN
at the request of these famous artists
Baldwin

Abbey Simon

Leonard Bernstein

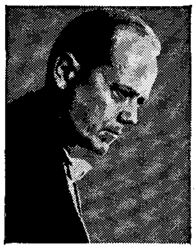
Wilhelm Backhaus

Ivan Davis


Erich Leinsdorf

Claudio Arrau

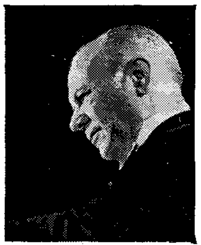
Pierre Monteux


Beveridge Webster

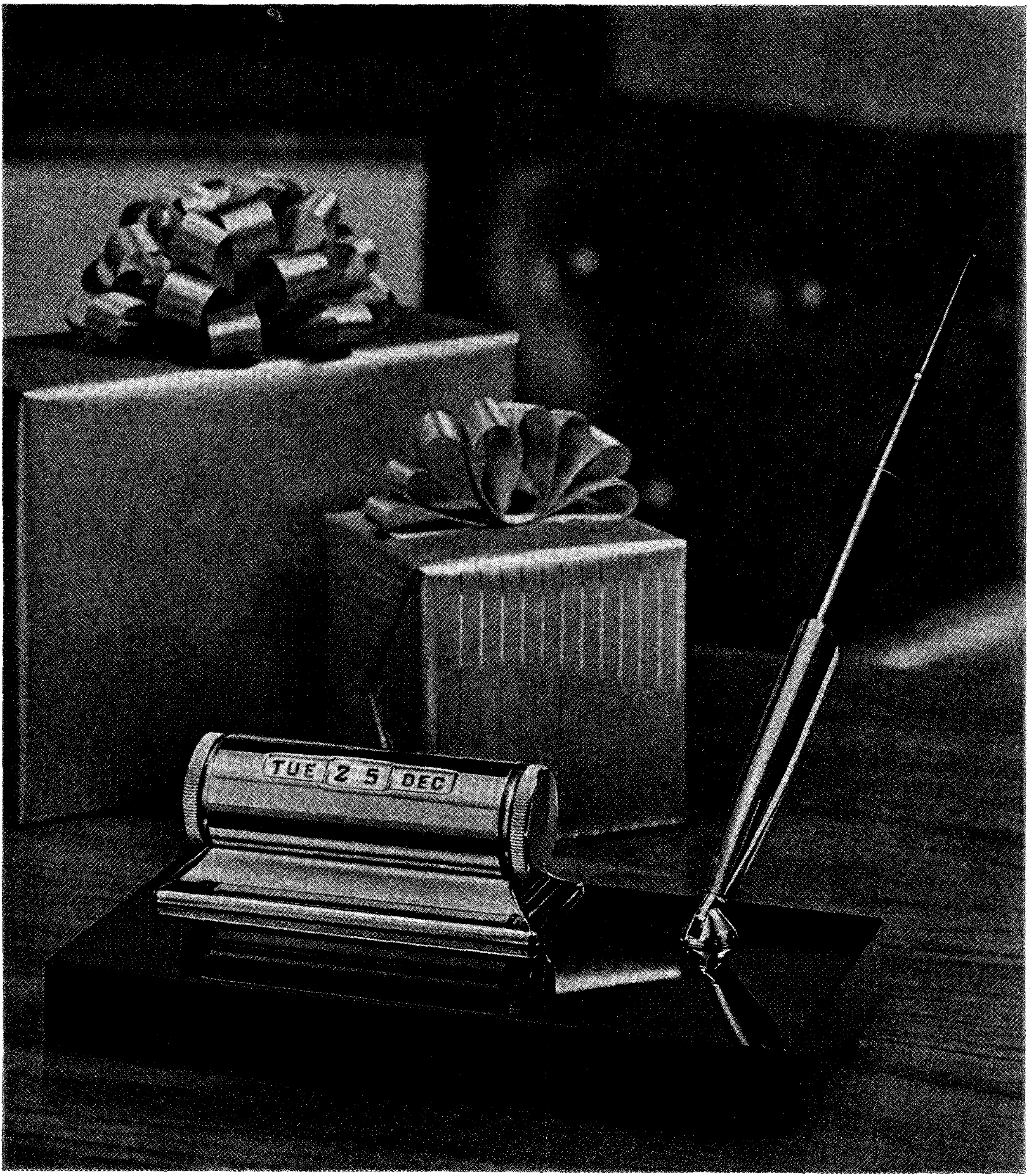
Amparo Iturbi

Eugene Ormandy

Max Rudolf


José Iturbi

Baldwin pianos and organs, official instruments, Seattle World's Fair, 1962



© 1962, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FT. MADISON, IA.

The gift as good as gold. From its distinctive point to its luxurious base, a superb Sheaffer Desk Set is worth far more than its weight in you-know-what. For it serves faithfully at fingertip reach—not just on Christmas Day, but every day of the year. Smoothly and easily, it captures the individuality of a signature; adds warmth to personal notes. Even when not in use, the Sheaffer pen rests at an exclusive angle, poised for action. How thoughtful can a gift be!

SHEAFFER'S®

Why Sheaffer's? For one thing, Sheaffer's exclusive air-tight socket keeps the 14-karat gold point always properly moist for instant writing. Choose from a wide variety of Sheaffer Desk Sets now at your dealers. For home or office, man or woman. Bases can have name plate for personalizing gift. $4.95 to $125.00. (Set shown, $30.00 in jet crystal.)

©Wool Carpets of America, Inc.

Now from the world's greatest research laboratory comes the most exciting carpet fiber ever invented...

WOOL.

Mother Nature's laboratory has been producing it ever since she invented sheep. And now man's research laboratories have joined her in perfecting it. Result? A carpet fiber that is superlative to any other for a whole flock of reasons. Wool for wear, for instance. You've never seen a thread-bare sheep, have you? Wool for bounce-backiness. You just can't keep a good wool down. Wool for the absolute end in fashionable colors. Wool for easy care. Wool for all these reasons—and more. Now maybe there are small areas where you just want to cover the floor and save some pennies in the process. So settle for less there. But where you care, carpet with wool. After all, wool carpeting is what every other carpet is trying to be.

WOOL/CARPETING
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE IN CARPETING

HEIRLOOM® SILVERPLATE
BY ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS

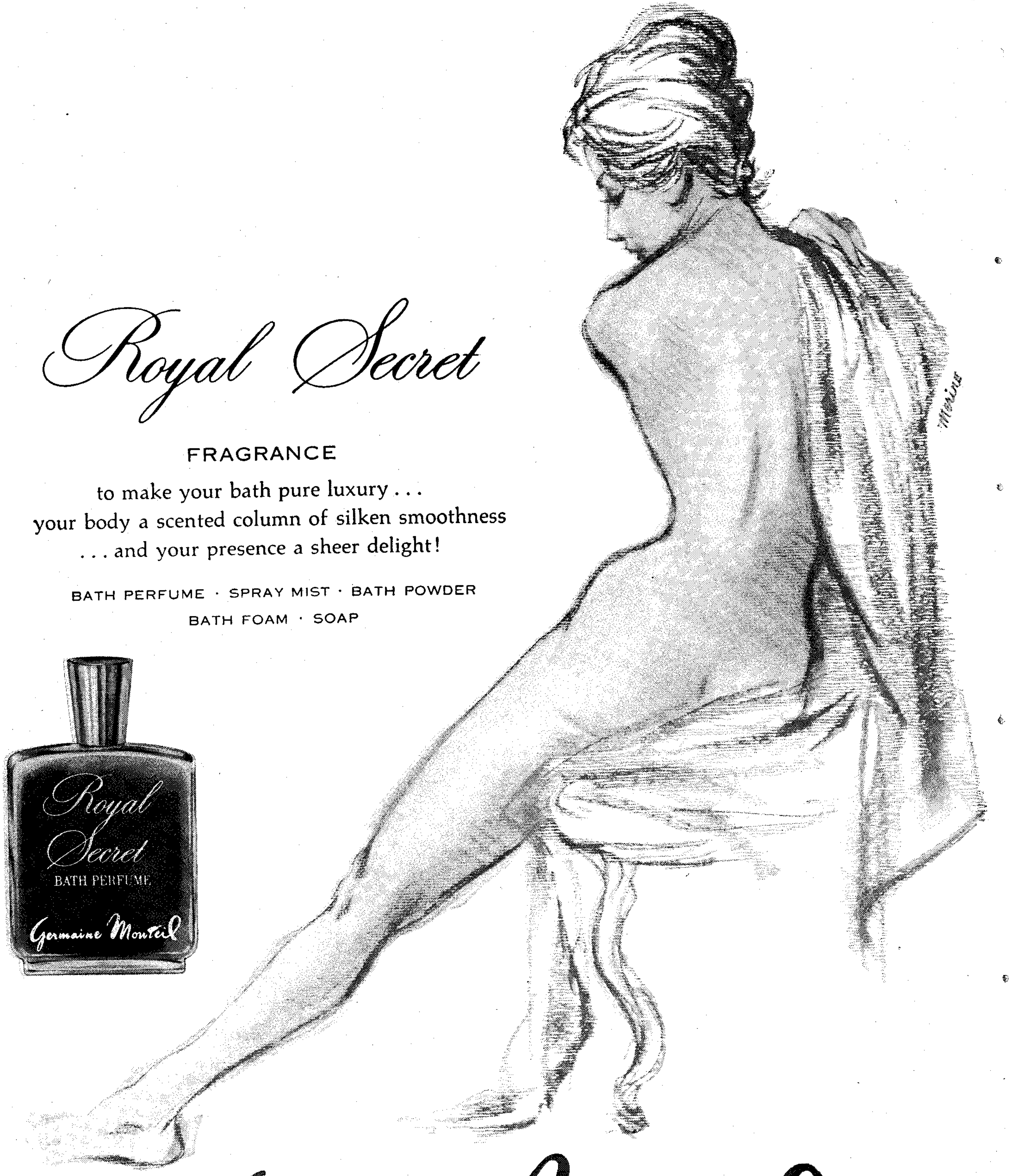
For the festivities, and forever…authentic reproduction of the original English Sheffield melon design. A gift that goes on giving, always. Services: three-piece coffee, $125. Five-piece tea and coffee, $210. Matching serving pieces, from $20. Prices include federal tax. At fine silverware stores, or write Oneida Silversmiths, Oneida, N.Y., for name of store nearest you.

Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME · SPRAY MIST · BATH POWDER
BATH FOAM · SOAP


Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

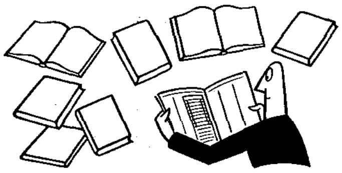
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

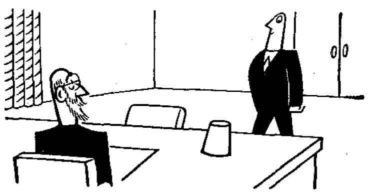
A RECENT *Times* best-seller list included a coloring book for adults, a journal kept by a child, a pamphlet of newspaper photographs with humorous captions, the autobiography of a baseball manager, the reminiscences of a lawyer who had appeared for the defense in a sensational Hollywood trial, a discussion of dieting, and a study of the sexual activities of unmarried women. These seven works, filling nearly half the slots in the nonfiction section of the list, had appeared there a combined total of a hundred and twenty-two weeks, and would presumably remain there until other books—of similar quality—were published to replace them. Fortunately, the list is meaningless; indeed, the only redeeming quality of best-seller charts in general is their inaccuracy. They are based on slim and unreliable evidence, they disagree among themselves, and as indicators of what is actually being bought and read they are almost worthless. Few bookstores are consulted, fewer report, and there is nothing to prevent the ones that do report from falsifying their records to suit their inventories. Moreover, the provincial storekeeper, like the rural citizen, has more than his share of the vote. A book that sells a hundred copies at the Brentano's on Fifth Avenue is given no greater weight in the surveys than one that sells nine copies at Scrantom's, in Rochester. The most popular books in any store are the ones that count; the margin and the region of their popularity are considered irrelevant. For the issue of November 25th, for example, the *Herald Tribune* survey was compiled on the basis of reports from only thirty-four stores; Vroman's, of Pasadena, was side by side with the Scribner Book Store, in New York. The *Times*, usually so scrupulous in supplying sources for its news articles, does not list the number, size, or location of reporting booksellers at all. An ambiguous paragraph in italics tells us that the *Times* survey is based on reports from "leading booksellers in 41 cities showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles over the last 3 weeks." Which the forty-one cities are, how many bookstores report in each, why the unlikely numbers 41 and 16 were chosen (the *Tribune* has an equally inexplicable, though not nameless, 34 and 10), and what the meaning of the word "leading" is—these questions are unanswered. The reader is left with the list, to make of it what he will. Meanwhile, the inaccurate ratings perform a major disservice to serious writings, the sales of which are often damaged by omission from the list.



Even if the chart meant something, even if it were based on reliable records of national sales volume (records that publishers are particularly reluctant to issue), one wonders what value the best-seller list could have for the reading public. Most industries release such itemized sales figures only to trade journals, where the producer finds out what he may expect to sell—not the consumer what he ought to buy. The book chart, on the other hand, presumably tries to show the conformist how the literary herd is running—and encourages him to run away from literature with the herd. If manufacturers ordinarily refrain from publishing statistics to show what everyone else is wearing and eating, surely the literary journals need not insist on telling us what everyone else is reading—and telling it inaccurately besides. Since sales in the arts have never been an index to value ("Moby Dick" was not a best-seller in its time, nor were any of Henry James's novels after "The Portrait of a Lady"), it is hard to imagine what serious purpose the charts can have. If the list is intended merely as a helpful guide to the anxious semi-literate, the *Times* would perform a greater service by listing the exact stores and regions to which it applies. Most readers, after all, are not required to participate in literary discussions across the nation; each is ordinarily confined to his own geographical area, and a chart that showed which books were selling well at the *local* bookstore would save readers the embarrassment of being competent to discuss at a cocktail party in Pasadena only those books that were deemed best-sellers in Vermont.

Mr. President

ONE day recently, when there was no plenary session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, we dropped in at the spacious Pakistan House, on East Sixty-fifth Street, to see the president of the seventeenth regular session of the General Assembly, Sir Zafrulla Khan, who has been, at various times, Foreign Minister of Pakistan and a judge at the International Court, in The Hague, and since last year has been the permanent representative of his country at the U.N. We found Sir Zafrulla, who is a slender, bespectacled, and dignifiedly bearded gentleman of sixty-nine, seated at a large desk. The room was conventionally foreign-office—golden-yellow carpet, black-and-white curtains, learned treatises and reference books, and pictures of the founding father of Pakistan, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, and its President, Ayub Khan.



Sir Zafrulla motioned us to a seat opposite him and his red fez, which rested on the desk, in the manner of a mortarboard on a podium, and we inquired how he liked doing double duty, for his country and for the General Assembly.

"I have worked out a routine for my day in which everything fits very well," he said.

We asked him to tell us about his day.

"Some still find my descriptions of it a little embarrassing, but I don't see why," he said. "I wake for the first time at three o'clock, to say my supererogatory—not a good word—prayers. They are over and above our five daily Muslim prayers, which in times of pressure I cut down to three. In America, I often have to combine my noon and afternoon prayers and my evening and night prayers. When we were on daylight-saving time, I said the former after lunch, but now that we're on standard time I can say them just before lunch, around twelve o'clock. As one does with every Muslim prayer, I begin my supererogatory prayers with the prescribed ablutions—washing hands up to elbows, rinsing mouth, washing feet up to ankles, and so forth. If you wash your feet that way before you put your socks on in the morning, it is not necessary to wash them before each of the remaining prayers of the day. After ablutions, I spread out that prayer mat." He pointed to a dark-red roll next to a volume of *Who's Who*, on a bookshelf. "Actually, the Holy Prophet says that the whole earth is purified for praying, but since for us prayer is an intimate communion with God, we prostrate ourselves before Him each time, and it is best to have some protection for the clothes. Incidentally, the place of worship is not important for us. About a quarter to four, I return to my bed; I am thankful to say that I can sleep or awaken any time, at will. Indeed, I have told all my staff, in case of *any* necessity in the night, to ring me. The telephone is next to my pillow. Some of them have rung me, and they have invariably told me that I didn't sound sleepy on the telephone. I awake for the second time for my morning prayers, which have to be said between the first flush of dawn and about ten minutes before sunrise. After them, I bathe, and read four or five pages of the Koran. I am out of my apartment—on Seventy-first Street, between Second and Third Avenues—at a quarter past seven. My doctor has prescribed a two-mile walk, so I walk to the Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park, go up a way, do a sort of circle, walk around down to the Zoo, and end up here at my office. I reach it at a quarter to eight, sharp; only my personal assistant is here then. I start work with my telegrams, files, and orders, and at nine the officers of the Mission arrive for a delegation meeting. When I decided to have these meetings at nine, my press officer, Mr. Arshad-uz-Zaman, said he couldn't get here at that hour, because he had to take his daughter to school. I exempted him from the meetings, but the next day he was present. I said, 'I exempted you.' He said, 'I arranged for my neighbor to take my daughter to school.' You see how things can be fitted in? Our delegation meetings last about forty minutes, and on days when the General Assembly convenes I am at the United Nations by ten or ten-fifteen—in time to look at the order of the day. I generally have lunch in the Delegates' Dining Room, and I am free of the Assembly by six, after which I drop into the Delegates' Lounge for a few minutes, to maintain contact with my fellow-delegates, or I may attend a reception. After that, there is often a dinner, and it usually means a quick dash home to change my day clothes for a black-tie suit. I always make arrangements with my dinner hostess to be away at ten, which gives me time for my evening and night prayers."

Emanating from Sir Zafrulla was the atmosphere of courtrooms and public assemblies; once launched on an argument or an explanation, he did not stop until he had seen it through its last wicket. "The routine I have described to you applies only to the five weekdays," he said, "for on Saturday I do not go to the Assembly—I work here all day—and on Sunday I always try to go to the country, to one friend or another, though my *religious* duties stay the same, weekdays and weekends."

We asked him if his religious duties ever interfered with his Assembly work.

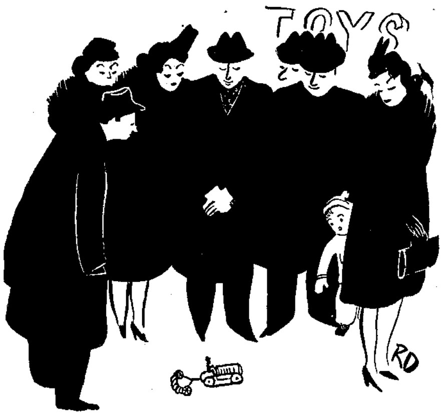
"Actually, they complement each other," he said.

We begged for some elucidation.

"I belong to a seventy-four-year-old Muslim movement called Ahmadiya, whose founder, Ghulam Ahmad, a Punjabi, claimed to be the second Promised Messiah, Jesus Christ having been the first," he said. "This founder, who died in 1908—a significant date, the dawn of our century—claimed that he was opening a new era, and to us believers he *is* the Second Coming, the Second Advent. I must explain this to you, because not very many people—and least of all journalists—have grasped the connection between my faith and my work. You see, as Muslims, we accept Jesus Christ as the first Messiah. Indeed, we accept all prophets. Abraham, Moses, Buddha, Krishna—all prophets. But we believe that Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, is a *universal* prophet. All the other prophets, according to the Koran, were sent to particular people, and for particular epochs. Also, while other prophets had only occasional verbal revelations, *all* the revelations of Mohammed were verbal. The Prophet has foretold that at the beginning of each century there will be a reformer to renew the spirit and the teachings of Islam. By the Second Advent is meant not a reincarnation or a resurrection—not a transmigration of soul—but a person in the 'power and spirit' of a previous prophet. And Ghulam Ahmad thought that he was this Coming, and stood in relation to our age as Adam and Christ had done to ages past. In our new era, science does not detract from the glory of God, as it was thought to do when Ahmad was born, but *adds* to the glory of God; science is just another manifestation. In this new era, men from all countries are to come closer and closer together." He paused significantly.

We asked him if he had a family.

"Yes," he said. "I have a daughter by my first wife living in Lahore; I also have two grandchildren. My second wife, who is much younger than I am—she is in the morning of her life, I am in the evening of mine—lives in London. I have told her to carry on with her studies, so that she will have her own interests and her own life to lead when I am departed. With the help of private tuition, she is doing a pre-university course—biology, zoology, and so on. I think in this country they call it pre-med."



Message

AN American couple we know who have an apartment in Seville have already received, they inform us by airmail, little printed cards, in Spanish, extending the season's greetings from the mailman and the elevator operators, and also one card in English, from the garbage man, which reads as follows:

All days of the year
by your door a cart pass
for retiring very early
what obstrucs in your house.

The carter en these days
want you a lot of happiness
and had a good Christmas-time

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year
Want you
THE CARTER

Girl Tree

STROLLERS through Central Park the other Sunday morning may have noticed a plane tree (a few hundred paces to the east of Central Park West and to the south of Sixty-second Street) in bright and unusual blossom. Scattered throughout its branches, and upon a neighboring rock, were a few dried leaves and about forty shivering young ladies. The young ladies had been assembled there by a young man named Adolfas Mekas, who, assisted by another young man, his brother Jonas, was directing them in a scene for a movie produced by a third young man, David Stone, which will be called "Hallelujah the Hills" and will be released sometime early next summer. The story concerns two *more* young men—these in love with the same girl. She marries someone else, and the rejected suitors become friends. As they are hunting together in the hills of northern New England, they discover a tree and a rock adorned with the forty young ladies mentioned above. The girls were models from the Ford Agency, donating their time for what will be an art film. They were of diverse races and nationalities but of fairly uniform good looks. Several of them wore sunglasses, of sundry tints, shapes, and sizes. Their clothes included pale-blue ski pants, gray-flowered evening dresses, black leather boots, sandals, Norwegian sweaters, Dacron blouses, velvet hats, ice skates, wildly colored scarves, green tights, red muffs, and white capes, in a rather random distribution. (The film, unfortunately, is in black-and-white.) Camel's-hair, corduroy, velvet, suède, and leather coats had had to be discarded—a requirement giving to each of the lovely faces a certain chilled intensity.

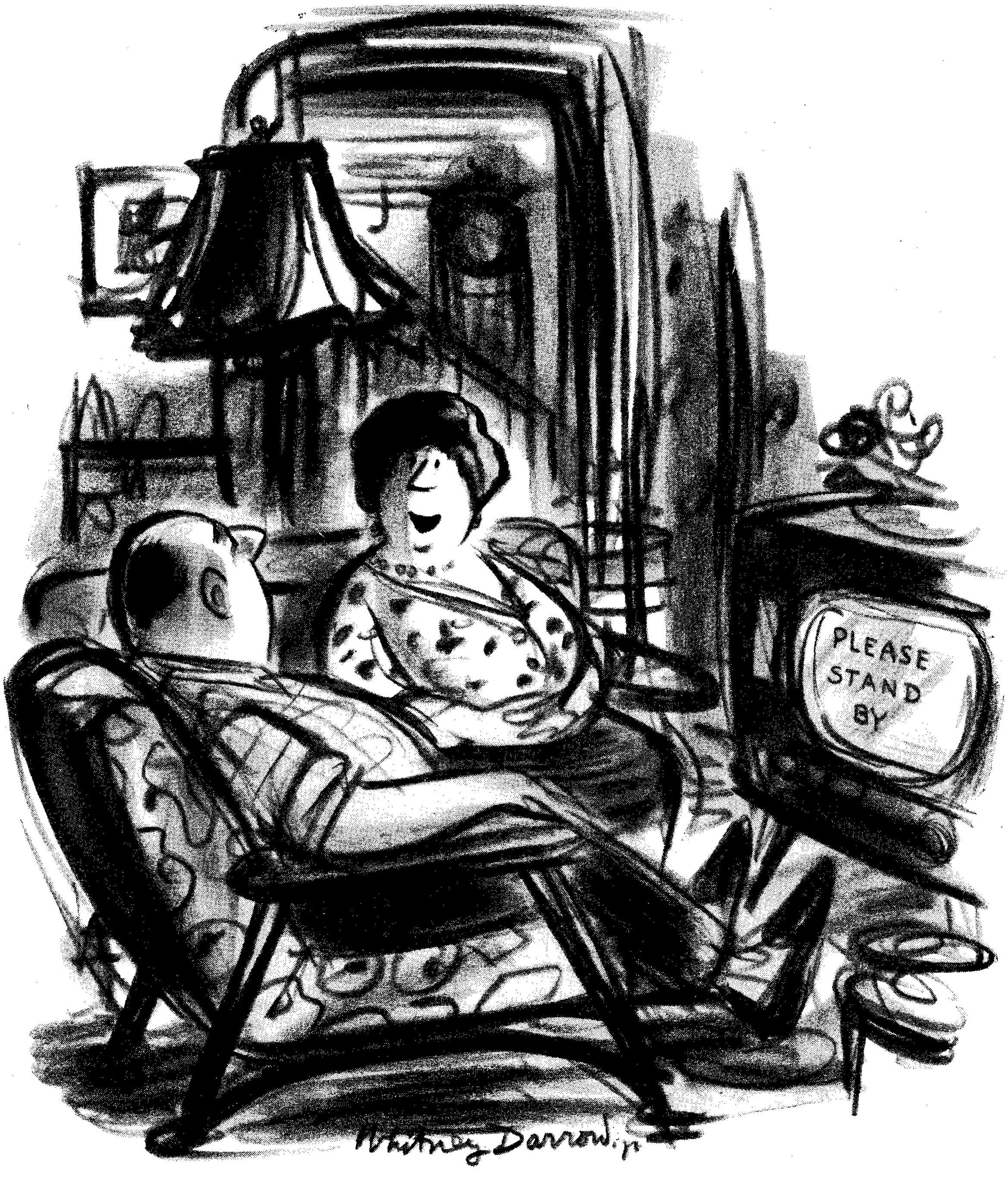
Shortly before the tree scene was shot, the girls were standing around near the tree; Adolfas Mekas was swinging perilously from branch to branch, demonstrating how to climb a tree without breaking your neck; Jonas Mekas was doing some preliminary fiddling with a camera; and David Stone was pouring coffee out of a chromium urn into paper cups.

"Have you all signed the releases?" shouted Stone as he passed around coffee laced with brandy to those who looked as though they needed it.

"Move slowly!" called Adolfas Mekas from the tree. "Never move your foot until you have a firm grip with one hand."

"All right," said Jonas Mekas. "Let's have the best climbers up."

Nine girls ascended a ladder, distributed themselves among the branches, and posed. Naughty, a nervous mongrel dog belonging to a girl on one of the lower branches, attempted to climb



"And how have things been with you, Harry?"

the ladder, too. He reached the fourth rung before someone swept him aside.

The remaining girls arranged themselves on the rock. Some little boys who had been sitting near the top were shooed off. Naughty climbed halfway up the rock and was permitted to stay there.

"Now, when the camera starts, I want you all to strike the most extravagant poses," said Adolfas. "Sitting, standing on your head, waving. The more insane the better. I want madness, complete madness."

The cameras rolled.

"Good!" shouted Adolfas. "In the next one, I want you all to beckon kindly. You know. A come-hither look."

He beckoned kindly. So did the girls on the rock. A crowd gathered. The girls in the tree beckoned with one hand and kept a firm grip on their branches with the other. "Like baboons," muttered Peter Beard, one of the leading men.

The cameras rolled again, and then came a long pause. The coffee that was passed around began to contain less coffee and more brandy.

Mr. Kenneth, the hairdresser, arrived to supervise the coiffure of one of the models, who was posing alternately for "Hallelujah the Hills" and for an advertisement that was to appear in *Glamour*.

Little conversational groups formed upon the rock. "You can't find a male who hasn't been fixed," said a girl in winged yellow sunglasses to an English model with a Mad River ski ticket attached to her pale-blue parka. The subject was cats.

"If we were paying these girls their regular salary, this sequence would cost more than six thousand dollars," said David Stone to a friend. "But this is a small-budget film."

It was time to go home, and the girls climbed down from their perches. The plane tree was left with only the shrivelled leaves, which it will lose to the rock before spring.

•

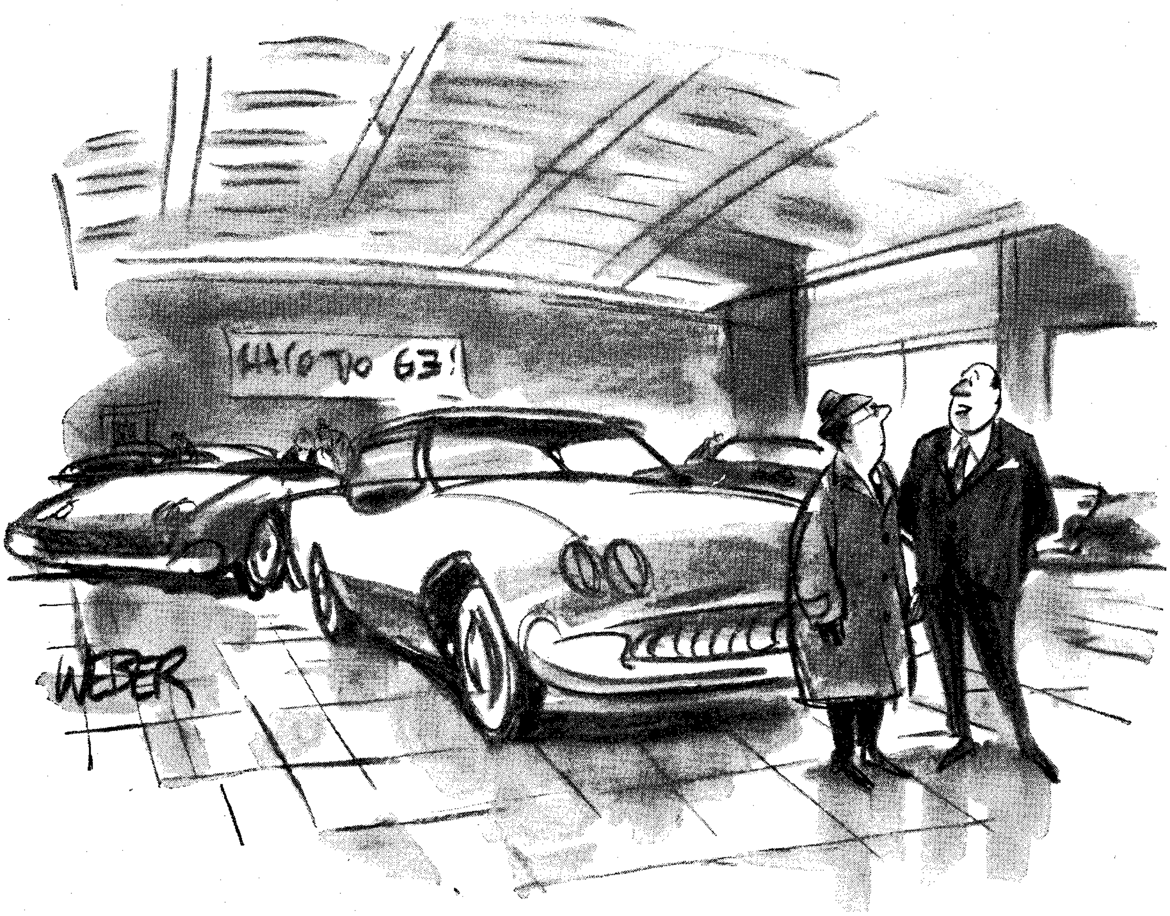
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the Hawthorn-Mellody Farms Zoo, near Libertyville, Illinois, there's a vending machine labelled "Special Approved Food for the Seals." When a dime is inserted, the machine discharges one cold, moist, unwrapped fish.

Scheduled to open soon in Munich is "O Vater, Armer Vater, Mutter Hing Dich in den Schrank, und Ich Bin Ganz Krank."

The Vinyl Santa

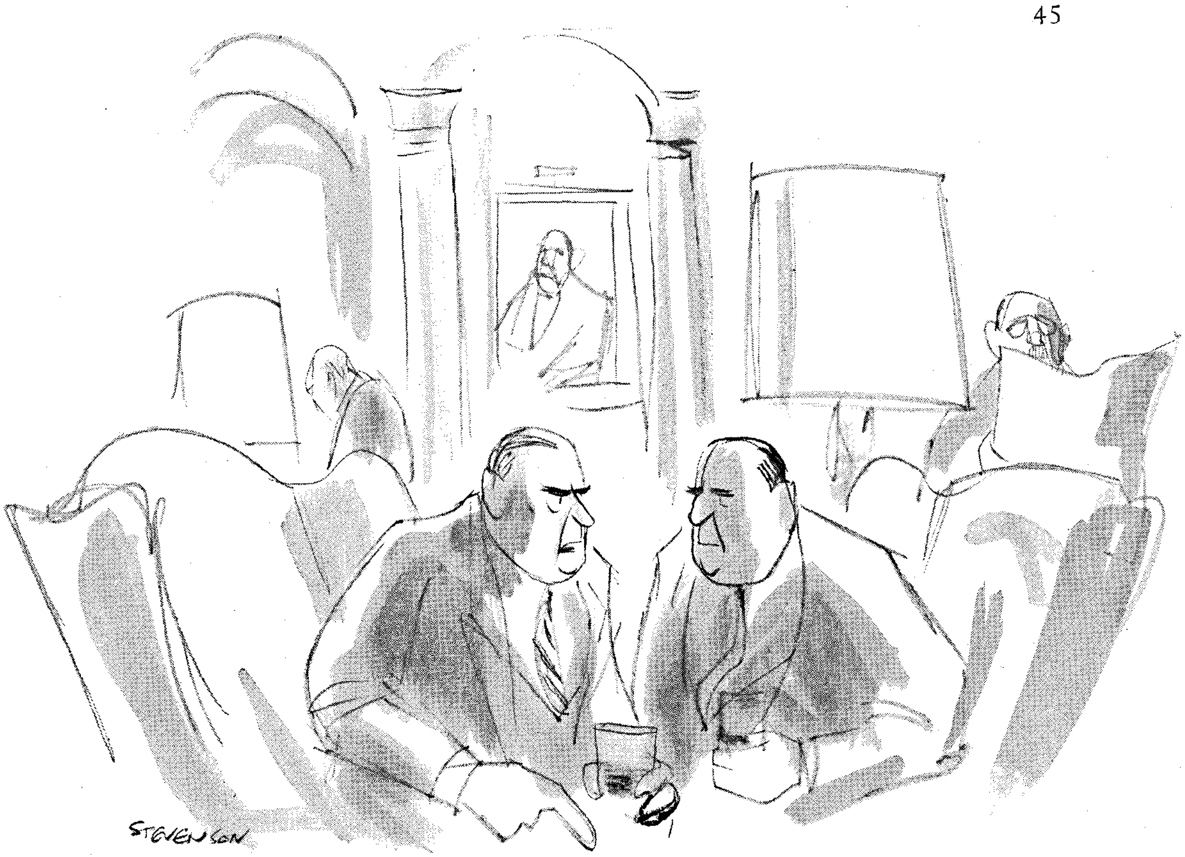
OUR lighted fireproof plastic Christmas bells are strung all through the house, not a creature is stirring, and our mail-order catalogues—now piled high on the back porch—have been under surveillance since August, when they started coming in from Atlantic City, New Jersey; Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Evanston, Illinois; Chicago, Illinois; Falls Church, Virginia; Omaha, Nebraska; Vineland, New Jersey; Northport, New York; New York, New York; and elsewhere, including points across the seas. We did our shopping during Indian summer, without leaving our chair. Our house is full. Our task is completed. We are ready.

On our front door is a "Deck the Door Knob of red-and-green felt with touches of glittering gold that has three jingly bells to say 'Hi! and Merry Christmas!' to all comers." On our windows are "Press-On Window Scenes" of snowmen and reindeer, and the windows are further ornamented with "Giant, 29-inch by 20-inch Personal Balls Artistically Hand-Lettered with the Family Name." Mounted outside on the wall of the house are "The Three Wise Men in Full Color in a Procession of Heavy Weatherproof Methyl-methacrylate Plastic." Each Wise Man is three feet tall and illuminated. A "Life-Size Climbing Vinyl Santa" is on the rooftop, and on the front lawn we have "3-D Thirty-Inch High Full Color Carollers of Strong Vinylite Carolling 'Oh, Come All Ye Faithful!'" In place of our regular doorbell we have a "glowing, jingling Santa stamped with the family name with a cord that visitors pull that raises Santa's arms in welcome, jingling bright brass bells." The garage door is covered with a "Giant Door Greeter Five Feet High and Six Feet Wide, Reading 'Merry Christmas.'" Indoors, all our rooms have been sprayed either with "Bayberry Mist, the forest-fresh



"For the next few minutes, I'd like you to try not to think of me as an automobile salesman."

scent-of-Christmas," or with the "pungent, spicy, exotic, sweet and rare frankincense-and-myrrh spray—gift of the Magi to the new-born Babe." Each light switch is covered with a "Switchplate-Santa made of white felt with red bell-bedecked cap—the switch comes through his open mouth, the sight of which will make you feel jolly." The towels on the bathroom racks are hand-printed with designs of sleighs and candy canes. The rug next to the tub has "Jolly Old Santa centered in deep, soft, plushy, white pile, and he's wreathed in smiles and in cherries, too, for 'round his head is a gay, cherry wreath." All the mirrors in the house are plastered with red, green, and white pleated tissue cutouts of angels with self-adhesive backs. In the dining room, "Full Size Santa Mugs of Bright Red-and-White Glazed Ceramic are 'Ready' for a 'Spot' of Holiday Cheer." In the living room, we have a "giant holiday chandelier of metallic foil discs reflecting a rainbow of colors," and "giant four-foot electric candles in festive red-and-white candy stripes are glowing cheerfully from their rock-steady base to their dripping wax 'flame.' " On the hall table stands our "Electric Musical Church, five inches high, with inspirational strains of 'Silent Night' pealing reverently from behind lighted, colorfully stained windows."



"You see, if you don't happen to find anything at all amusing about him in the first place—as I don't—then, you see, you don't find it amusing to hear this chap imitating *him, don't you see."*

• •

The tree is trimmed, all the way from a "Perforated Golden Star Making the Sun Envious of Its Brilliance, as though the Blazing Star of Bethlehem Were Pausing in Its Orbit at Your Home," down to the "Christmas Tree Bib Covered with a Profusion of Christmas Designs and Colors" on the floor. Reflecting the light of the Perforated Golden Star, which is made of anodized aluminum with "Hundreds of Holes through which the Light Twinkles just like a Real Star," hang dozens of "Personalized Tree Balls with Names of the Family Nicely Applied in Shimmering, Non-Tarnishing Glitter." Bare spots on the tree are filled in with "Luminous Tree Icicles of Plastic," "Luminous, Plastic, Heavenly Angel Babes Who Have Left the Milky Way," "Hand-carved Wooden Angels Holding Hymnals on Gilded Hanging Strings," "Frosty White Pine Cones Lit with Colored Bulbs," "Miniature Felt Money Bags Gayly Trimmed in Assorted Designs of Yuletide," and "Yummy-Yum-Yum Santa Sweetest Holiday Lollipops."

On Christmas morning, there will be plenty of laughs when everybody gets dressed. Dad will be wearing his "Personalized Holiday Ringing Bell Shorts of White Sanforized Cotton with Santa Claus Handpainted in All His Glory on One Side with a Tinkling Bell on the Tassel of His Cap and Dad's name embroidered in Contrasting Red on the Other." Big Sister will have on "Bright Red Holiday Stretch Socks of Bright Red Nylon Embossed with Contrasting White Holiday Motif." Little Sister and Mom will have on matching "Candy Striped Flannelette Housecoats." Brother will have on a "Clip-On Bow Tie of Red Felt in a Holly Pattern" and also "The Host with the Most Bright Red Felt Vest with Colorful Christmas Accent." Auntie will have on "Ringing Bell Panties Boasting a Ribbon Bedecked Candy Cane Handpainted in Brilliant Yuletide Colors with a Real Tinkling Bell for Extra Cheer." And Shep will have on his own "Personalized Dog Galoshes Embossed with Dog Claus on the Toes." Odds and ends under the tree will include a "Jingle Bell Apron that Plays a Merry Tune with Every Movement," "Donner and Blitzen Salt and Pepper Shakers," a set of "Holly Jewelry for the Holly-Days," a "Ten Commandments Bookmark of Ten Radiant Gold-Plated Squares that Look Like Ancient Scrolled Pages of the Old Testament with the Commandments Etched Upon Them," and "Hi-Fi Bible Stories on a Personalized Record." And our Christmas dinner will be prepared with the help of the "No Cooking Cookbook, with a Collection of Easy-To-Fix Recipes for Busy Mothers that Turns Canned and Frozen Foods into a Banquet of Gourmet Dishes."

•

NOTE picked up in one of the halls of the Garden City Junior High School:

JOHN—
For the sake of God please leave me alone.

ALICE

P.S. You are a disgrace to me and my friends. I hate you. You will find another girl who likes you very soon.

THE PARTY

THE Fergusons' door opened on a burst of light and voices, and on Evie's squeal of surprise—quite as if, Minna thought, we had turned up uninvited. Evie kissed her.

"Our shoes are a bit wet," said Theodore. He stood aside to let Minna enter. "Is that all right?"

Evie had slanting eyes, and a flushed, pretty face. She was wearing a shiny brown dress, and her hair bubbled down her back in fair, glossy curls. She had an impulsive way of embracing people, of holding them by the hand or the elbow, as though she must atone for any reticence on their part with an extra measure of her own exuberance—or as though they would attempt to escape if not taken into custody.

"Minna, what a beautiful dress. How thin you are. Theodore, you never look a day older, not a single *day*. I expect," she said to Minna, "that he is really very gray—with fair people it doesn't show. He'll get old quite suddenly and look like Somerset Maugham." She gave Minna a sympathetic, curious look from her tilted eyes. (Minna could imagine her saying later, "I never will understand why *that* keeps going, not if I live to be a hundred."). "Here's Phil."

Evie's husband came out of the living room, a silver jug in one hand and an ice bucket in the other.

"You look like an allegorical figure," Minna told him.

Phil smiled. He went through life with that sedate, modest smile. He was a corporation lawyer, and he and Evie had been very happy together for fifteen years. Long ago, however, at his own expense and to everyone's surprise he had published a small book of love poems that carried no assurance of being addressed to her. "What would you like to drink?" Phil asked. "Minna, come into the kitchen and help me with the ice. Otherwise I'll never get a chance to talk to you."

Evie was leading Theodore away. Minna looked apprehensively at his straight back as it receded toward a group of people in the living room. He will enjoy himself, she thought, and then reproach me for letting him come.

In the kitchen, Phil's eleven-year-old son was emptying ashtrays into a garbage pail.

"Hello, Ronnie," Minna said. She turned on the cold tap for Phil.

"Oh, hullo," Ronnie said, intent on his work. "Alison's got the virus." Alison was his sister.

"But not badly," said Phil. "Thank you, Minna, I think that's about enough."

"I got her a card," Ronnie said.

"How nice," said Minna, breaking up a tray of ice.

"It says 'Get Well Quick.'"

"That sounds a trifle peremptory."

"I expect the sentiment counts for something," Phil observed from the sink.

"Taste is more important than sentiment," Minna decided, without reflection.

"Yes, I suppose I agree with that." She smiled. "The combination, on the other hand, is irresistible."

"You're beginning to talk like Theodore. Ronnie, you could be handing round the peanuts."

"There aren't any peanuts."

"Shrimp, then—whatever there is. For God's sake." Phil took the ice bucket from Minna and put it on a tray with the jug. They moved toward the door. "Now," he asked her again, "what would you like?"

She would have liked to stay in the kitchen with Phil and Ronnie, although the light was too bright and there was nowhere to sit down. The kitchen chairs were covered with half-empty cartons of crackers and, in one case, with a large chalky bowl in which the dip had been mixed. Ends of celery and carrot had been left on the table, together with an open container of sour cream and two broken glasses. It was, Minna decided, like the periphery of a battlefield strewn with discarded equipment and expended ammunition. When I go into the other room, she thought, I will have to talk, and listen, and be aware of Theodore across the room.

"What can I have?" she asked Phil, as they went down the corridor.

"Anything you like. There's punch, if you want that." He paused to introduce Minna to a young man and a girl with a hat full of roses.

"Minna?" said the girl. "What a pretty name."

"Her real name is Hermione," said Ronnie, coming up with a plate of shrimp.

"Preposterous name," Minna agreed. "I don't know why parents do such things."

"We call our baby Araminta," said the girl bravely.

"'Araminta sweet and faire . . .'" Phil quoted tactfully.

Minna frowned. "That's '*Amarantha*,'" she said, and wished she hadn't. She and Phil edged past, and found themselves at a long table, beside a bony man in black and an opulent, earnest woman in purple. "Punch would be lovely," Minna said to Phil.

"A Browning revival," said the man in black. "Mark my words—I forecast a Browning revival."

The purple lady sighed. "Ah. If only you're right."

"Then you do like Browning?"

"Of course. 'Pippa Passes.' And I've always adored 'The Rose and the Ring.'"

The bony man looked disappointed. "That's Thackeray. You mean 'The Ring and the Book.'"

"I mean the one with the marvellous illustrations."

"Rather weak, I'm afraid," Phil said, handing Minna a full glass. "All the ice seems to have melted." He helped someone else to punch and turned back to her. "Well, Minna—we hardly ever seem to see you. Are you very busy? Are you happy? *How* are you?"

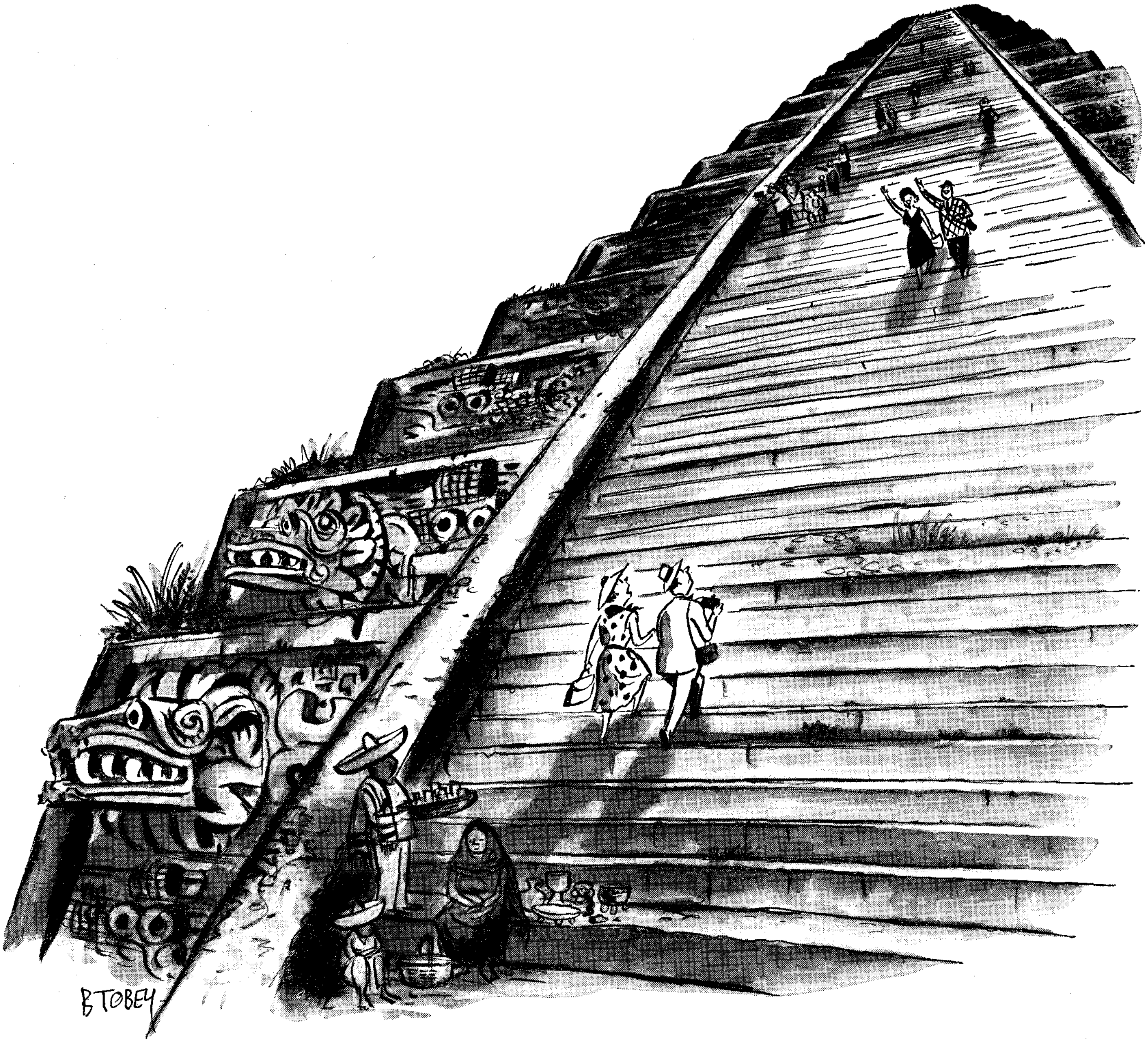
"Oh, I'm well," she said, and could not prevent herself from looking toward Theodore. He was standing not far from her, leaning his shoulder against the wall and talking to a plump man with a beard.

The bearded man looked cross. "My dear sir," he said in a loud voice, "this is not just *any* Rembrandt. This is one of the greatest Rembrandts of all time."

"Take 'Sordello,'" the bony man was insisting. The woman in purple gazed at him with rapt inattention.

The girl with the roses in her hat was still standing in the doorway by her husband's side. I should go and talk to them, Minna thought; they don't seem to know anyone. All the same, they looked quite contented. She glanced round at Phil, but Evie had just come up to him with a question; she laid her hand on his arm—beseechingly and not in her public, clamorous way—and he put his head down to hers. Minna set her glass on the table. Theodore, smiling broadly, had turned away from the man with the beard. She exchanged a glance with him, and wondered what his mood would be when they were alone.

"Have you looked in the refrigerator?" Phil was saying. His head remained lowered to Evie's a moment



"My God, the Campbells! As if we don't see enough of them in Riverdale!"

• •

longer. Minna looked away, as if she had seen them embrace.

The girl by the door was laughing now, the roses shaking on her hat, and the man beside her was leaning against the doorframe and smiling at her.

Minna took up her glass again and turned it in her hand, and went on watching them—with admiration, as one might watch an intricate dance executed with perfect grace; and with something like homesickness, as if she were looking at colored slides of a country in which she had once been happy.

"I BEHAVED rather well, didn't I?" he asked. "All things considered."

She came and knelt beside his chair and kissed him. "Admirably," she said. He put his arm about her but she disengaged herself and settled on the floor, leaning against his legs. "It wasn't so bad, now, was it?"

"You sound just like my dentist." He stretched back in his chair, his palms resting on his knees and the fingers of his right hand just touching her hair.

The one lighted lamp, at his elbow, allowed them to see little more than each other and a pale semicircle of the rug on which she sat. She lowered her head and watched the bright shine of his shoe, which was half hidden by a fold of her dress. Outside their crescent of light, beyond the obscured but familiar room, the cold wind blew from time to time against the windows and the traffic sounded faintly from below. During the day there had been a brief fall of snow and, frozen at the window ledges, this now sealed them in. She tilted her head back against his knees. "It's so nice here," she said, and smiled.

He passed his hand round her throat, his extended fingers reaching from ear to ear. Her hair spread over his sleeve. "Minna dear," he said. "Minna darling."

She suddenly sat upright and raised her hand to her head. "I've lost an earring. It must be at the Fergusons'."

"No, it's here," he said. "In the other room. On the table beside the bed."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I remember noticing it. I meant to mention it before we went out."

"I must have looked odd at the

party." She settled back again. "What was I saying?"

"How nice it was."

"Oh, yes. How nice."

"Just because we haven't quarrelled today."

"More than that. You've been quite . . ."

"Quite what?"

"Sweet to me."

"Not something I make a habit of, is it, these days?" His fingers were tracing the line of her jaw. "I really thought you wouldn't come today. After last week."

"We had to go to the party," she said.

"That hardly seemed sufficient reason. I thought, She won't come—why should she? There's a limit, I thought. All morning, I sat here thinking there was a limit."

"And drinking," she added, but pressed her hand, over his, against her neck.

"Well, naturally." He yawned. "God, that awful party."

"It wasn't so bad," she said again.

"The Fergusons are dull."

"I like Phil."

"Evie, then."

"Well. . . . But she's a good person."

"Good? I'm beginning to wonder if it's a virtue to be good. It seems to be the cause of so much self-congratulation among our friends. The sort of people who were there tonight—who choose a convenient moment to behave well and then tell themselves how sensitive they are, how humane."

"But isn't that all one can hope for? And what *is* virtue, if not that?"

"Oh—something less conscious, I suppose; something more indiscriminate. Less egotistical, more anonymous. Like that brotherhood in Italy whose members still hide their faces under masks when they assist the poor."

"I thought that was to protect them from the Plague."

"Don't be irritating. What I mean is, our good seem to be so concerned with themselves, so clubby, not mixing with the natives. Do you think those people tonight would ever make allowances, for instance, for those who want to live differently, or more fully, or risk themselves more?"

So he, too, is only concerned with himself, she reflected.

"Why, even religion—even the law, than which, after all, *nothing* could be more unjust—takes account of extenuating circumstances. But these people exclude anyone who doesn't meet their particular definition of sensibility. I'm not sure that I don't find it as distasteful as any other form of intolerance."

"I suppose they think that anyone can be kind."

"That's like saying 'Anyone can be clean' in a city where most houses don't have running water. And in the end the well-meaning people seem to do more harm than the others, who make no pretensions. Don't you think?"

"Not entirely," she said, with faint irony.

"Now you are only thinking of yourself. That's the sort of thing that makes it impossible to have any real discussion with a woman. No matter how abstract, how impersonal the subject, they will always manage to connect it in some way to their love affairs."

They were silent for a moment. She rested her hand on one of the thick, embossed Chinese roses of the rug. "Would you rather not have gone, then, tonight?"

"Infinitely."

"You only had to say so."

"You couldn't have gone alone."

"I could."

"All right, you could—but you'd have sulked for days." He turned her face slightly to him. "You're practically crying as it is."

"I always look that way."

"When you're with me, at any rate." He let his hand drop. "There were women with hats on at the party. And young couples who talked about their children. Oh, and an old lunatic who wanted to revive Swinburne."

"Browning," she said.

"Browning—was that it? So it was. Then there was Evie, of course, feeling sorry for you because of me. Because I'm so disagreeable." He laughed. "At least, it wasn't as bad as the last party they had—someone actually *sang* at that, if you remember."

"I do remember. Yes."

"And you played the piano."

"Yes."

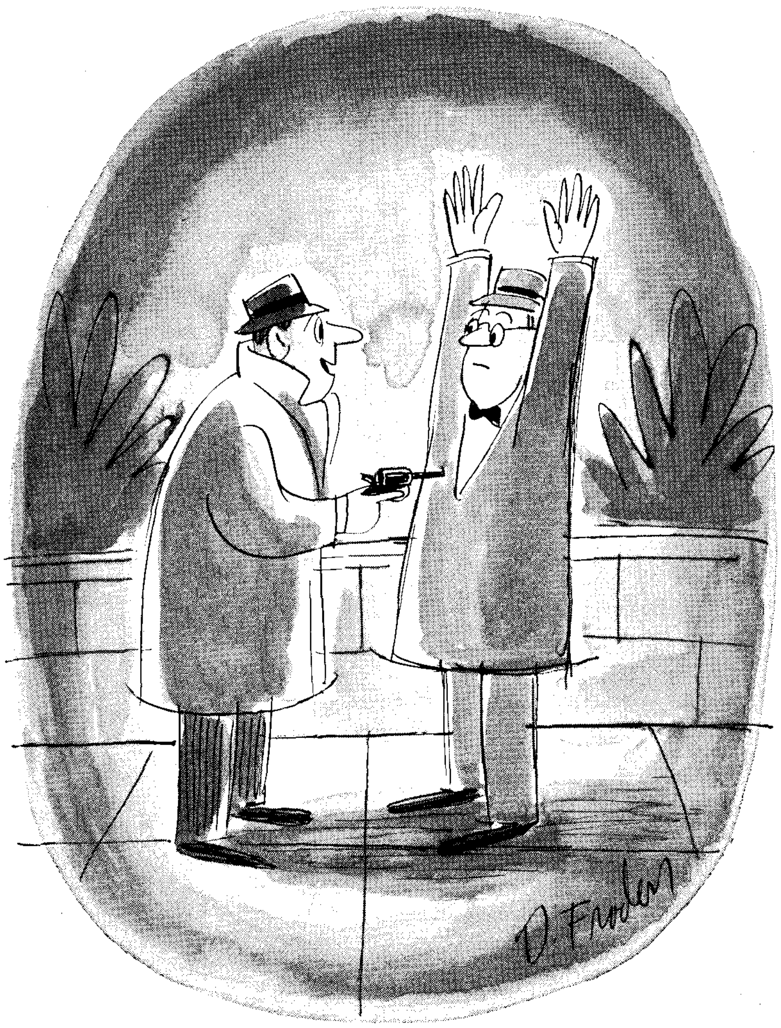
He smiled pleasantly at the recollection. "You were terrible," he said.

"Was I?"

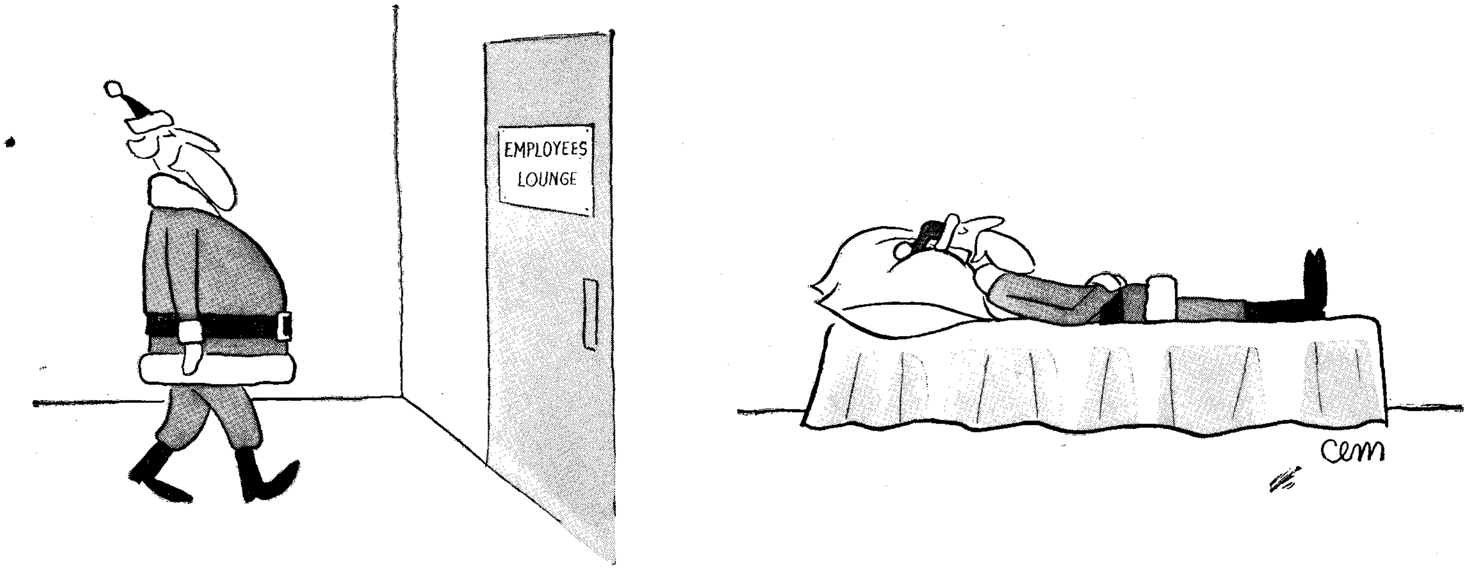
"Darling, you always play so badly—didn't you know that?"

"I didn't know you thought so," she said, reflecting that the knowledge must now be with her permanently. She sighed. "Theodore, why do you have to do this?"

"Why?" He looked over her head for a moment, as if the question arose for the first time and required consideration. "For that matter, why anything? Why are you here? And why is your earring in the other room? Why, in fact, do you allow this to continue?"



"I'm only doing this until I finish my job-retraining program."



* * *

"Eventually, I suppose, I won't." Her voice had taken on a conversational note. "A matter of will power, probably—of making oneself want something else."

"Perhaps you don't even know what else to want."

"I think I might rather like to come first with someone—after themselves, of course. And it does seem a waste, this love, this thing everyone needs, this precious commodity—it could be going to someone who would use it properly."

"Perhaps, then, *that's* all you want? Someone to give love to—a sort of repository?"

"Perhaps. No, something more reciprocal. Only, starting over again in love is such a journey—like needing a holiday but not wanting to be bothered with packing bags and making reservations. So much trouble—being charming and artful, finding ways to pretend less affection than one feels, and in the end not succeeding, because one doesn't really profit from experience; one merely learns to predict the next mistake. No, I just can't be bothered at present." She shifted her weight and, turning, laid her arm across his knees. He bent forward and smoothed the hair back from her forehead. "So there you are," she told him. "It's all a question of inertia. I stay because leaving would require too much effort."

"Yes, I see," he said, his hand still on her head. "Of course."

"But as I say," she continued, "it's an effort one must make eventually. Simply in order to stay alive. Like going to that silly party." She plucked a thread off her sleeve. "Darling, I think I'll go home. There's no sense in this."

"That dress picks up everything," he said.

Their eyes met. She looked away, with a slight smile. "I suppose there would be a humorous side to all this, wouldn't there, if one were not involved?"

He still watched her and did not smile. "No, there would not." He leaned back again, his hands resting on the arms of the chair.

This physical detachment made her suddenly conscious that she was kneeling. She sat back on her heels. "I'm going home," she said again. She hesitated for a moment. When he said nothing, she pressed her hands on his knees and stood up stiffly.

"You must hurt all over," he remarked, getting to his feet.

"More or less."

He switched on another lamp. The light fell on heavy curtains, and on books, chairs, and a sofa.

Standing before a mirror, she drew her hair back with her hand and watched his reflection as he moved across the room. "My earring," she said.

He came back with it in his hand, and with her coat over his arm. She refocussed her eyes to her own reflection in the glass, examining her appearance uncertainly as she fixed the little gold loop to her ear.

"I suppose you're right," he said, "about the way you look. You do have a rather mournful face. Not tragic, of course—just *mournful.*"

"That sounds more discreet, at least." She turned and faced him, and reached out a hand for her coat. "I must go," she said.

"And the dress doesn't help—I'm not sure that black suits you, anyway. Now you really are going to cry."

"You should be trying to build up my confidence," she said, unblinking, "instead of doing everything to demolish it."

He helped her into her coat. "Confidence is one of those things we try to instill into others and then hasten to dispel as soon as it puts in an appearance."

"Like love," she observed, turning to the door.

"Like love," he said. "Exactly."

—Shirley Hazzard

* * *

EXPOSURE

Please do not tell me there is no voodoo,
For, if so, how then do you
Explain that a photograph of a head
Always tells if the person is living or dead?

Always. I have never known it to fail.
There is something misted in the eyes, something pale,
If not in the lips, then in the hair—
It is hard to put your finger on, but there.

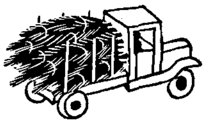
A kind of third dimension settles in:
A blur, a kiss of otherness, a milky film.
If, while you hold a snapshot of Aunt Flo,
Her real heart stops, you will know.

—John Updike

THE HOUSE IN JAIL SQUARE

WHEN my mother went to school as a day pupil in the Mercy Convent, in the county town of Clonnelly, she lodged in Jail Square in the house of a respectable widow who had two daughters aged between twenty and thirty. Thirty years later, when my mother sent me down from the mountains to the Brothers' School, in the same town, she lodged me in the house in Jail Square with two stranded, derelict, timeworn, desiccated beldams aged between fifty and sixty. They were happier people, I soon found out, when my mother knew them—or perhaps in her day they had had hope and things seemed different. Or perhaps, as I had reason to think, they just didn't like males. I was twelve years old, a timid, biddable boy, at least as far as elderly ladies were concerned, and for two school terms I lived in slavery to Maryanne and Ellen. During the Christmas holidays, I was unable even to begin to reveal to my mother the depth of my servitude to those two female dragons. In their cold gray stone mansion I was message boy, gardener, waiter, scullery maid, chambermaid, duster, polisher, and something to scold, abuse, and lecture. They would have had no life without me, and, to give the situation its irony, my mother underwrote their tyranny to the extent of thirty shillings weekly.

"Aloysius, you will run home punctually at lunch hour." It was practically my morning greeting.



Sleep still in my eyes, the sour prospect of school before me, I would feebly protest. "Half hour. We don't get an hour."

"Aloysius, don't quibble. At lunch hour you must go for the daily paper and do another message."

"Give me the penny now and I'll get the paper on the way home. That'll save time. I'll be biffed if I'm late for afternoon school."

"We will give you the penny at the fit and proper moment."

"What other message?"

"Never mind, Aloysius. Just you do as we say. That's what your dear mother would wish you to do. We still have to decide about the other message."

So my lunch half hour went into sprinting. In Clonnelly, a hilly town, Jail Square was at the top of one high hill. To get to the Brothers' School, you descended and ascended again along Old Castle Street. The school was halfway up that street and the shops of the town were all up at the top of it. I found it was easier on the wind and sinews if I pelted up the steep blue pavement of Old Castle Street to the rhythm dreamed up by that Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott. With my lips compressed, and breathing through my nose as somebody had told me the supreme athletes did, I repeated in my mind, "Fleet foot on the correi, Sage counsel in cumber,/Red hand in the foray, How sound is thy slumber." I had no idea what it meant, but it helped me to run, swept me ultimately back to school in time, and diminished the aggregate of corporal punishment.

On days when Walter Scott wouldn't work in harness with me, to speed my stride I thought of the great running horses of that season. As I'll point out shortly, I had good and sufficient reason to know their noble names, and although I should have hated them, I didn't. There was Ramtapa, who had hard luck at Newmarket, where Flares gave a fine performance. There was the slinky *femme fatale* Serpolette; and Statarella, lovely as a poppy, who was headlined as the best of the fillies; and Speakeasy II, who, in spite of the bibulous habits of himself and his sire, got the vote for the chief event in Naas; and Eastern Ford; and Foxy; and Port Lester. They were all allies in my sprint.

Clutched in one hand I would have the penny that Ellen had given me for the day's paper. Clutched in the other hand I would have the two sixpenny bits, wrapped in paper, that Maryanne had given me for the bookie; the name of the chosen runner was written on the paper, and the bet was to be placed sixpence to win, sixpence to place. Idling on the steep slope of Old Castle Street, my free-and-easy school companions, who had no lunchtime chores to do, would click their tongues or catcall or whistle rhythmically to the beat of my feet. As well as I could—and that wasn't completely—I closed my eyes and ears to their presence.

"Run, Alo, run!"

"You'll never have the bet laid in time!"

"He couldn't run so well uphill if we hadn't put the shoes on him the day he came down from the mountains!"

"Nothing but bare feet up where he comes from!"

"Run, Alo, run, rabbit, run, run, run!"

THE house in Jail Square looked solid from the outside. It was one of eight gray stone houses in which the higher officials of the prison had lived in the days when there had been a prison high on a hill above, where the river curved northward away from the town. But in spite of its appearance of dry, stone solidity, that house was musty with dry rot, and when you moved in it everything rattled or jingled. There were hundreds of things to rattle and jingle. Maryanne and Ellen had accumulated the years around them in whatnots congested with china ornaments, in useless, creaking furniture, clocks that didn't work, stones shaped fantastically by some remote ocean, sea shells on mantelpieces, family portraits by the score, and colored glass balls used as floats by deep-sea fishermen. The most cluttered, clinking room in the house was the museum of a drawing room, where the ritual of choosing the horse of the day was observed with unholy solemnity. On Saturday mornings, when I was free from school, and provided I was sufficiently advanced with my housework, I was allowed—or, rather, compelled—to witness it.

"Have you the hatpin, Ellen?"

"I have. The Lord direct us, Maryanne."

"Pray, Aloysius, pray."

Maryanne's right hand enclosing Ellen's left, and both their hands grasping a hatpin long and bent like a sabre, they would sneak up on the previous day's evening paper where it lay prostrate and helpless on the couch.

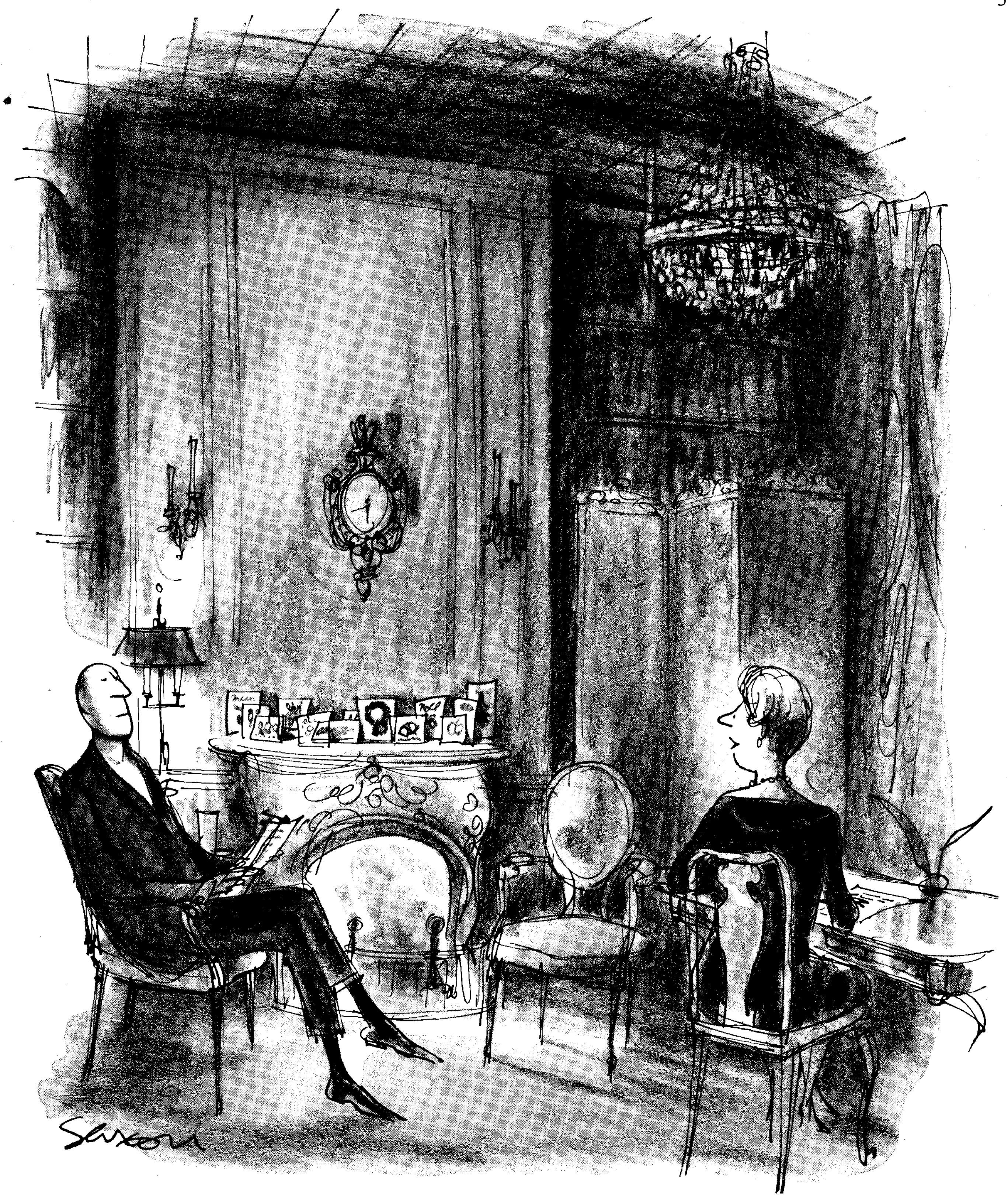
"Sacred Heart, guide our hand."

Plunge, and then stab; the broad couch was pierced and the horse or mare impaled. It was a savage rite, and when I watched it I waited to hear the whinnying scream of a noble animal wounded far away by witchcraft. For I loved horses just because they were horses, and I loved old sporting prints and photographs of horses, and the smell of horses, and fast-galloping horses in the acrid dust of Western films, and the noise of the hoofs of cart horses on the old streets of the town, and the sound of a trotting horse pulling a trap on a country road on a June evening. Maryanne and Ellen, you'd know to look at them, may have seen but never loved a horse.

Maryanne—tall, scrawny, brown-skinned, ribbed like the skeleton of a salt-sea herring, with black, brooding eyes and a nose like a beak and a distinct mustache—would inspect the mutilated newspaper and read out the name of the perforated horse. "It's a nice name today."

"It could be a lucky name."

Small, round-faced, with soft, rubicund cheeks that bore no relation to her



"What about the Chatfields? Are they friends or acquaintances?"

• •

hard black nut of a heart, Ellen would write the name on a slip of paper, wrap the paper around the two sixpenny bits—never, oh, God, never, not even once by accident or error, around a single shilling. Times I thought they must be minting their own sixpennies.

"The boy's daydreaming, Maryanne."

"Arouse yourself, Aloysius. Thinking long never buttered bread."

"Here's the money for the message. The name's on the paper."

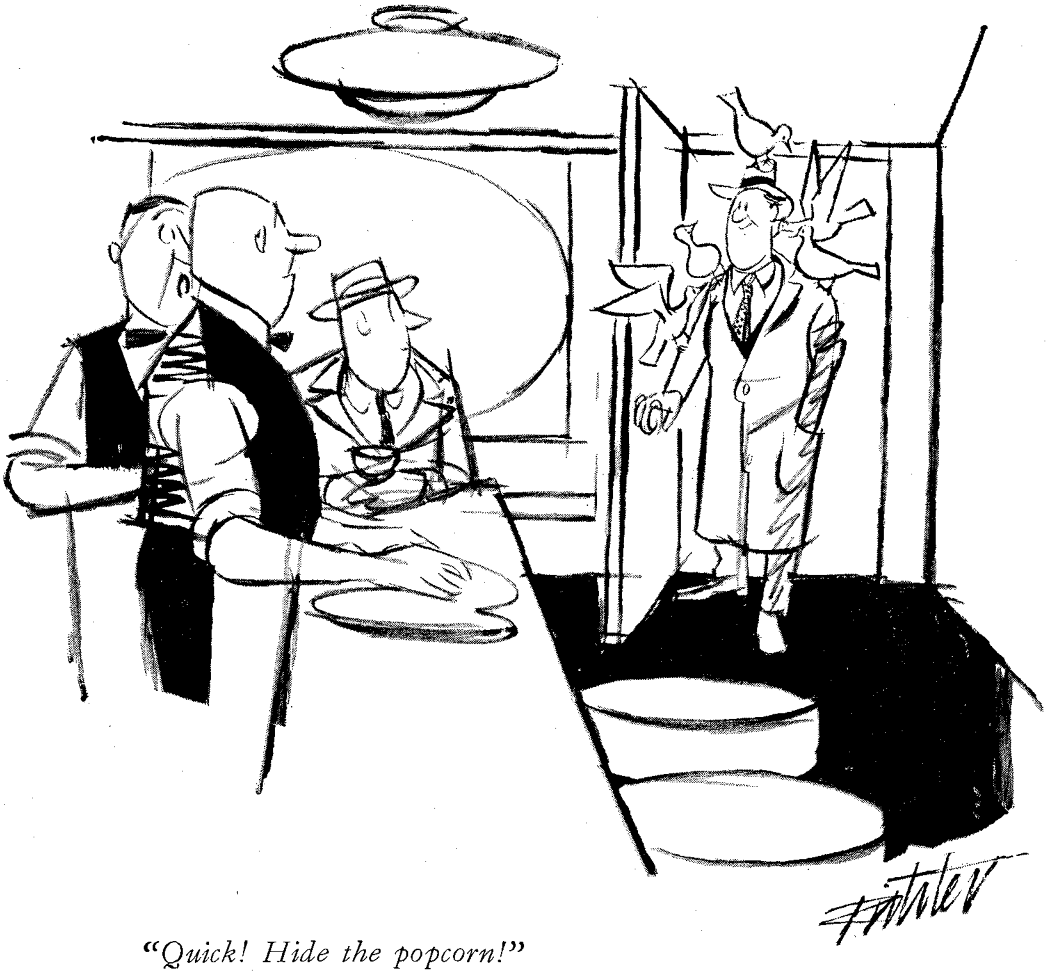
"And don't dare to turn back on the way. It's bad luck to turn back. Did you put on your left or your right shoe first this morning?"

"My right."

"We hope you're truthful. It's bad luck to put on the left shoe before the right."

"St. Colmcille was being pursued by enemies," said Ellen, "and they caught him because he put on the left shoe first."

"And the Saint put an everlasting curse on anyone after him who would



"Quick! Hide the popcorn!"

ever put on the left shoe before the right."

I always left unexpressed my skeptical feeling that St. Colmcille, like the Franciscans a mile outside the town, would have worn sandals. Yet such is the power of early conditioning that, as God is my judge, to this day I always put the right shoe on before the left.

"And don't waste a second," said Maryanne, "even if it is Saturday morning."

"You have the potatoes to scrub and the hall floor to polish."

"Your pocket money will have to go to help replace the flowerpot you knocked off the pedestal and down the basement stairs last Saturday."

"Sheer vandalism. Boys are destructive demons."

"The good flowerpot our mother left us with the St.-Joseph's-lily. The lily will never bloom again."

"And when you come back, you can run out again for the morning paper."

"Couldn't I do the two messages together?"

"Do as we say, Aloysius. You have an idle day from school."

"The Devil and idle hands, you know."

"Think of Montgomery," said Maryanne. "The man who was hanged for murder in the days of the Old Jail. In the death cell he cursed the idle hours and companions that led him to the scaffold."

In Maryanne's Stygian cosmos, both saints and sinners spent a lot of time cursing things and people.

"Run, now. Stop to speak to nobody. Idle words never sowed corn."

It was at least a momentary relief to run from them, steeply up Old Castle Street, shutting my agonized soul to the vision of the freedom other boys enjoyed on Saturday morning. I was Fleet Foot on the correi, whatever that was. I was a horse, I was a jockey, I was Tipperary Tim that won the Grand National at 100-1. The town's blue grain-picking pigeons—it was a great town for pigeons—scattered before my galloping hoofs. I was Cossacks. I was United States Cavalry. I was cowboys and Indians and the Light Brigade. For a few galloping moments, the silence and the gloom of the musty old house on Jail Square were as far away as Hell, or the death cell, with its curses and repentant statements before hanging.

MY most satisfactory release from Maryanne and Ellen—they couldn't deny me fresh air—led, in my odd moment of leisure, out of the square through the arched gateway of the Old Jail. Once through the gateless arch, the echoes of your feet clanking on the flagstone like metal, you were out into complete freedom on a windy escarpment high above the last red bridge, the weir, and the looping river. By constant quarrying for other building, the strong walls of the jail had been reduced to an archeological pattern, and the seasons had mercifully half clothed the gray remains in nettles, dock leaves, and parched, yellow grass. On the dusty flagstone where prisoners had once stood to hear bolts barred behind them and to know despair, I stood and sensed liberation and saw far away the blue curves of my own mountains.

The best and longest time I ever spent there was the sunny day of the horse-jumping and the military tattoo on the flatland the other side of the river. There went the wonderful horses, curvetting, rising and descending in the most graceful of jumping dances, taking or refusing walls or fences, displaying dressage, melting their own sensitive moods into the skills of the riders. No daft old women in a dark house could prick them with a hatpin. I wanted so badly to be across the river and down on the flatland with the crowds, but that week my pocket money had gone to compensate for two soup plates that had slipped to destruction when I was washing the dishes. And those two hags made the confiscation of the pocket money my mother sent me appear in the light of a favor! ("Aloysius, when will you learn to be careful?" "We don't really like making you pay for the damage you do." "But we don't want to let your mother know you're so destructive. It would break her heart.")

This was the day I first saw the inscribed stone. A rustle in the weeds—a rat, a rat—set me hunting and poking, stick in hand, through the ground pattern of small coffin-narrow shapes that had once been cells. Insects scurried away from the stick into mazes of yellow, sun-starved stems, and there lay the damp, fallen stone, sharply lettered, it would seem, to do honor to justice: "Thomas Henry Montgomery was hanged here for the murder of William Glass." My first chill thought was that it was a bitter thing to hang any man in such a corner of weeds and crawling desolation. But then my imagination couldn't help rebuilding the confining walls, the scaffold, the trap, the dangling rope. The morning knell tolled. Toward this corner the slow, heavy steps approached. The parson prayed the last prayer. The blindfolded body dropped like lead. The neck cracked. The helpless, pinioned feet swinging like a pendulum could have cut the air just where my head and shoulders were.

The relief it was to find that the walls were not really around me—that I could be an Indian on a pony and trot back to the bluff above the river and, hand shading eyes, look down on the palefaces at their capers in the show grounds and see the smoke signals of my own people spiralling and puffing up from blue hills that seemed as far away as Montana. Behind those curved hills, in the evening, the old men would be walking to the forge at the crossroads. Old men were my favorite people. They were complete, and alive like bushes, and for three of the old men of our mountains I had particular veneration.

Old Paddy Horish had made his son a priest and in the process spent two hundred pounds. In those days on the mountain, where cautious men had their heart in twopence, that was big money. Forever after, he judged the magnitude of any enterprise by whether or not it cost two hundred pounds. At Taggart's smithy—outside in summer, inside in winter by the glowing forge—Paddy, silent and thoughtful, his life's great work accomplished, listened while Chuck Taggart, the smith, and the other men talked of the news of the world. The Germans were to build the biggest airship the earth had ever seen.

"Do you think now, Chuck, would it cost two hundred pounds?"

The Yankees were putting up in New York a building would scrape the stars.

"Do you think now, Chuck, would it cost two hundred pounds?"

Nobody ever laughed. Paddy's standard of measurement was no more comic than the twelve-inch rule, or old Peter Scott's one-and-only known way of judging the desirability of a woman. From as high on Broughderg Mountain as human life could exist, Peter Scott rode bareback on a white jennet to the smithy to punctuate the fine talk there with his lament for mischance in marriage: "I always thought I would marry a fine, healthy, red-cheeked girl." The wife the Lord had allowed him was yellow-faced and ailing, a drain on his resources in doctor's bills, a valiant sufferer but no great bearer of sons, and no use at all in a heavy harvest or at carrying pots of spuds to the pigs. Through the mind of old Peter Scott all the strong girls he had never possessed passed like a procession of buxom, dancing village maidens in a festival in "Faust": "I always thought I would marry a fine, healthy, red-cheeked girl."

The talk would always touch on a consideration as profound as the nature of the First Cause: When would Big Joe Gormley, who was bedridden, allow his son-in-law to move the five-gallon keg of poteen embedded in the thatch since the day of wrath when the bishop of the diocese had made the distilling, transporting, or consuming of illicit whiskey a reserved sin, to be forgiven only by himself? On the bed from which he would never arise, Joe, once the mountain's best distiller and most furious drunkard, had developed religious scruples. It was a sight to see him haul himself to a sitting position, with the aid of a rope tied to the foot of the bed, and look in love and the horrors of remorse at that symbol of past sin, the brown protruding belly of the five-gallon keg.

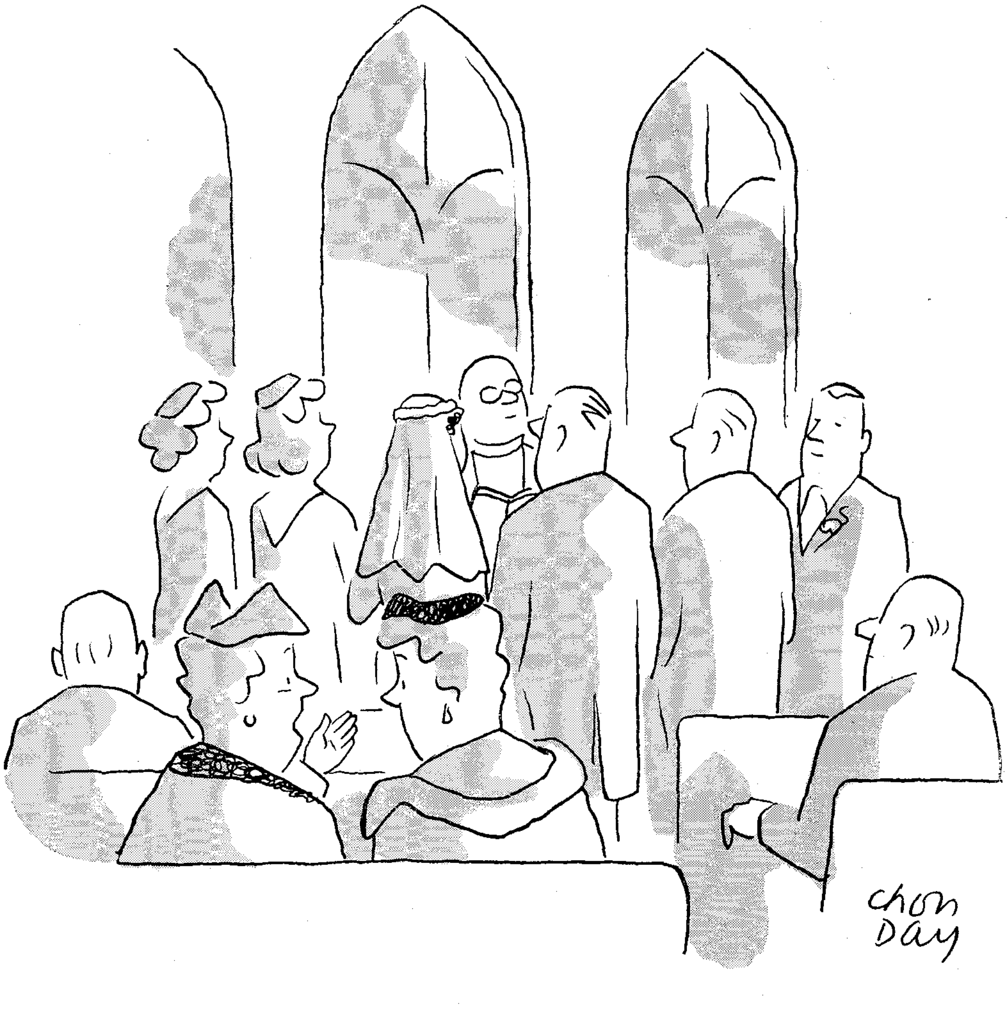
"We'll drink it at his wake," Chuck the smith would say. "We'll drink the bishop's health." And he would roar out to the rhythm of swinging hammers and flying sparks the words of a randy old Limerick ballad:

"And there by my sowl were the priests
  in a bunch
Round a big roaring fire drinking tumblers
  of punch.
Singing Ballinamona, ho ro,
And the juice of the barley for me."

"There was a robber in London yesterday," somebody reading the paper would say, "stole a jewel as big as your fist from the flat of a film actress."

"Do you think now, Chuck, would it cost two hundred pounds?"

Out there in those mountains was the happy holiday freedom of my home—hedges, laughter, running on white roads, haymaking, strong tea on the windy, sunny upland bog at the saving of the turf, and the Rooskey River wriggling forever down its long valley. There was a gray heron always haunted the one pool in the Rooskey River. His daylong meditation, broken by an occasional lightning dart at the sweetness of a speckled trout, was my perfect symbol of content. The world as he saw it was water like moving crystal, clean sand, and silver gravel. Looking down now from my height on the bluff onto



"She was a Meter Maid, and his meter had expired."

LEMUEL'S BLESSING

> Let Lemuel bless with the Wolf, which is a dog without a master, but the Lord hears his cries and feeds him in the desert.
> —*From "Jubilate Agno," by Christopher Smart.*

You that know the way,
Spirit,
I bless your ears, which are like cypresses on a mountain
With their roots in wisdom. Let me approach.
I bless your paws and their twenty nails, which tell their
  own prayer
And are like dice in command of their own combinations.
Let me not be lost.
I bless your eyes, for which I know no comparison.
Run with me like the horizon, for without you
I am no more than a dog lost and hungry,
Ill-natured, untrustworthy, useless.

My bones together bless you like an orchestra of flutes.
Divert the weapons of the settlements and lead their dogs a
  dance.
Where a dog is shameless and wears servility
In his tail like a banner,
Let me wear the opprobrium of possessed and possessors
As a thick tail properly used
To warm my worst and my best parts. My tail and my laugh
  bless you.

Lead me past the error at the fork of hesitation.
Deliver me

From the ruth of the lair, which clings to me in the morning,
Painful when I move, like a trap;
Even debris has its favorite positions, but they are not yours—

From the ruth of kindness, with its licked hands;
I have sniffed baited fingers and followed
Toward necessities not my own: it would make me
An habitué of back steps, faithful custodian of fat sheep—

From the ruth of prepared comforts, with its
Habitual dishes sporting my name, and its collars and
  leashes of vanity—

From the ruth of approval, with its nets, kennels, and
  taxidermists;
It would use my guts for its own rackets and instruments,
  to play its own games and music;
Teach me to recognize its platforms, which are constructed
  like scaffolds;
From the ruth of known paths, which would use my feet,
  tail, and ears as curios,
My head as a nest for tame ants,
My fate as a warning.

I have hidden at wrong times for wrong reasons.
I have been brought to bay. More than once.
Another time, if I need it,
Create a little wind like a cold finger between my shoulders,
  then
Let my nails pour out a torrent of aces like grain from a
  threshing machine;
Let distance be nothing to me,
Fatigue, weather, habitation, the old bones, finally,
Nothing to me,
All lights but yours nothing to me.
Let the memory of tongues not unnerve me so that I
  stumble or quake.

But lead me at times beside the still waters;
There when I crouch to drink let me catch a glimpse of
  your image
Before it is obscured with my own.

Preserve my eyes, which are irreplaceable.
Preserve my heart, veins, bones
Against the slow death building in them like hornets until
  the place is entirely theirs.
Preserve my tongue and I will bless you again and again.

Let my ignorance and failings
Remain far behind me like tracks made in a wet season,
At the end of which I have vanished,
So that those who track me for their own twisted ends
May be rewarded only with ignorance and failings.
But let me leave my cry stretched out behind me like a
  road
On which I have followed you.
And sustain me for my time in the desert
On what is essential to me.

—W. S. Merwin

• •

the deep, soiled river escaping from the town, my heart made my eyes transfer the heron from the happy mountains to that tired, ravished water, and, seeing the heron, I saw home and heard the Rooskey River, and the wind in the rowan trees and whin bushes, and the contented garrulity of men as old as the Fenians—until the shriek of round-faced Ellen with the voice of barbed wire recalled me to the shades of the prison house.

"Aloysius! Stop idling, boy! It's time and more than time to prepare for tea!"

Then, back through the gateway where happy men had once passed to freedom, I went to dust and polish, wash dishes, peel potatoes. Meditating on my life in Jail Square, I'd think what a fine thing it could be to be hanged decent and have it all over with.

I TOLD them about my discovery of the murder stone.

"To think of it lying there all these years," said Maryanne, "as a lasting testimony to the wickedness of man."

"Like the Ten Commandments, graven in stone," said Ellen.

I was rash enough to ask them who Thomas Henry Montgomery had been.

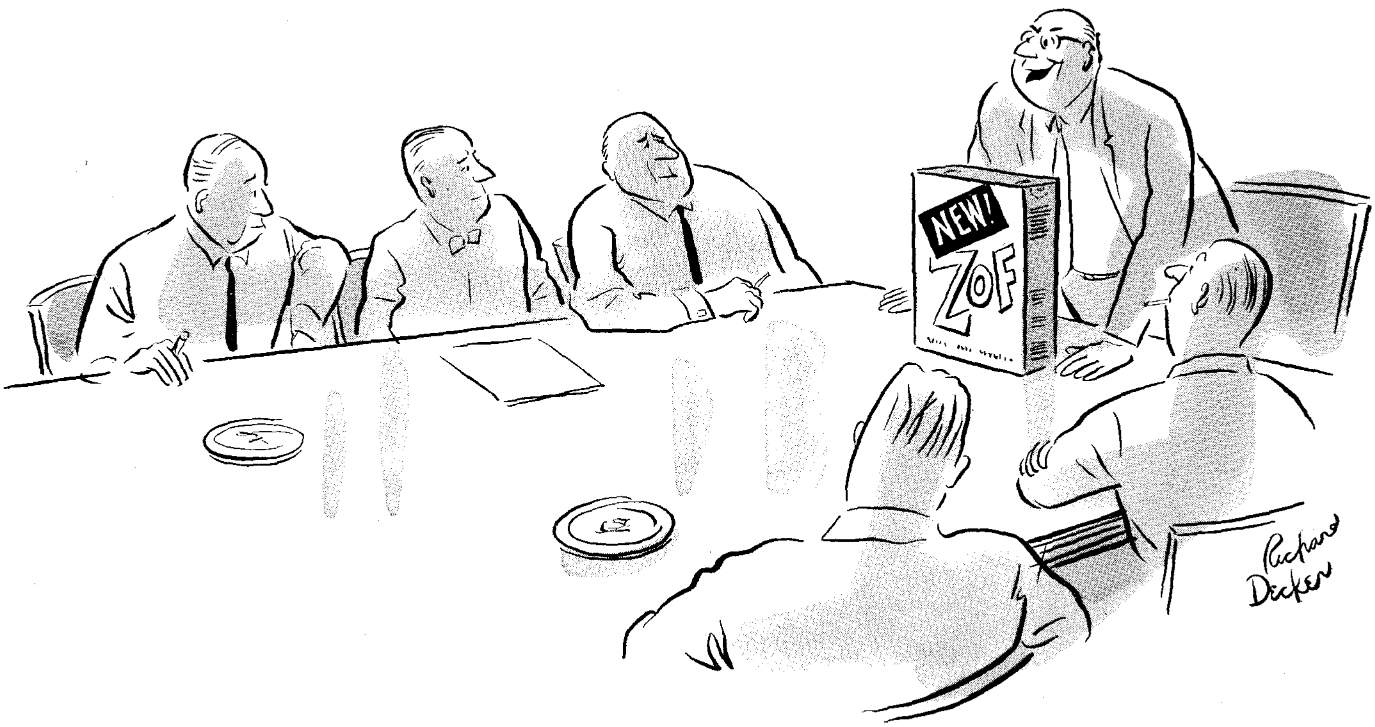
"He was a policeman," Maryanne said.

"What would a policeman be doing murdering?"

"Don't contradict, Aloysius. He was a policeman, as we said—a high officer. He was a wicked man and he's damned in Hell. He cursed the hour that ever he was born."

"Idleness and evil companions," said Ellen.

By way of homily, in bits and scraps of sombre dialogue I heard from them the story of the famous case. It had been a good old-fashioned Irish murder, direct as dynamite. With the sharp-



"The 'new' on the package—that's what's new!"

• •

ened point of a file Montgomery did it, striking Glass in the ear as he stooped totting and computing over his banker's desk.

"Pretending all the while to be his friend," said Ellen. "Oh, the rascality of men!"

"Glass was no better," said Maryanne. "It came out at the trial that he knew about his sister and Montgomery."

"Poor woman. Betrayed between two villains."

"There was that in it, too, as well as money. Drink and gambling debts and evil passion."

"And there was a coward of a man from your part of the country, Aloysius—a farmer, who saw the murder with his own two eyes and was afraid to say a word about it."

"He feared the police would say he did it," said Maryanne.

"The police would say anything," said Ellen.

"He drove past the bank standing up in his cart at the very moment Montgomery struck the fatal blow. He could see in through the top half of the bank window."

"Years afterward on his deathbed he confessed what he saw."

"And Montgomery rifled the safe and hid the money in a wood."

"And didn't the flood come and wash the notes down the stream, and a little boy saw them and told his father."

"The hand of God!"

"Working in mysterious ways."

"Grinding slowly but exceedingly small," said Maryanne.

"Drink and gambling, Maryanne."

"And sin and idleness."

"Indeed, yes. Sin and idleness. Let his fate be a warning to all young men."

My discovery of the stone enabled them for days to dwell happily in the shadow of the murder, all the time pointing morals for my benefit. If I was dilatory in rising in the morning or in my lunchtime gallop, or slovenly in washing, scrubbing, or polishing, or merely happily absent with my own thoughts and the heron in the Rooskey River, I was reminded of the fate of Thomas Henry Montgomery. They quoted, or invented, his death-cell speech of repentance, his bewailing of bad company, his renunciation of the world, which meant, according to Maryanne, all his fellow-males. The thought of the accident—the hand of God—that had betrayed him disturbed even my moments of contemplation above the big river; every tiny island of foam struggling away from the weir became a pound note, eloquent of robbery and murder, drifting on forever to find some horrible, eternal sea.

Then home from school I came one day to find the stone enthroned on the broken lily's pedestal in the narrow, polished hallway. With washing soda and hot water they had scoured it in a big zinc bath. The lettering stood out sharp and harsh as a recrimination. The daily dusting of the stone became part of my duties. It was the mercy of God, I thought, that they demolished the scaffold after the hanging of Montgomery; dusting and scrubbing a scaffold would be uphill work.

"That there's a historic stone," Maryanne said. "He was the last man ever to get the rope in the Old Jail."

"The very last," said Ellen.

"Not but that there were many since in this town would have benefited from similar treatment," said Maryanne.

"We could name their names," said Ellen.

IT was Red Cunningham and a new lodger who, in their different ways, sowed within me the seeds of revolt. Left to myself, I'd have been a sheep forever. Red Cunningham was a mountain ram. He was small, snub-nosed and freckled, with baggy tweed pants that were too long for him, and a blue serge jacket spotted like an archipelago with assorted stains and straining to snapping point at one brown, incongruous button. Sharp blue eyes peeped out like the eyes of an animal watching from under a burning bush of red, red hair—there never was hair as red as his. The nailed boots he wore were made for hard usage in rough places. They rattled like castanets on the blue pavement of Old Castle Street. They were too big for him, and the square black toes that would never take a shine turned up like the toes of Dutch clogs. But the first day a town boy made in his presence the inevitable joke about

1.

2.

the short length of time it was since the barefooted country boys were shod, Red Cunningham used the dull, ungainly boots to doleful effect. Like mechanical hammers and with merciless precision they worked over the town boy's shins and knees, and when Red had him howling and marked so that he limped for a week, he said, tight-lipped, “Damme, you'll know more about boots the next time.”

He was the only person I ever knew who said “damme,” but long afterward I heard it was common usage in his part of the country.

But savage as he could be when roused, he was, to me, first a well of sympathy and then a shining example. He never jeered or whistled when I galloped up Old Castle Street; and, sharing a desk with me in school, he drew from me with cunning kindness—he never looked more like a compassionate ferret than at that moment—the true story of my life in the house in Jail Square.

“Damme, they say in the town that when that Maryanne one go to a whist drive, she cheats with one hand and have the rosary beads under the table in the other.”

He made me laugh. He knew all the talk of the town about my two dragons.

“Damme, I wouldn't stand for that treatment.”

“What can I do?”

“Tell them.”

I told him about the gullibility of my mother.

“Damme, your mother's a fool. Tell her.”

“She'd never credit it. Nobody would.”

“I do. I'd do something. Damme, I'd take the boot to that Maryanne one.”

He made me laugh again.

“Up and tell them you're no skivvy. Tell them, damme, to wash their own spuds.”

Then, one momentous evening, he came clattering up the flagged garden pathway to the door of the house in Jail Square to borrow my “Elementa Latina”—he was always mislaying or losing his own books. Visitors were as rare as laughter in that house, very likely because normal human beings were repelled by the clawlike curiosity, the glittering eyes, the drilling, searching questions of Maryanne. She was on fire to know everything about everybody, and Cunningham was welcomed like a bird into a trap and, to his mystification, put sitting with a cup of tea in his hand on a hard chair in the exact geographical center of the dungeon of a kitchen. Around him there was, as always, the effluvium of cigarette butts, for he and all his many brothers had been chain smokers from about the age of four. In hands stained with nicotine up to the wrists and devoid of any but the merest chewed stumps of fingernails, he clutched cup, saucer, and spoon, and a slice of seedcake no thicker than a tram ticket. The knot of the twisted rope of a necktie he was wearing was about the size of a dried pea.

“You're a studious young boy, I'd say,” said Maryanne.

“I do my best, Ma'am.”

“Very fond of his Latin,” said Ellen.

“There's worse than Latin,” Cunningham conceded.

“What part of the country would you come from?” said Maryanne.

“Ardstraw, Ma'am.”

“Any relation of the Master Cunningham who taught school there?”

“He's my father, Ma'am.”

“Goodness! How interesting,” said Ellen. “That's where the boy gets the love of the learning.”

“How many brothers and sisters have you?”

Unless you knew the red man as well as I did, you wouldn't have noticed the twitching of his feet that told his blood was rising.

“Twenty-two of us. All on the baker's list, and well and eating, thank God, and all well fed.”

“Goodness, what a lot of children to have. Your poor mother,” said Ellen.

“She's quite well off and happy, Ma'am, thank you.”

“Are they all as red in the head as you?” said Maryanne.

“Half red, and half black.”

“What color are your parents?”

“My mother's as gray as a badger and my father's as bald as a coot.”

“But the poor woman,” said Ellen. “All those children.”

“Damme, more than you'll ever have, by the look of you,” said Red Cunningham.

The descending body of Montgomery the murderer jerked no more fearfully when the neck snapped than did the bodies of Maryanne and Ellen in response to that statement.

“How dare you!” said Ellen.

“That's no way to speak to ladies,” said Maryanne.

“It's a good way, damme, to teach poke-noses to mind their own business.”

“You're a vile boy!” said Ellen.

“Leave this house!” said Maryanne.

“Observe me dust, Ma'am. And thank you for the tea and the cake.”

Although to this day I can hardly believe it, he left unscathed and in triumphant possession of the last word. But the storm burst as we heard the door closing.

“Aloysius, you are never again to speak to that boy!”

“If we told your mother the company you keep!”

“But I sit beside him at school.”

“The vile odor of nicotine!” said Maryanne.

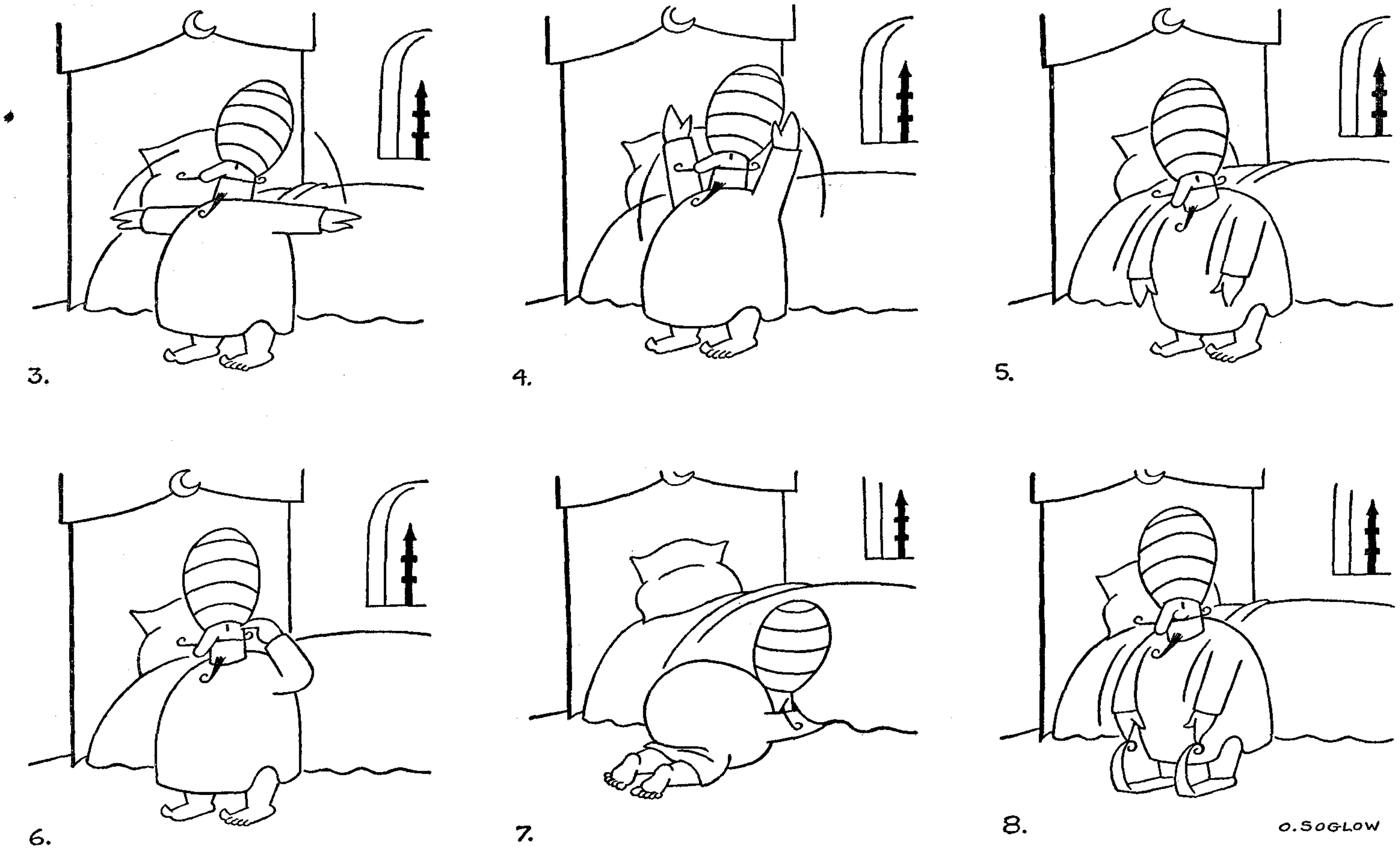
“And his language!” said Ellen.

“We'll speak to the Brothers. We'll have him put to sit somewhere else.”

“We could have him expelled. We could write letters about him to the parish priest.”

But somehow they never did speak to the Brothers, or, if they did, the Brothers paid no heed to them, and if they wrote to the parish priest, he, too, disregarded their complaints. Red Cunningham and myself went on sailing the same ship, and, by degrees, the seeds of sedition took root in my soul. All that was needed for open revolt was the new lodger in Jail Square.

THE new lodger came in the spring, at the same time as the frenzy of preparation began for the annual whist



• •

drive in the pillared courthouse, a benefit for the school's athletic club. The tidings of the new arrival were simply, if indirectly, announced to me when in the basement scullery I was scrubbing the mud off the nine potatoes allotted for Saturday's lunch.

"Aloysius!" Maryanne called down the stairs. "Have you scrubbed the nine?"

"Yes, Miss. Almost."

"Then scrub another three."

The new lodger was a schoolgirl, the child of some rich relation of Maryanne and Ellen.

Red Cunningham said, "Somebody to share the skivvying with you."

It didn't turn out that way, for although Red Cunningham knew about boots, cigarette butts, and the tickling of brown trout, he still had a lot to learn about the oddities of women. The new lodger meant more than three additional potatoes to scrub; since I was the official bootblack, there were also more shoes to polish. She did help at the dishwashing, but her superior airs made her so obnoxious that her aid was an aggravation. She was plump and bespectacled. She was two years older than me. She went to school to the Mercy nuns and, Maryanne and Ellen told me time and time again, was highly regarded by them. She was a paragon of learning, they said, and of all the graces, virtues, and accomplishments. She carried off prizes and scholarships by the carload. She played the piano and she sang, and one of my new duties was to sit and listen.

"Divine," said Ellen.

She was, in fact, a pampered, overbearing brat. She also made a fourth for whist in the practice games in which Maryanne and Ellen were engaged as desperately and viciously as they were in the daily stabbing of the horses, for when they went to a whist drive they went all out to win.

"Whist! I'm sick of whist," I said to Red Cunningham. "I loathe the sound of the word."

He mocked me. He said, "Up in Freddy the shoemaker's select boarding house, we don't even know what it means. Poker's the game for men."

"I missed my Latin today and got bashed because I had no time to learn anything. It's as much as they'd do to give you time to sleep. They stay awake all night whispering to each other, planning crooked deals."

"Damme, go on strike! Leave the place. Come down to Freddy's and join the boys. Be a blood!"

"I wish to God I could."

"Fourteen of us staying there, as well as a journeyman carpenter with a red face, and two commercial travellers. Food plain but wholesome and plentiful. Damme, fights morning, noon, and night—the best of fun. It's the only place in the town for a fellow to lodge in."

"It's easy for you to talk."

"Freddy has a Lee-Enfield rifle he's not supposed to have. Last night he showed us how the self-ejector worked."

"Better than whist, anyway. I can see nothing but hearts, clubs, spades, diamonds dancing before my eyes."

"And the company. Damme, Punjab peddlers with bags full of chemises and silk scarves. And tramps and tinkers and travelling people come into the shop. Damme, Freddy knows the world."

"Whist," I said, "and that fat girl."

"And one night a few of the senior boys—real hard chaws—sipped methylated spirits. Not to get drunk or anything, but just to see what it tasted like."

Freddy the shoemaker's sounded like Heaven, but it seemed just as far away.

"But cheer up," said the red man. "I hear the whist drive's the best of gas. The boys do all the serving at the refreshment interval—cakes and lemonade for all, and all for free."

"A lot of use that'll be. I'll be in the madhouse by then."

"Last year they say Jim Ball drank

twenty-seven pint bottles of sarsaparilla."

That, at least, was something notable enough to move the mind away from the horrors of continuous, compulsory whist; and, indeed, Red Cunningham's prophecy of the delights of the night of the annual drive was no exaggeration. So it came to pass that, in the course of the splendid chaos of the catering, I found myself, flatulent with lemonade to the point of intoxication, on the second-floor landing of the courthouse, with Red Cunningham and three other kindred spirits. We leaned on the banisters. We looked down the stairway.

"I couldn't drink another drop," I said.

In my hand was a pint tumbler full and sparkling to the brim.

"Pour it over them," said Red Cunningham.

Ascending the stairs from the lady's powder room came Maryanne and Ellen, and between them that pudgy, piano-playing girl. A boy may, I suppose, do in lemonade the sort of things men may do in hard liquor. But if Cunningham, who was a superb mimic, had not just then called to Maryanne in the voice of Ellen and thus added the intoxication of laughter to the effervescence of the lemonade, I might never have struck my blow for liberty. It was all so simple. Maryanne, startled, looked up, and when I was quite sure that she saw me leaning over the banister, I gave her in the face the contents of my glass, and fled. If I couldn't convince my mother that Maryanne and Ellen were mean, I'd convince her that I was evil, or, at any rate, a walking menace to the peace of two lone, lorn women.

IT was the end of term and the end of my imprisonment. There could be no going back to Jail Square, and for my last night in the town before the Easter holidays began, I sought refuge in the lodgings of Red Cunningham. Then, without luggage and with the money for my fare borrowed from Freddy the shoemaker, I headed for the mountains and home. The story, in a special letter hand-delivered by the postman, was there before me.

Blessedly, my mother was no believer in corporal punishment, but she had a weakness for knowing the why of things, and all through the holidays the dreary inquisition went on and on. "Aloysius, what ever came into you?"

I said nothing.

"How could you, Aloysius, throw slops over two old ladies!"

I rose to that. "They're not that old. They stole my pocket money. It was lemonade, anyway."

"They say it was slops."

"If they do, I wish it had been slops. It was good lemonade. They made a skivvy and a message boy out of me."

"They were only trying to teach you discipline, Aloysius. You had it too easy at home."

After that, I gave up. My mother, as Red Cunningham said, was a fool—a nice fool, but a fool.

"You had such nice lodgings, Aloysius. Now I'll have to send you to a common boarding house."

I said nothing. To a common boarding house was, after Heaven itself, exactly where I wanted to go.

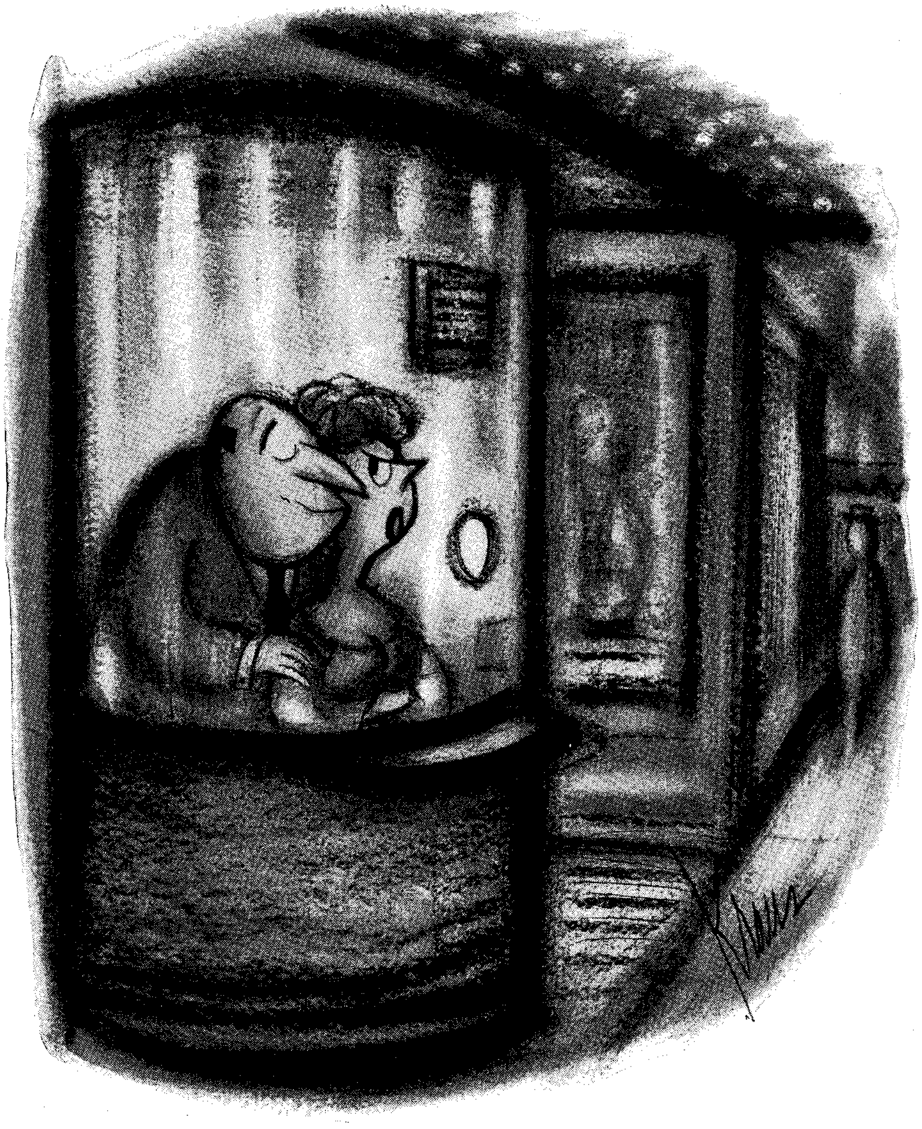
"There's only one other place in the town, and the accommodation there is most unsatisfactory."

I said nothing. My mother would never understand the meaning of that splendid freedom in which brotherly battles were of common occurrence, nor could she be expected to appreciate the delights of the company, in Freddy's club for young gentlemen, of tramps, travelling people, and Punjab peddlers. For her the inner workings of a Lee-Enfield would hold no poetry, nor would she be edified by the sight of senior boys—real hard chaws—sipping experimentally at methylated spirits or swapping tall tales about the travels and amorous adventures of Paddy the Irishman. But for me the accommodation would be most satisfactory.

"What will become of you, Aloysius?"

I said nothing. Wonders, I knew, would become of me.

—BENEDICT KIELY



"Please, Mr. Cameron! This is hardly the time or the place!"

•

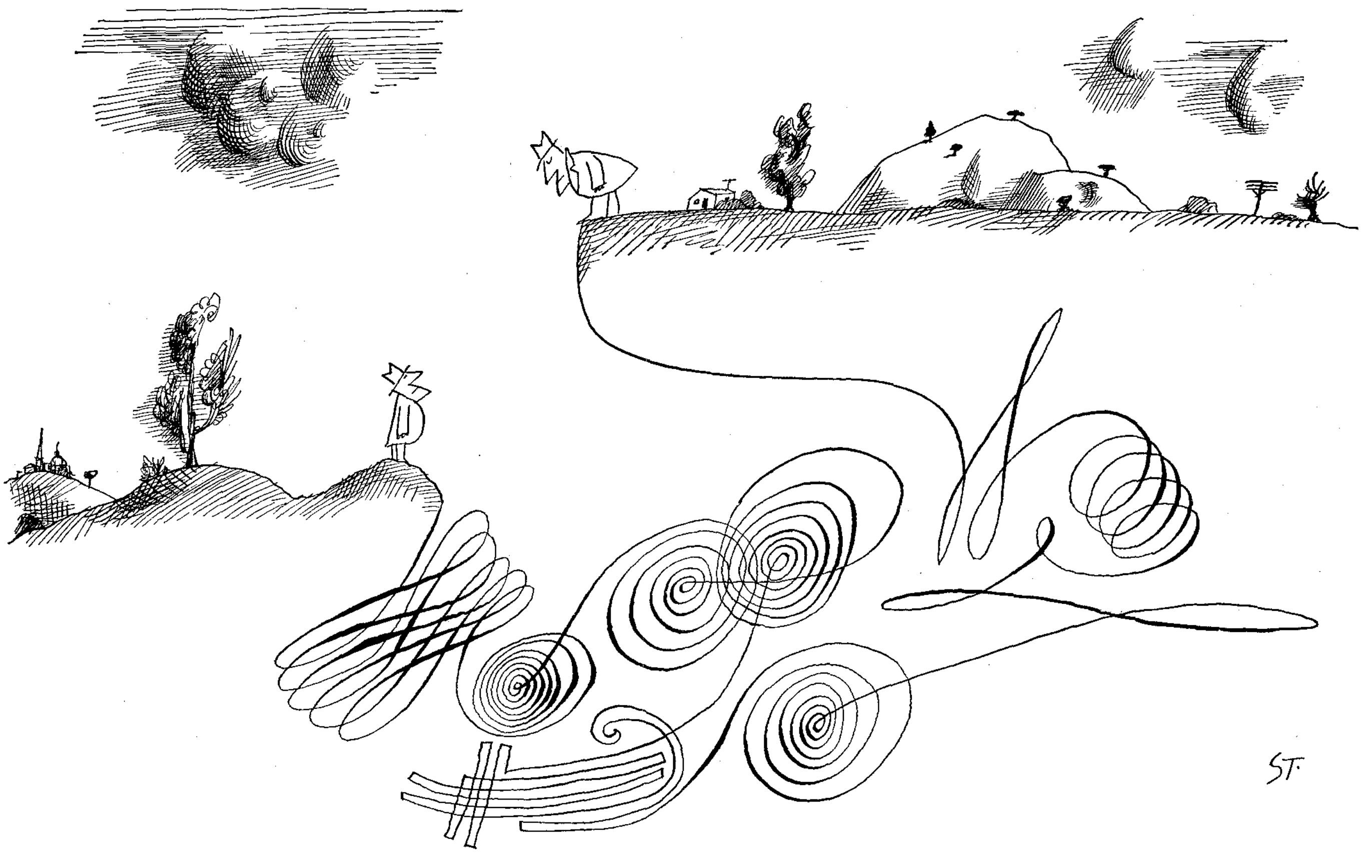
In his attempt to unseat Jansen, O'Connor took an early light lead and clung to it as ballot counting continued throughout the night.

"We worked like troubadors to win this race," O'Connor said this morning when it appeared he would be the victor. —*San Diego (Calif.) Evening Tribune.*

He deserved to win.

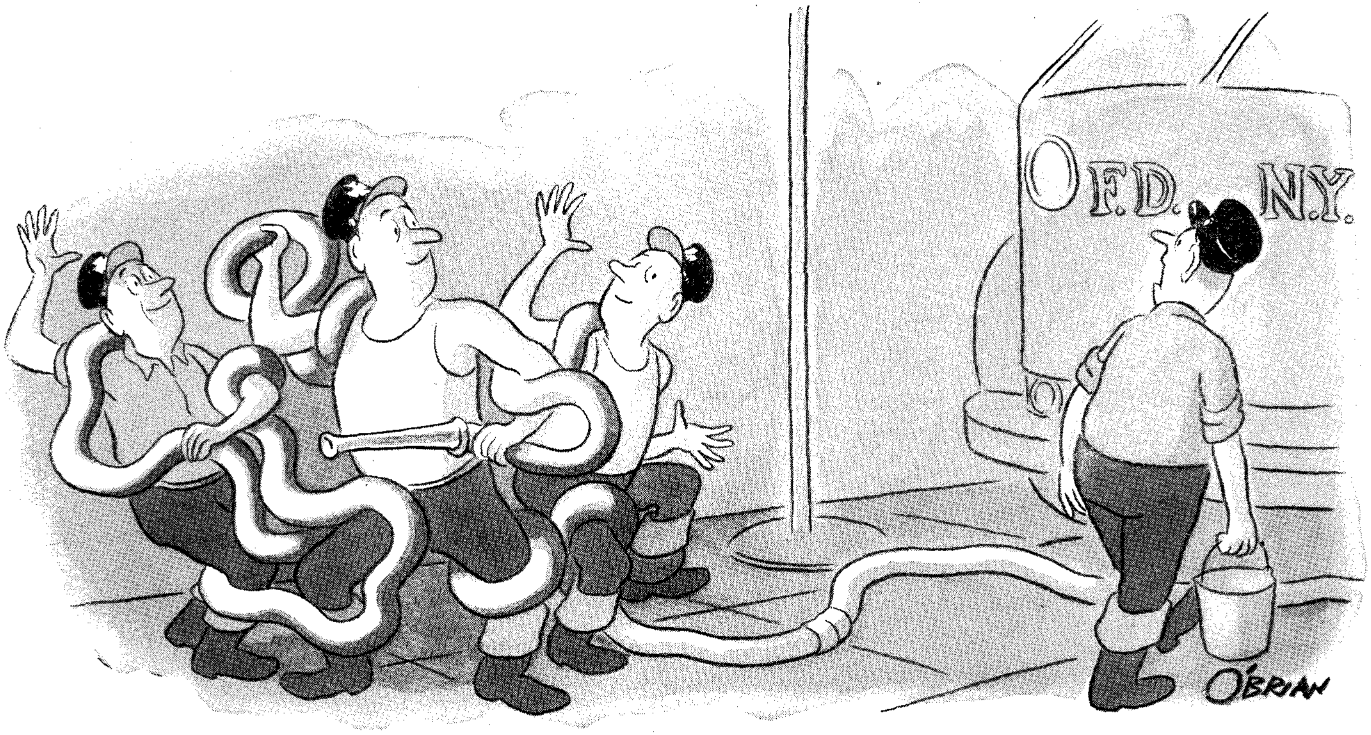
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE FLIGHT OF CROOK-TALONED BIRDS—I



SOME time back, I was privileged to have a philosophical conversation with Bertrand Russell, and in the course of it he remarked, sucking his pipe, “When I was an undergraduate, there were *many* boys cleverer than I, but I surpassed them, because, while they were *dégagé*, I had passion and fed on controversy. I still thrive on opposition. My grandmother was a woman of caustic and biting wit. When she was eighty-three, she became kind and gentle. I had never found her so reasonable. She noticed the change in herself, and, reading the handwriting on the wall, she said to me, ‘Bertie, I'll soon be dead.' And she soon was.” Since Earl Russell was well up in his eighties at the time of this talk, I calculated that he must have spent nearly seventy adult years in devoted altercation. Whatever progress the stragglers on the easy road of cleverness might have made, there was no doubt that the tough, intrepid Russell had reached success by clambering up the brambly and precipitous path of intellectual controversy. Russell's words pandered to my long-standing predilection for following intellectual escapades, with the aid of newspaper dispatches, from the ease of my armchair. Since the subject I am particularly interested in happens to be history—I studied it at Oxford for three years—the thorny journeys that have stood out most sharply in the newssheets have concerned historians. The parties have more often than not been made up of Englishmen, and their terrain has been Britain. The smallness of English intellectual society, the availability of space in newspapers and periodicals of the better class (indeed, their encouragement of controversial material), the highly individual and belligerent nature of English scholars—all have made England the perfect country for such energetic pursuits. Nor was my choice of history—a subject known for its uncertainties, revisions, and tentative truths—a bad one; it appeared to be fair game all the way.

My safari in search of historical truth didn't exactly have a beginning, but the *Encounter* article entitled “Arnold Toynbee's Millennium” (June, 1957), by H. R. Trevor-Roper—who was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1957—was a memorable blast that could easily have set me off. The ten-volume “A Study of History,” which Trevor-Roper was ostensibly reviewing, was the product of more than twenty years' labor by one of the most tireless and single-minded men of our time, Arnold Joseph Toynbee, Professor Emeritus of the University of London and former Director of Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London. With unflagging zeal he had examined the history of six thousand years—the life cycles of a score of civilizations. He concluded that civilizations spring from a response to challenges, and that they flourish by the power of a “creative minority,” and that they collapse with its failure, secreting sometimes amid the ruins a religion and a new society. Charting the series of challenges that produced great responses and higher religions, as well as those that did not, he thought he had proved that religions and creative minorities make civilizations and that the dead weight of majorities and schisms unmake them. Of all the societies considered, Western civilization alone, for Toynbee, still lives, and even it has been tottering since the Reformation. Its chances of redemption were faced in the last four volumes. There it appeared that the weight of historical laws is against our survival, but Toynbee insisted, rather contradictorily, that man is blessed with free will



"Come off it, you guys."

• •

and that history cannot rob him of it. Our Western civilization can be saved by a recourse to faith, syncretist variety.

Both the commercial success of the "Study" ("As a dollar-earner . . . it ranks second only to whiskey," Trevor-Roper gibed) and the despair that flowed from the latter volumes galled Trevor-Roper. As was noted at the time, the personal venom that shot out of Trevor-Roper's pen had seldom, if ever, been equalled in the writings of modern scholarship. (In 1957, Trevor-Roper was generally known for one youthful work on a seventeenth-century archbishop, which was distinctive for being anticlerical, and for a brilliant but rather journalistic account of the last days of Hitler; but particularly among scholars for some powerful attacks on his academic brethren in periodicals, notably R. H. Tawney, who was acknowledged to be one of the great English historians, and Lawrence Stone, of Wadham College, Oxford, whom Trevor-Roper wounded at the start of Stone's teaching career.) Now he bellowed that, compared with Toynbee's style, the writings of Hitler had a "Gibbonian lucidity," and declared that the "Study" was "huge, presumptuous, and utterly humourless," and not only "erroneous" but "hateful." He wrote, "Toynbee's truly monstrous self-adulation combined with his fundamental obscurantism [does] indeed emotionally repel me." For the *Encounter* critic, the "Study" was an extravagant bid of Toynbee to set himself up as a prophet—a Hitler. Had not "Hitler, like . . . Toynbee . . . ranged over the centuries and crammed such facts as he found it convenient to select into a monstrous system"? Did not both Hitler and Toynbee see themselves as the phoenixes of the centuries, Messiahs who had rolled up Western civilization and opened up a new age—in Hitler's case the Nazi era, and in Toynbee's the wishful age of a syncretist religion of all faiths, "a new *tutti-frutti* . . . 'a mish-mash,' as one commentator has described it, 'of the Virgin Mary and Mother Isis, of St. Michael and Mithras, of St. Peter and Mohammed, of St. Augustine and Jalalad-Din Mawlana' "? To Trevor-Roper, the scheming Messiah had given himself away at the beginning and the end of the tenth volume—in the acknowledgments, where he expressed his gratitude to, in Trevor-Roper's words, "all who, since the beginning of History, have deserved immortality by contributing . . . to that ultimate creation of the ages, the mind of Toynbee," and in the index, where Trevor-Roper, by diligent use of the tape measure, discovered that the entry "Toynbee, Arnold Joseph" occupied twelve column inches. With an ardor somewhat in excess of many hounding reviewers, Trevor-Roper transported himself to the centenary of the birth of the Messiah ("A.T. 100") and found the devotees faithfully reading the Old Testament (the six prewar volumes) and the New Testament (the four postwar volumes). In all the churches of Mish-Mash, they were reciting "the drowsy doggerel of the Founder's Litany 'Mother Mary, Mother Isis, Mother Cybele, Mother Ishtar, Mother Kwanyin, have compassion on us. . . .' " No spirit of fun, however, was at work in the review. ("Am I serious? Alas, I am," the writer noted, with chilling humor.) Indeed, the attack was so grave that it created a minor sensation, especially since it coincided with talk of Trevor-Roper's appointment to the Regius Chair of Modern History at Oxford, one of the most coveted academic gifts of Her Majesty's Government. Many, including quite a few Oxford students—and they often don't like Toynbee any more than Trevor-Roper—seemed to be as repelled by Trevor-Roper's attack as he was by Toynbee's work, and when the appointment was made, some months later, they questioned its advisability. They were supported in their doubts by the London *Observer*, which noted that some people were "wondering about the influence on undergraduates of a man capable of writing a considered article with such elaborate violence and personal hatred."

For some time, there wasn't the faintest whisper of a reply from Toynbee; two final volumes of the "Study" were delivered as though Trevor-Roper had never written. Debate, controversy, the arrows of cleverdom were not weapons in Toynbee's quiver. Then, after many

This Christmas give her Cologne

. . . but go all the way — with a real flight of fancy! Hand her a flacon, to be sure, but first, wrap a pair of Lufthansa Jet tickets to Cologne around it.

Why this unusual Christmas idea?

Well, the great cities of Germany spring to life in wintertime. There's a flurry of festivities in Cologne, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Munich. Theatre, ballet, dances, opera, concerts flourish. So will she. And so will you.

And right nearby — the world's most stimulating winter resorts such as Kitzbuhel or Garmisch, where winterfun is more than snow and skiing; it becomes a delightful state of mind.

Let us fly you both there in time for Christmas — or after the Holidays — on our hospitable Economy Class in ease and comfort.

How much?... Surprisingly little. Our 17-day excursion round-trip Jet Fare from New York is $136 less than usual — $425.60. Or if you want to be grandly generous, arrange for your flight in our renowned Senator Service in First Class.

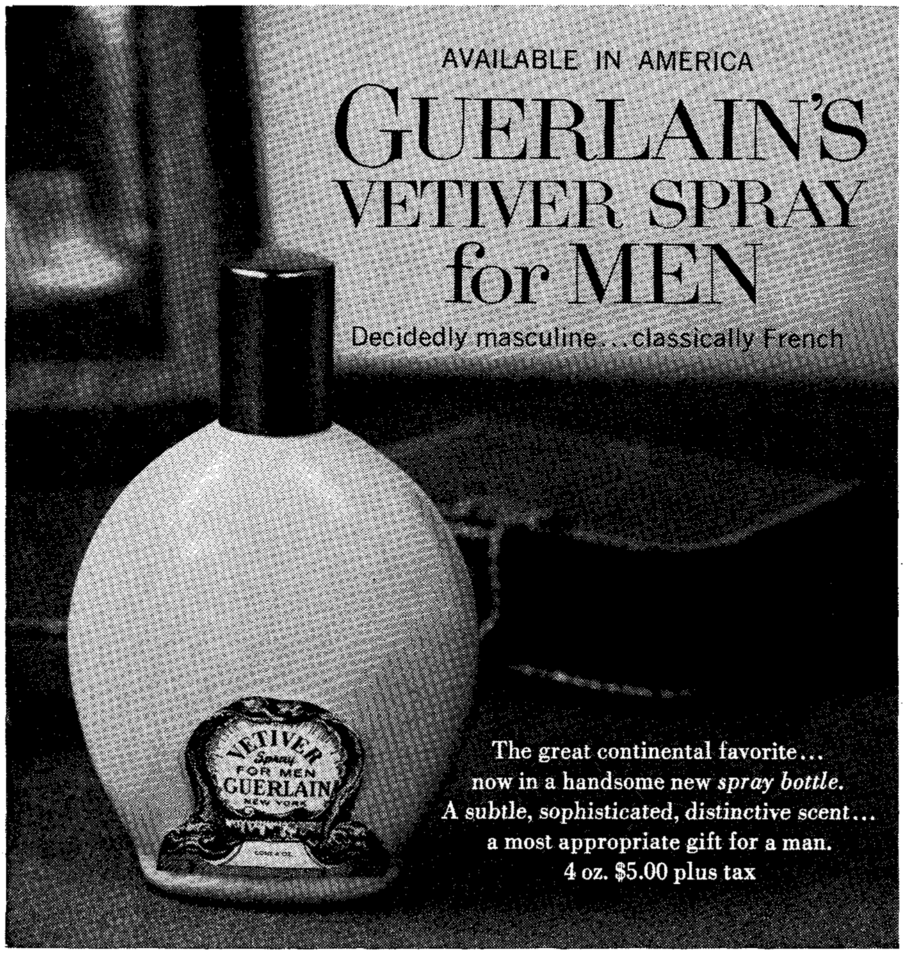
You can also fly from Chicago, San Francisco or Montreal. For the sprightly gift of Cologne, see your Travel Agent!

quality in air travel

LUFTHANSA

GERMAN AIRLINES

Offices in principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada


AVAILABLE IN AMERICA
GUERLAIN'S
VETIVER SPRAY
for MEN
Decidedly masculine...classically French

The great continental favorite...
now in a handsome new *spray bottle.*
A subtle, sophisticated, distinctive scent...
a most appropriate gift for a man.
4 oz. $5.00 plus tax

Hathaway
creates a shirt
for season
in the sun—
the new
Sovereign
Continental
in cardinal red
with jet accent—
in two-ply cotton
by Galey & Lord.

Galey & Lord
Burlington
QUALITY
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. A Division of Burlington Industries
FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

years of silence, he did try to answer all his critics in a heavy volume called "Reconsiderations," but the book was remarkable for the absence of any bite. Trevor-Roper, the cruelest and most lacerating critic, was barely acknowledged. Out of seven references to him, four were in the footnotes, and only one betrayed a hint of exasperation. ("On the article as a whole, no comment," Toynbee said, with a rare shrug.) Was Toynbee a prophet, as Trevor-Roper had charged? "The imputation," Toynbee noted, with exaggerated courtesy, "is difficult to deal with, because the next most ridiculous thing to saying, 'I think I am a prophet' would be to say, 'I really don't think I am.' Perhaps the best answer is not a verbal but a practical one. A readiness to believe that one may have been mistaken in the views that one has expressed is surely incompatible with believing that they are not one's own, but God's. So I hope this volume of reconsiderations may effectively dissipate the spectre of 'Toynbee the prophet.' "

During the first years of Trevor-Roper's professorship, there was an uneasy lull in his activities. Some said that the professorship had mellowed him, others that he was crouching in wait for big shikar. Everybody was guessing, some people with a greater degree of apprehension than others, but Sir Harold Nicolson, *doyen* of critics, appeared able to tread on Trevor-Roper's toes with impunity. Writing of the only book issued ex cathedra—a collection of the Professor's miscellaneous reviews—Nicolson commented, "It seems to me that the Professor, for all the fine finality of his judgments, lacks the daring scope of Toynbee, the majesty of Namier, the incisive wit of A. J. P. Taylor, the taste of Miss Wedgwood, the humanity of Trevelyan, or the charm and modesty of Dr. A. L. Rowse. . . . Among the strings of his lute there is a wire of hate which is apt to twang suddenly with the rasp of a banjo." Nevertheless, it was believed that if there was a case to be stated against a historian, Trevor-Roper could marshal and present the evidence not only more destructively but more elegantly than anyone else.

It was after nearly five years of the professorship that a very spectacular fatted calf presented himself; he was A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Unlike Toynbee, Taylor looked for no grand design or purpose in the universe, claimed no theory of history. He was a polyglot scholar who had written about a dozen historical studies, many of which were standard works in his chosen period of the nine-

Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation

THE PILOT IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC

The Riviera is at one and the same time the most do-it-yourself and the most obedient of automobiles.

Power assists your steering, yet a delicate sense of the road makes you a part of the automobile.

Power replaces shifting, yet you have never driven a car where you had more precise control of road speed.

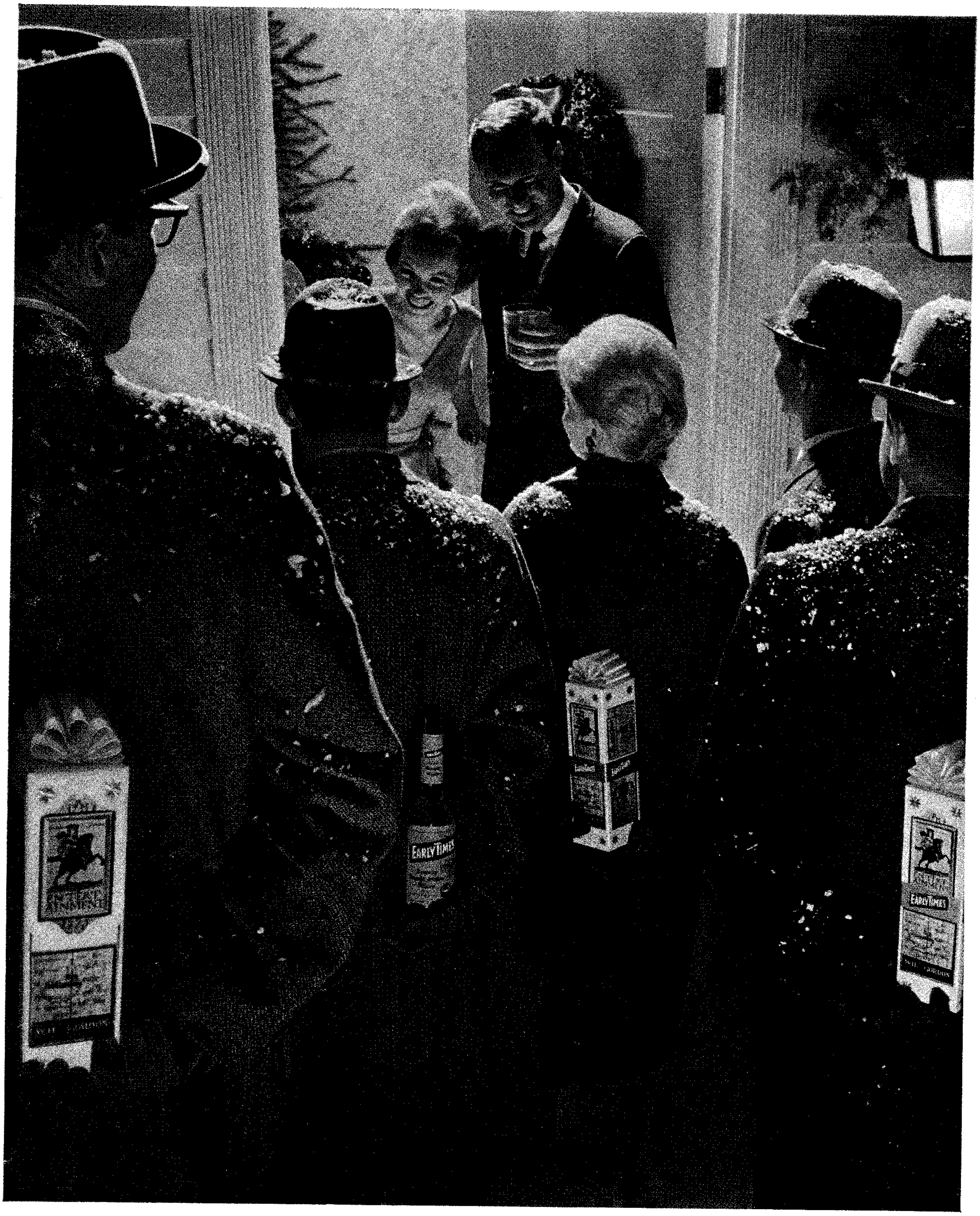
Power velvet-stops you with finned aluminum front brakes designed for a much heavier car than the Riviera.

Power fits your seat to your liking, raises and lowers windows, keeps the car at a pre-selected speed for long highway driving with the Riviera's Electro-cruise (all optional at extra cost).

Yet, if you are a driver who likes to think and act for himself, the Riviera will give you a new sense of oneness with the automobile, a new feeling of absolute control quite unlike anything you ever experienced before.

Sound challenging? Come try the Riviera soon – at your nearest Buick dealer's.

America's bid for a great new international classic car . . . THE RIVIERA BY BUICK



THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY TO GIVE IS STILL THE BEST

Hardly a gift shows true friendship like the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon. This season, Early Times comes wrapped in gleaming foil with authentic 18th century tavern signs, courtly bow, slip-off brand name sleeve. All it needs for giving is your own good taste.

EARLY TIMES

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. ©ETDC 1962 teenth and twentieth centuries. If anything, he was more illustrious prey than Toynbee; while practically everybody had stalked Toynbee, not many had dared to pursue Taylor. In the eyes of the professionals, Taylor had as many solid books to his name as any living historian. True, many of them held against Taylor his regular contributions to certain sections of the vulgar press, like the *Sunday Express* (the fact that he wrote just as often for highbrow papers did not seem to redeem him), and his regular television appearances—his *Who's Who* entry boasts, "Appears regularly in television programme, Free Speech," and lists among his publications, " 'The Russian Revolution of 1917' . . . (script of first lectures ever given on television)"—but since a journalistic don was not a very uncommon phenomenon in England, Taylor got away with all this, and more, until Trevor-Roper came along, in yet another *Encounter* article—"A. J. P. Taylor, Hitler, and the War" (July, 1961)—to slaughter him. The book under attack this time was Taylor's "The Origins of the Second World War." It had arrived on the historical scene like a thunderbolt, unheralded by the usual prepublication talk. While the specialists retired to their dens to chew over the "Origins," Taylor's book, like Toynbee's work before it, received handsome encomiums from the public at large. The *New Statesman* review, for one, began, "Mr. A. J. P. Taylor is the only English historian now writing who can bend the bow of Gibbon and Macaulay." It went on to claim that the book was "a masterpiece: lucid, compassionate, beautifully written in a bare, sparse style, and at the same time deeply disturbing." It was disturbing because Taylor assailed the assumption that Hitler and his henchmen had willed the war. He termed this universally held belief a myth, and concluded, in one disquieting sentence, "The war of 1939, far from being premeditated, was a mistake, the result on both sides of diplomatic blunders." The historian depicted Hitler as a rational and serious statesman whose foreign policy had a long pedigree. The implications of this view were far-reaching. To take one instance—as book reviewers noted—if Hitler was not a madman, then all Germans were guilty.

Trevor-Roper soon emerged from his library, and his article on Taylor was only a little less violent than his response to Toynbee. In the "Study," the prophecy had repelled him; what repelled him in the "Origins" seemed to be the philosophy—though Taylor was no more ready to admit that he was a

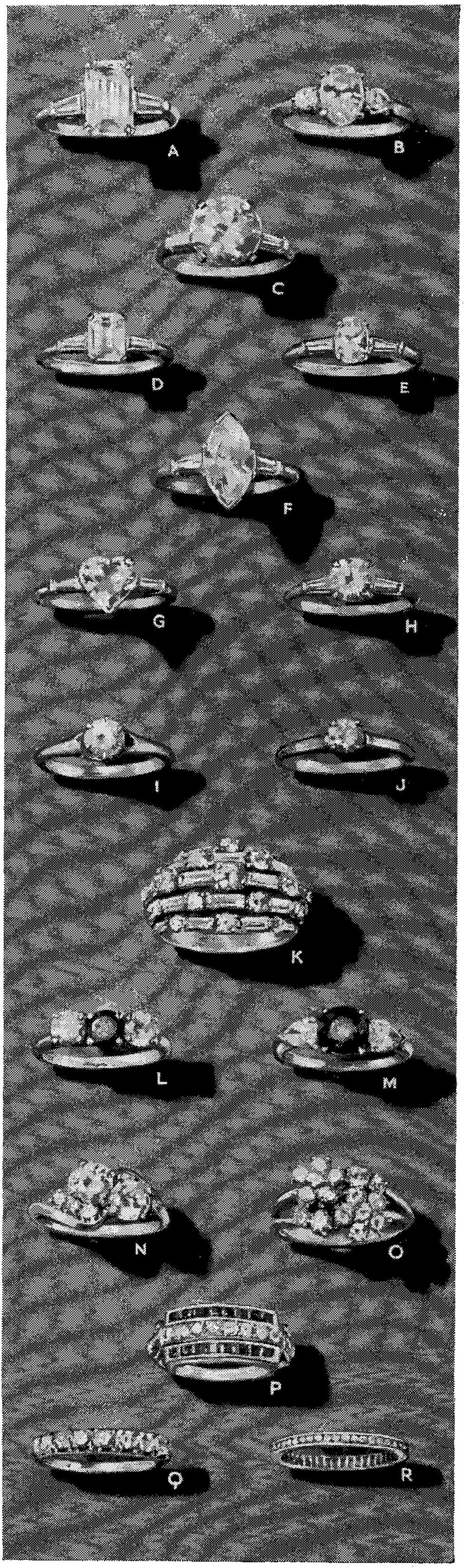
Caldwell Diamonds
Set in Platinum

ACTUAL SIZE

A Emerald cut diamond with tapered baguettes	$ 3500
B Oval and pear-shaped diamonds	1375
C Large round diamond, tapered baguettes	11,000
D Emerald cut diamond, baguettes	775
E Oval diamond, tapered baguettes	600
F Marquise diamond, tapered baguettes	4800
G Heart-shaped diamond, baguettes	1900
H Round diamond, baguettes	950
I Round diamond, six prongs	450
J Round diamond, four prongs	310
K Rows of baguette and round diamonds	1500
L Ruby and two diamonds	800
M Sapphire, two pear-shaped diamonds	1975
N Two large and six small diamonds	1200
O Diamond flower cluster	900
P Ruby and diamond bands	440
Q Half-circle of round diamonds	250
R Full circle of diamonds	230

Federal tax included

J.E.CALDWELL & CO.
Jewelers • Silversmiths • Stationers
Since 1839
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.



philosopher than Toynbee had been to admit that he was a prophet. In fact, Taylor insisted that he was simply trying "to tell the story as it may appear to some future historian, working from the records." The philosophy that Trevor-Roper ascribed to Taylor would scarcely fill a paragraph in any philosopher's notebook. According to Trevor-Roper, Taylor thought that there were no heroes or villains in history, and that "the real determinants of history . . . are objective situations and human blunders." According to Taylor, Trevor-Roper continued, "objective situations consist of the realities of power; human intelligence is best employed in recognizing these realities and allowing events to conform with them; but as human intelligence seldom prevails in politics, the realities generally have to assert themselves, at greater human cost, through the mess caused by human blunders." Taylor might claim to be writing from the records, Trevor-Roper said, but his philosophy could write his history for him. This was how, in Trevor-Roper's view, both Hitler and Neville Chamberlain could be painted by Taylor as "intelligent statesmen": Both, it seemed, followed the "historical necessity" of 1918. Since Germany was not carved up after its defeat, it tended to revert to its natural position of a great power. Hitler was, therefore, right and intelligent in coöperating with this "historical necessity," for he stood to gain, and Chamberlain was also intelligent in yielding to the same "historical necessity," though he stood to lose. With such a philosophy, how could there be heroes or villains? Trevor-Roper's insinuation was that any historian who looked at the world with these neutral eyes obviously could not see the true Adolf Hitler.

If a historian was unable to see Hitler, whose life was within our memory—what could he see, I wondered. The charge was all the more severe for being applied to a long established and brilliant practitioner of the historical art. And how had Taylor come to such a pass? Trevor-Roper had his theories. He exhumed an old controversy about the Regius Chair. The late Sir Lewis Namier, accepted by Toynbee, Taylor, and Trevor-Roper himself as a historian without equal in twentieth-century England, had, it was publicly rumored, recommended Trevor-Roper over his pupil, Taylor, for the Regius Chair, on the ground that Trevor-Roper was a preferable academic candidate for not having appeared much on television. "Is it, as some have suggested," Trevor-Roper now asked in *Encounter*, "a gesture of posthumous defiance to his

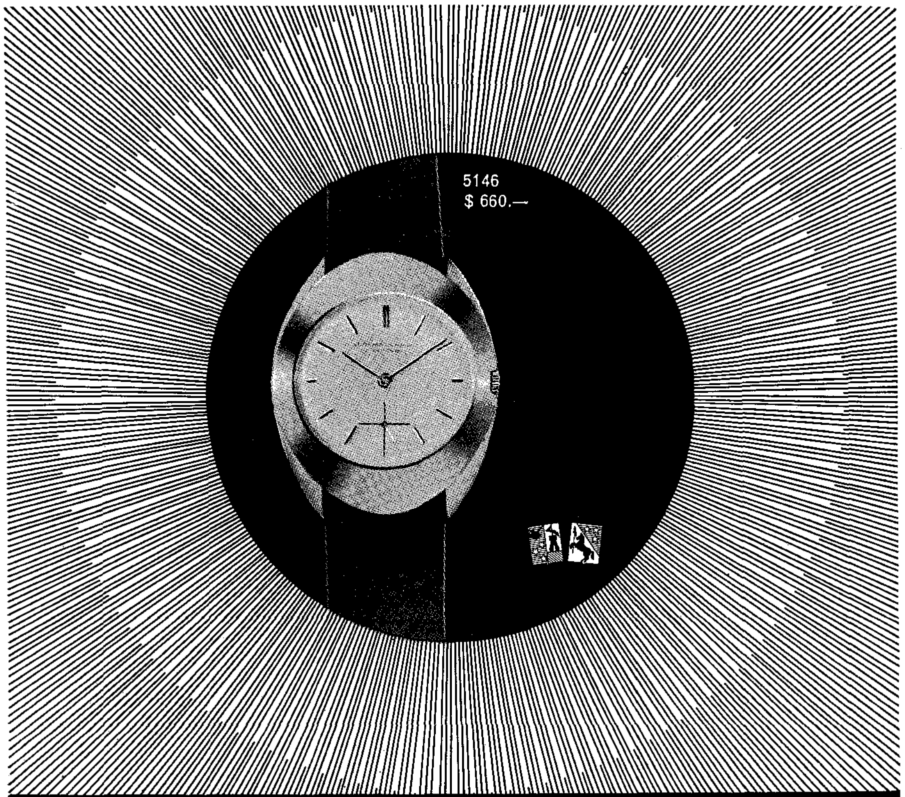
X: $11.50 the set
Y & Z: $10.50 the set

EXQUISITE
Gift Sets

When ordering
by mail please give
color preference

Neckties of our own exclusive reppe silks.
Handkerchiefs of hand blocked foulard silk, from England

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · *Hats* · *Haberdashery* · *Shoes* · *Established* 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 17



For those who have the taste as well as
the means to command the most exclusive timepiece made in the world today

AUDEMARS PIGUET

Audemars Piguet & Co., Inc., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

How to tell when you've "arrived"

When the boss tells you to take the afternoon off
...and goes along to make sure you do.

or

When you discover that Hart Schaffner & Marx
has a handsome way of tailoring peace of mind
into almost any piece of fabric.

HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX

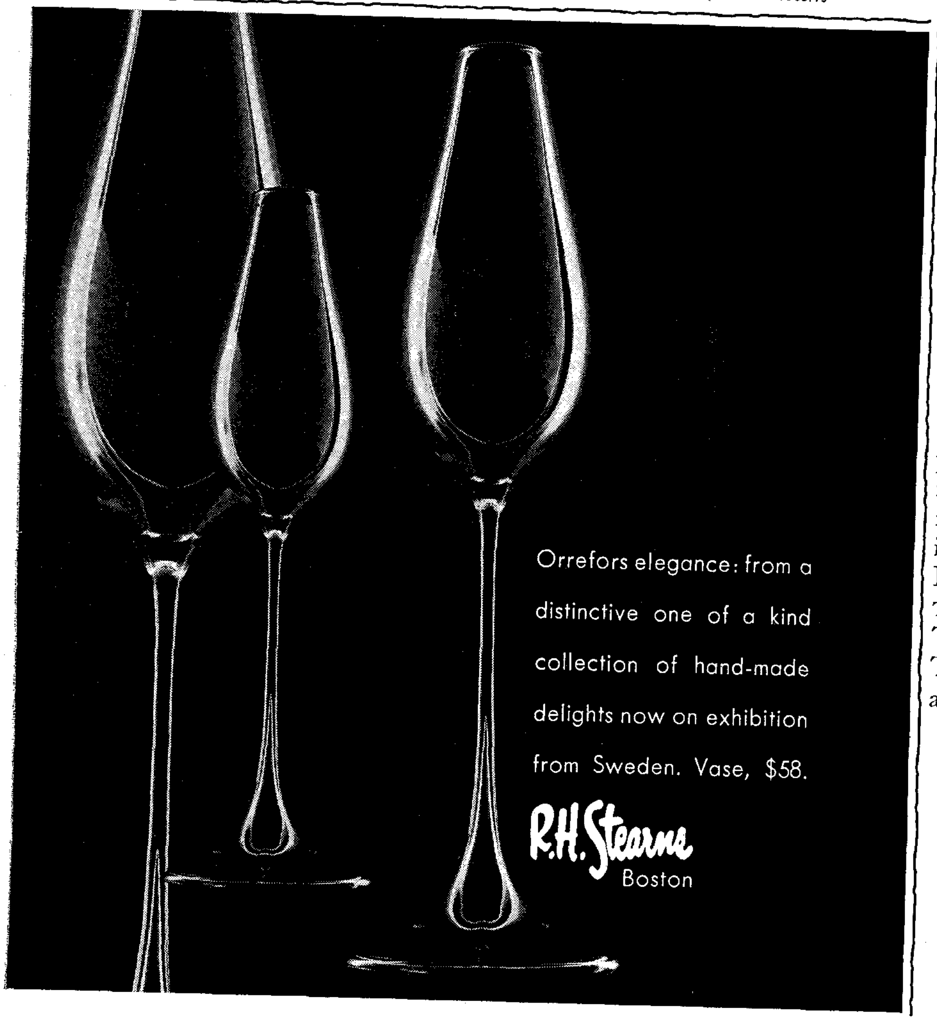
SINCE 1887

Our Fall sportcoats offer new and exclusive patterns for men of all ages. From $55 to $100.

The fame of our Trumpeter label is not only flattering, it is functional. It enables us to persuade the world's finest mills to tend to our knitting... often on an exclusive basis.

CONANT BALL · FURNITURE MAKERS ·

MAKERS OF MODERNMATES • **ROGER CONANT GROUP** • WALNUT HILL GROUP
ILLUSTRATED FOLDERS 10¢ EACH, CONANT BALL COMPANY, NY10, GARDNER, MASSACHUSETTS

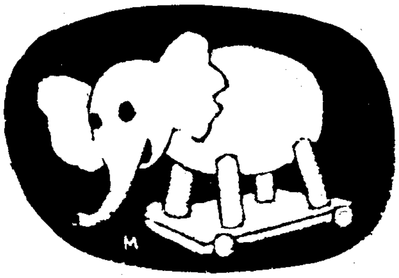


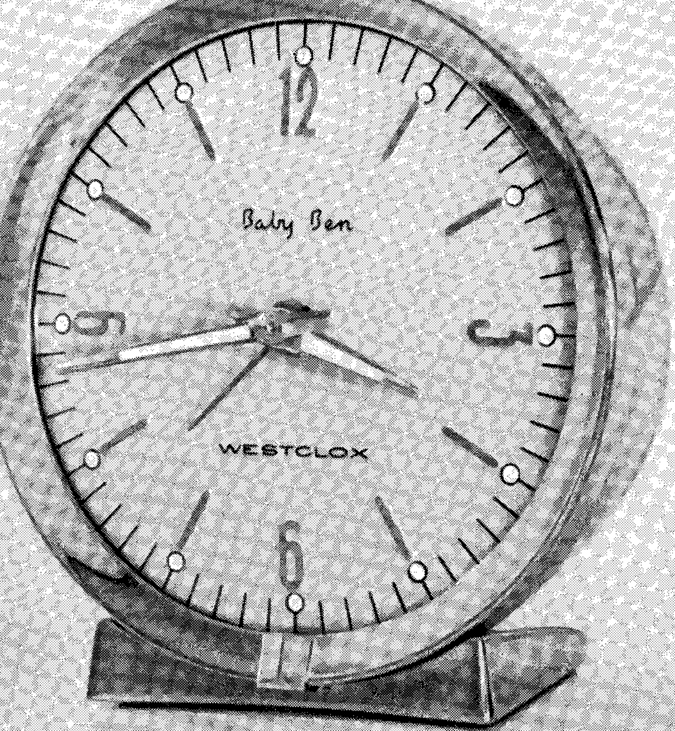
Orrefors elegance: from a distinctive one of a kind collection of hand-made delights now on exhibition from Sweden. Vase, $58.

R.H. Stearns
Boston

former master, Sir Lewis Namier, in revenge for some imagined slight? If so, it is just as well that it is posthumous: otherwise what devastating justice it would have received!" His speculations on Taylor's motives did not stop here. He went on, "Is it, as Mr. Taylor's friends prefer to believe, mere characteristic *gaminerie*, the love of firing squibs and laying banana-skins to disconcert the gravity and upset the balance of the orthodox? Or does Mr. Taylor perhaps suppose that such a re-interpretation of the past will enable us better to face the problems of the present? Theoretically, this should not be his motive, for not only does Mr. Taylor, in his book, frequently tell us that the past has never pointed the course of the future, but he has also assured us recently, in the *Sunday Express*, that the study of history can teach nothing, not even general understanding: its sole purpose, he says, is to amuse; and it would therefore seem to have no more right to a place in education than the blowing of soap-bubbles or other forms of innocent recreation." I wondered if the historian who made soap bubbles out of history would answer or retreat behind the dignified cloak of silence, as Toynbee had done a few years earlier. A day or two later, this question was settled for me, apparently, when I received the June 9th copy of the *Times Literary Supplement*. In a disturbing letter of two sentences, Taylor dismissed the host of learned critics who, like Trevor-Roper, had been dogging him and a kind *T.L.S.* reviewer. "I have no sympathy with authors who resent criticism or try to answer it," he wrote. "I must however thank your correspondents for the free publicity which they have given to my book."

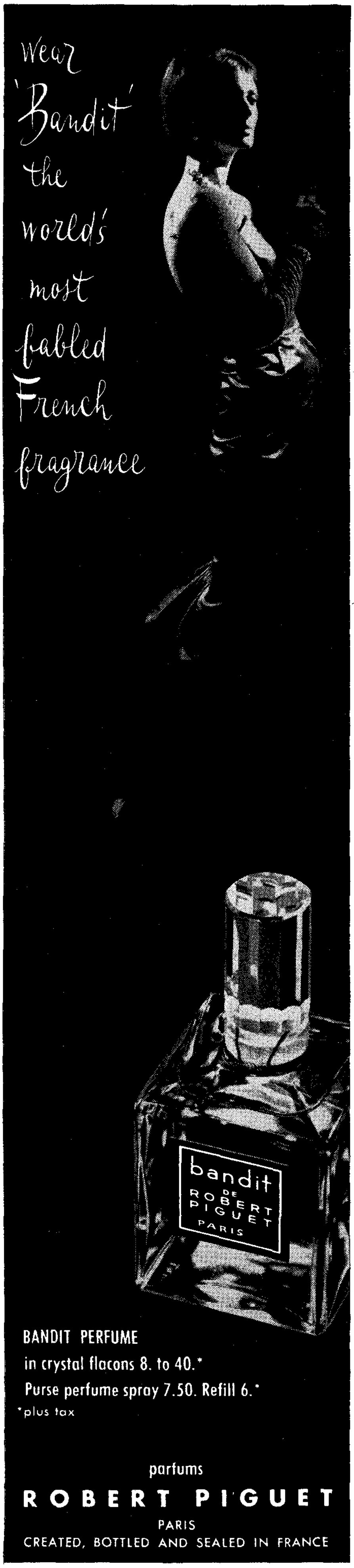
Nevertheless, I looked through the subsequent *Encounters* for a shriek of protest from Taylor. It took some months in coming, but it was unmistakably there in the September issue, and what a curious form it took! It was ominously headed "HOW TO QUOTE—Exercises for Beginners." Two columns of passages—one from Trevor-Roper's article summarizing and quoting "Origins," and the other




Baby Ben
WESTCLOX

On the first day of Christmas, my true love *gave* to me...

About $8.00 plus tax



BANDIT PERFUME
in crystal flacons 8. to 40.*
Purse perfume spray 7.50. Refill 6.*
*plus tax

parfums
ROBERT PIGUET
PARIS
CREATED, BOTTLED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

unedited quotations from the book—were juxtaposed:

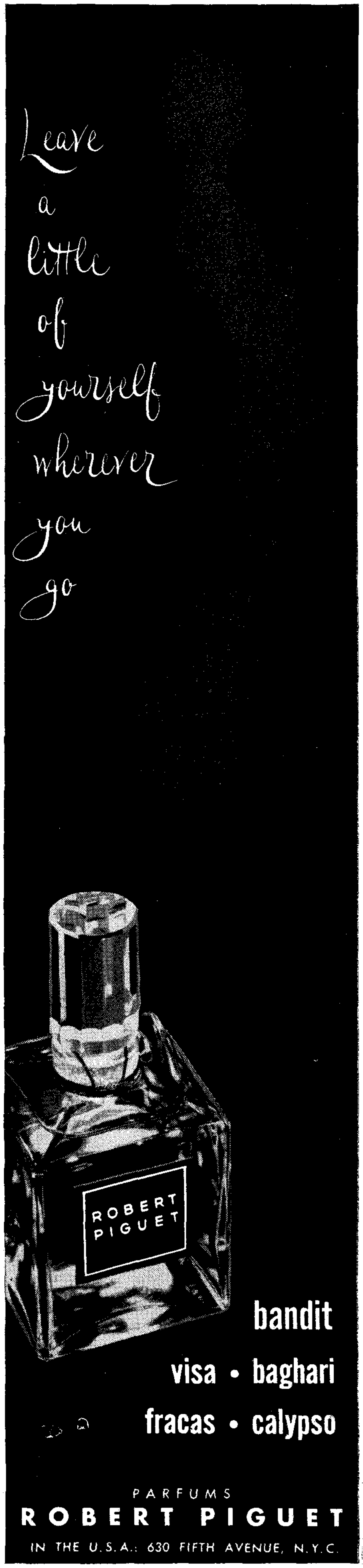
But what about the European Jews? That episode is conveniently forgotten by Mr. Taylor.	Many Germans had qualms as one act of persecution followed another culminating in the unspeakable wickedness of the gas-chambers. But few knew how to protest. Everything which Hitler did against the Jews followed logically from the racial doctrines in which most Germans vaguely believed.
It does not fit the character of a German statesman who "in principle and doctrine, was no more wicked and unscrupulous than *many other statesmen.*"	In principle and doctrine Hitler was no more wicked and unscrupulous than many other contemporary statesmen. In wicked acts he out*did them all.*

And so on. But if this was the non-answering way of replying to Trevor-Roper, at the end of his exercise Taylor attempted a variation on the method:

It [the book] will do harm, perhaps irreparable harm, to Mr. Taylor's reputation as a serious historian.	The Regius Professor's methods of quotation might also do harm to his reputation as a serious historian, if he had one.

Appended to Taylor's columns was more prose from Trevor-Roper. This time, his words were defensive, even tame. He wrote that the exercises "are calculated to spare him [Taylor] the trouble of argument and to give a lot of trouble (or, more likely, bewilderment) to the reader," and that "if Mr. Taylor had been able to convict me of any 'quotation' comparable with his own version of the German documents (a subject on which he is now silent), or if he had shown my summary to be as inconsistent with his thesis as he so often is with himself . . . I should indeed be ashamed."

Not long after this, a letter from a London friend of mine named John, enclosing the transcription of a television confrontation between Trevor-Roper and Taylor on "The Origins of the Second World War," reached me in America. "What a shame you weren't here for the sensational screen struggle," John's epistle read, in part. "Trevor-Roper gave me the impression of spluttering flame under the withering impact of Taylor's mind. Taylor would pinch his nose and take off his glasses as though he had an ulcer or was in pain, and my heart went out to him, while Trevor-Roper appeared nervous, his mouth a



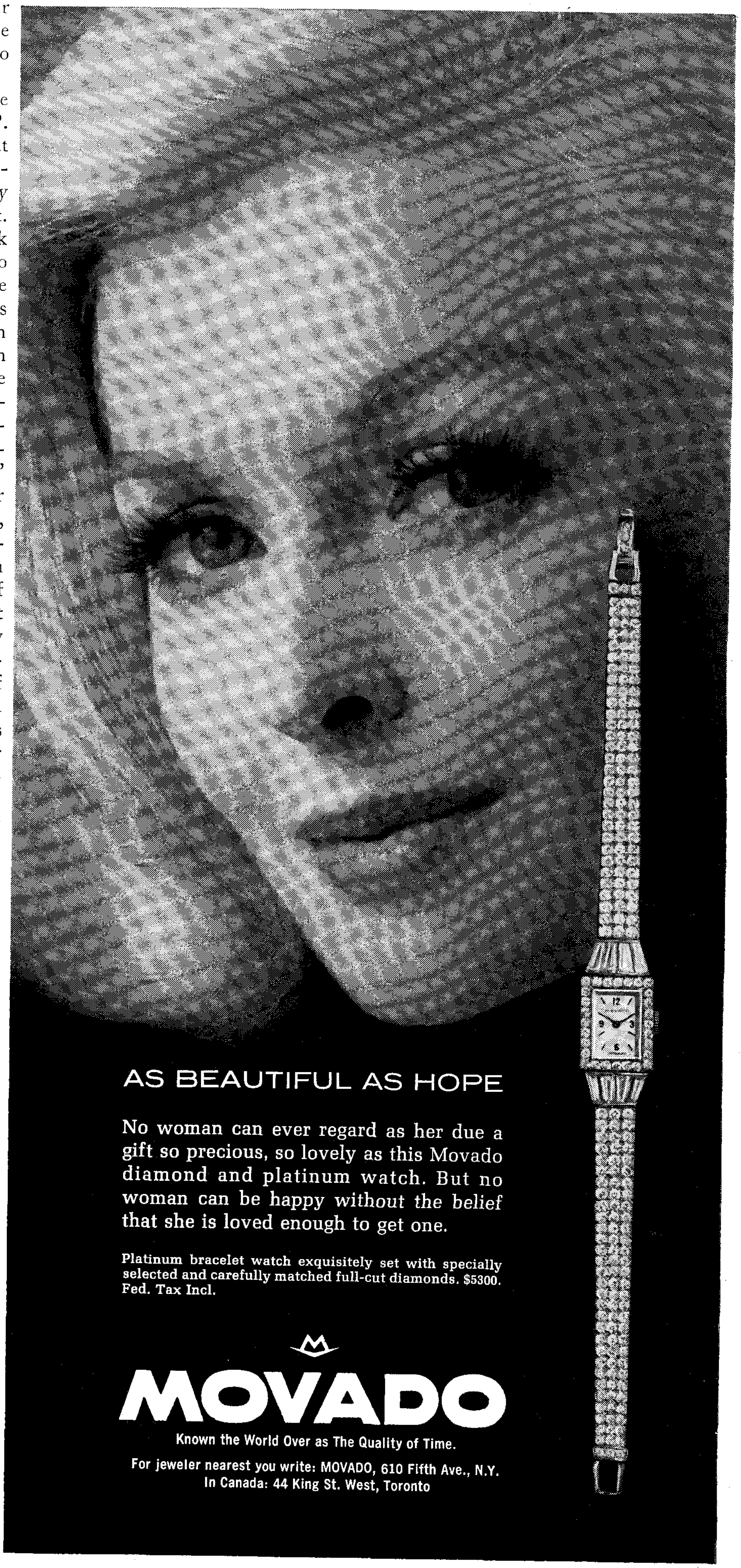
bandit
visa • baghari
fracas • calypso

PARFUMS
ROBERT PIGUET
IN THE U.S.A.: 630 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.C.

little jumpy, his hands writhing. As far as I am concerned, Taylor stole the show. *But this is one man's opinion.* No doubt there are others."

The debate had taken place sometime between the publication of "A. J. P. Taylor, Hitler, and the War" and that of the "Exercises for Beginners." It indicated to me that Taylor certainly hadn't gone down without a fight. While the detailed criticisms of his book had been many and varied, the two points that had drawn everybody's fire were that Taylor was blind to Hitler's wickedness (even if he excluded from the book the genocide of the Jews, on the ground that it was not part of the story of the origins of the war, everybody said, he had no excuse for discounting or ignoring altogether Hitler's monomaniacal visions in "Mein Kampf," his maunderings about being the master of the world in "Hitler's Table Talk, 1941-1944," and his Hossbach Memorandum to the Generals in 1937, which became "the blueprint for the War of 1939") and that Taylor had set out to be perverse (Munich, generally accepted to be "a triumph of cowardice," was made by him "a triumph of all that was best and most enlightened in British life"). In a word, his critics accused him of being an apologist for Hitler, and an apologist for appeasement.

"It's perfectly obvious," Taylor now said in his own defense on TV, "that the wickedness he [Hitler] did, the wickedness he inspired, particularly what went on in Germany—the dictatorship, later on, the extermination of the Jews—these have no parallel in history. I don't dispute this. But it seems to me that his foreign policy was the least original part of what he contributed, either for good or ill. That in this—and this is all I've been trying to say, not thinking of it in moral terms—that Hitler's policy sprang out of the German history that had gone before. That in one form or another Germany, remaining united at the end of the First World War, was bound to seek to destroy the defeat; was bound to seek to undo the Treaty of Versailles; and that the impetus of success in undoing this Treaty would carry Germany forward, unless it was checked in some way, into being again a great and dominant power in Europe. If these are wicked things—if it's wicked for Germans to want to be dominant in Europe, and not wicked, shall we say, for Americans or Russians to be dominant in the world, well then he was a wicked statesman. But I don't understand, except that I dislike the Ger-



AS BEAUTIFUL AS HOPE

No woman can ever regard as her due a gift so precious, so lovely as this Movado diamond and platinum watch. But no woman can be happy without the belief that she is loved enough to get one.

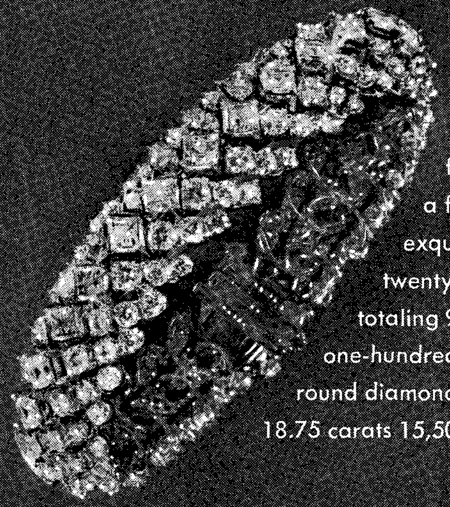
Platinum bracelet watch exquisitely set with specially selected and carefully matched full-cut diamonds. $5300. Fed. Tax Incl.

MOVADO

Known the World Over as The Quality of Time.

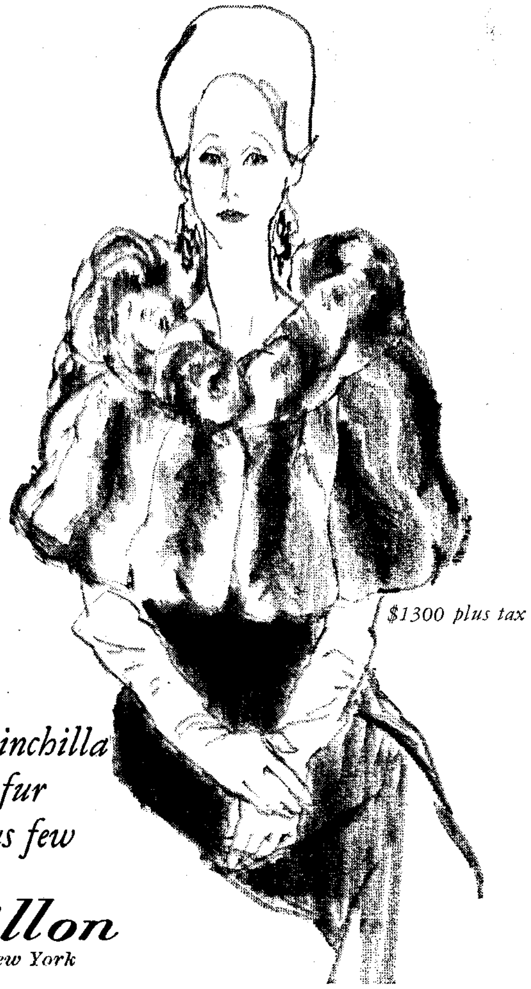
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

Laykin et Cie
at
I. MAGNIN & CO
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • LA JOLLA



Christmas is the time for diamonds . . . from the famous Laykin collection, a flexible platinum bracelet exquisitely mounted with twenty-eight square diamonds totaling 9.88 carats and one-hundred sixty-eight round diamonds totaling 18.75 carats 15,500.

plus 10% federal tax • shown actual size • address inquiries to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles



$1300 plus tax

Empress Chinchilla
the precious fur
for a precious few
Revillon
11 West 57, New York

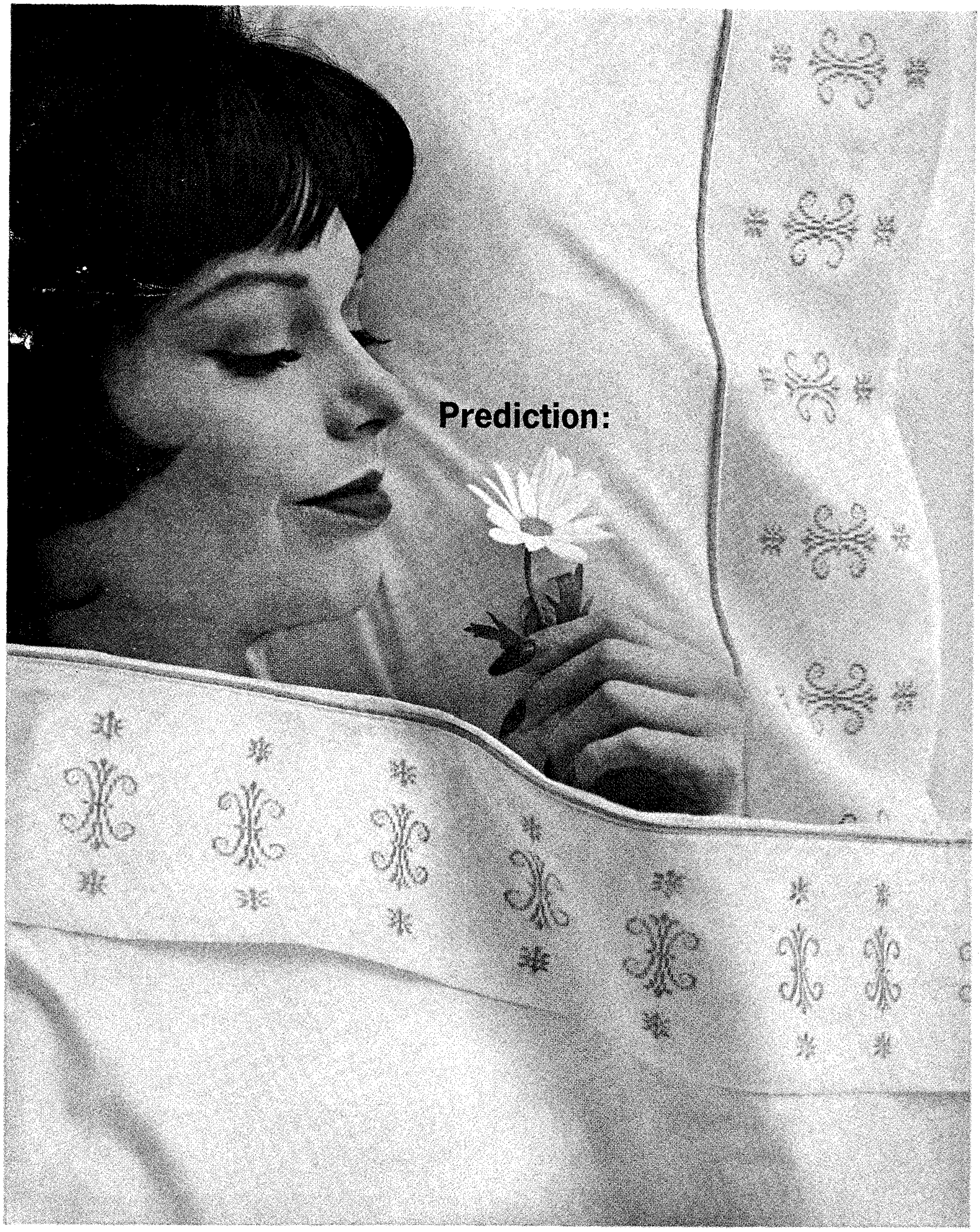
mans, why merely wanting your country to be the most powerful in the world puts you into the head [sic] of a wicked statesman. . . . The basis of this blueprint [the Hossbach Memorandum]—Hitler lays it down—is that there's going to be a great war in 1943-45—he uses these figures more than once, this is the thing that he's thinking of, the Great War—which maybe he was planning for 1943-45, instead of that he got himself into a smaller war in 1939, and how the first can be a blueprint for the second, I don't understand. If a man comes along, you know, and says I'm proposing to fly by jet plane to Canada next year, but instead goes on a motorcycle tour next week, I don't think he's a very good planner. . . . The war of 1939 is not the war he planned. It may well be that he planned some different war—a war against Russia, a war in 1943, but the war of 1939 was a war against England and France, it took place against antagonists that he'd not planned it to take place against, and it took place at a time when he had not planned it to take place. . . . When I judge—perhaps this is the wrong way for a historian to go on—but when I judge events in the past I try to judge them in terms of the morality which then existed, not of mine. When I say that Munich was a triumph for all that was best in British life, I mean that the years and years before that, enlightened people, men of the Left—whom perhaps I equate too easily with all that was best—that they had attacked Czechoslovakia, that they had said that the inclusion of the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia was—in the words of one of them, Brailsford—the worst crime of the peace settlement of 1919. . . . I mean by that a triumph for all those who had preached enlightenment, international conciliation, revision of treaties, the liberation of nationalities from foreign rule, and so on."

FOR me, the books of Toynbee and Taylor had raised disconcerting questions, which could no longer be answered by arguments over such specific points as whether Toynbee really wished to put out the lights of Western civilization, and whether Taylor overlooked the ferocious and destructive springs of Hitler's character. More fundamental questions had begun to nag at me. The majestic Sir Lewis Namier had furnished his "The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III"—one of the best historical works of our time—with an epigraph from Aeschylus' "Prometheus Vinctus": "I took pains to determine the flight of crook-taloned

Why not give her your own beauty secret?

she, too, can enjoy the flattery of wearing face powder made-to-order just for her. You give her an
ant pressed powder compact. At no further cost, she has it filled with her own perfect powder shad
he nearest Charles of the Ritz beauty bar. Basketweave $8.75. Black enamel, $5. Simulated tortoise
l, $2.50. At favored department and specialty stores here and in Canada. All prices plus tax.

Charles of the Ritz



a love affair with Dan River Sheets

Dan River comes a-courtin...with the prettiest bordered sheets to ever leave a loom. Patterns woven in so carefully, so beautifully...they keep a fresh, hand-embroidered look year after year. Treat yourself to the pure luxury of Dan River...Sheets with a creamy softness that whisper sleep. Let Dan River give you a gift to start the romance right: Daisies, you can wear, inside each box of Fashion Border Sheets. With love from Dan River.

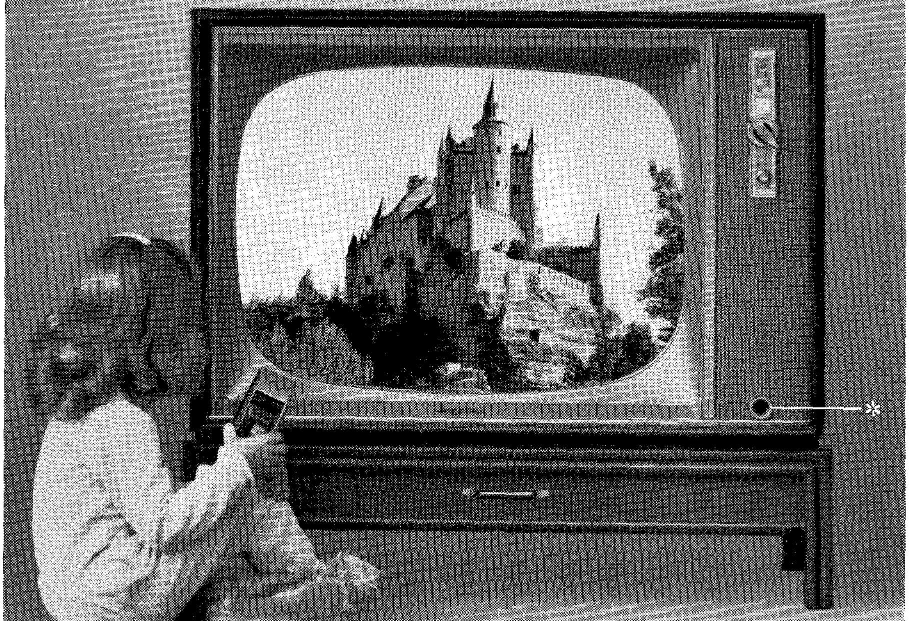
DAN RIVER SHEETS

All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia.

birds, marking which were of the right by nature, and which of the left, and what were their ways of living, each after his kind, and the enmities and affections that were between them, and how they consorted together." If, in a sense, history was a movement of birds, Toynbee and Taylor used very different methods to divine it. Both insisted that they were empirical historians, yet one used a telescope and the other a microscope. Both claimed to be objective historians, yet one indisputably tilted his telescope to the heavens and the other, by his own admission, confined the range of his vision to the minutiae of foreign policy. From my study of history, I knew that selection and exclusion were basic principles of the historical method. But the disparity in the procedure of Trevor-Roper's two kills was so great that for me it could not be explained on the grounds of method or temperamental differences. My perplexity, as I was soon to learn, was shared by a Taylor of Cambridge—E. H. Carr, Fellow of Trinity College—who, even as Trevor-Roper was laying low his victims one by one, was asking the question "What is history?" On its own merits, the question was an engulfing one, and the fact that the answers were delivered as Trevelyan lectures to Cambridge undergraduates, broadcast over the B.B.C., reproduced in *Listener* articles, and finally issued as a book, "What Is History?," contributed to the swell of interest.

Carr, perhaps the most distinguished historian at Cambridge, began his lectures by assailing a few victims of his own with a cutting polemical style that was all the more brilliant and effective for having an air of cogency, reasonableness, and sanity. Prominent in the display of his trophies seemed to be the head of Sir Isaiah Berlin, Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford, whose book "The Hedgehog and the Fox" and whose lecture "Historical Inevitability" had established him as a sober and intelligent thinker on the question "What is history?" "In 1954," Carr now said in attacking the Chichele Professor, "Sir Isaiah Berlin published his essay on 'Historical Inevitability.' . . . He added to the indictment the argument . . . that the 'historicism' of Hegel and Marx is objectionable because, by explaining human actions in causal terms, it implies a denial of human free will, and encourages historians to evade their supposed obligation . . . to pronounce moral condemnation on the Charlemagnes, Napoleons, and Stalins of history. . . . Even when he talks nonsense, he earns our indulgence by talking

Magnavox SPECTACULAR "400" TV brings you pictures more than twice as big as average screens . . . and gives you much more enjoyment . . . for only pennies a day



***VIDEOMATIC**—fully automatic—makes all the adjustments electronically, continuously, perfectly, to give you the best pictures day or night. All you do is select your favorite program, Videomatic does the rest. The clearest, most beautiful pictures you've ever seen!

MAGNAVOX dramatically big (400 sq. in.), photo-sharp pictures cost you less to own—for only Magnavox is so trouble-free that service, as well as parts, is guaranteed for a full year . . . picture tube for 3 years.

BIG PICTURES—big sound—and the chromatic filter, which adds picture dimension and relieves eyestrain, combine to bring you a whole new world of TV enjoyment you have never experienced.

COSTS YOU LESS TO BUY. Magnavox is sold directly through franchised dealers only (listed in your Yellow Pages), saving the middleman cost. Choose from a wide variety of magnificent furniture styles. Spectacular "400" models are priced as low as $298.50, 19" models as low as $149.90. Total remote control optional. See your dealer soon.

the magnificent
Magnavox

JUNGLE GARDENIA

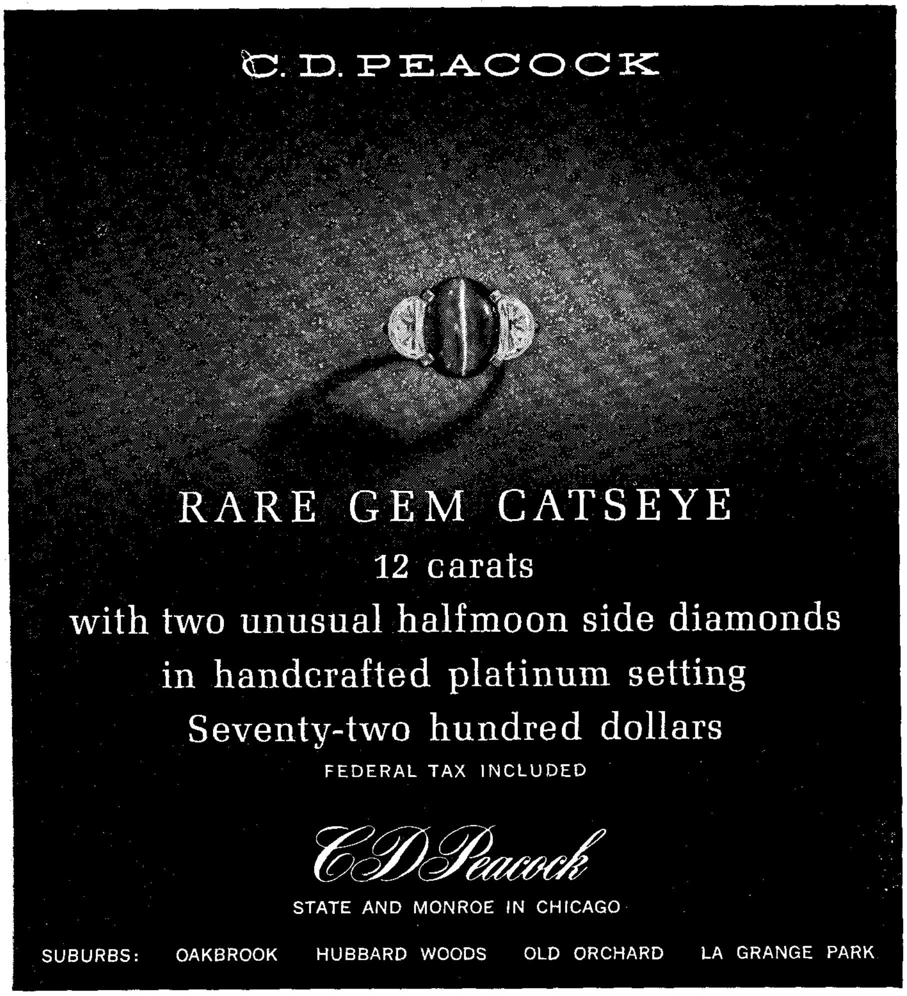
Favorite fragrance of the world's most beautiful woman!

JUNGLE GARDENIA
TUVACHÉ

TUVACHÉ
RARE PERFUMES

730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Spray Mist $5.00
Perfume
$3.00, $8.00, $15.00
Skin Perfume
$3.50, $6.00, $9.00



C. D. PEACOCK

RARE GEM CATSEYE
12 carats
with two unusual halfmoon side diamonds
in handcrafted platinum setting
Seventy-two hundred dollars
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

C D Peacock
STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO

SUBURBS: OAKBROOK HUBBARD WOODS OLD ORCHARD LA GRANGE PARK

it in an engaging and attractive way."

At the very first opportunity—that is, when Carr's lectures were printed in the spring of 1961, in the *Listener*—Berlin tried to fend Carr off in a letter that finished, "His short way with the problem of individual freedom and responsibility (the 'dead horse' which, in Mr. Carr's horrifying metaphor . . . I 'have flogged into life') is a warning to us all of what may happen to those who, no matter how learned or perspicacious, venture into regions too distant from their own. Mr. Carr speaks of his indulgence towards my follies. I am glad to reciprocate by offering him my sympathy as he gropes his way in the difficult, treacherous and unfamiliar field of philosophy of history."

Carr, however, took Berlin's letter simply as an opportunity to redeliver his thrusts, in the *Listener*, at his new-found sympathizer. He quoted chapter and verse for his summary of Berlin's views:

> One [he recited abacus fashion], in "Historical Inevitability" . . . Sir Isaiah writes: "I do not *here* ["my italics," Carr noted] wish to say that determinism is necessarily false, only that we neither think nor speak as if it were true, and that it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to conceive what our picture of the world would be if we seriously believed it." Over and over again, he seeks to show that determinism is incompatible with "the notion of individual responsibility,". . . which he emphatically endorses. If these arguments do not lead to the conclusion that "determinism must be false," I do not see where they lead.
>
> Two, Sir Isaiah dismisses what he calls "the modern plea for a greater effort at understanding". . . on the ground that those who make this plea are involved in the fallacy that "to explain is to understand and to understand is to justify." This seemed to me to mean that the historian should not look for, say, underlying social or economic causes of the two world wars, lest he should in the process explain away the moral responsibility of Wilhelm II or Hitler or the German people.
>
> Three, Sir Isaiah sharply dissents from the view . . . "that it is foolish to judge Charlemagne or Napoleon or Genghis Khan or Hitler or Stalin for their massacres" and from the view that it is "absurd" or "not our business as historians" to praise "benefactors of humanity." I took this to mean that it *is* wise and sensible and our business as historians to award good or bad marks to outstanding figures of the past. . . .
>
> When I wrote my lectures, I thought I knew where he stood on these three questions. Now, with the best will in the world, I simply do not know.

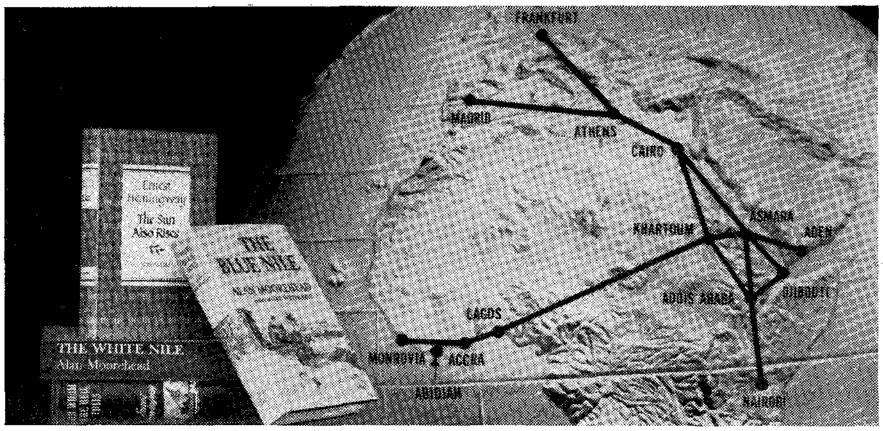
To what extent Hitler could help being Hitler, to what extent he would be morally exonerated if he was regarded as the product of his environment, to what extent a historian could place himself in the role of judge—all were more than clockwork hares, even if the scent

Jets over the Lands of Hemingway and Moorehead

Beginning in January, 1963, new Boeing 720B jets will appear in the skies over Europe and over Africa . . . jets emblazoned with the green, yellow and red of the Empire of Ethiopia and bearing two golden Lions of Judah . . . jets of Ethiopian Airlines.

The new Ethiopian jets will provide you and all other adventure-bound travelers with the first direct link between Spain and Africa's Valleys of the two Niles—the world's most romantic lands celebrated by Ernest Hemingway and by Alan Moorehead.

The new jets will fly over the sun-drenched olive groves of Iberia . . . the famed land of Don Quixote and of Carmen, the home of the dramatic corridas, the Spain which Hemingway found so exciting and portrayed so vividly in his great "The Sun Also Rises" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls."



The Ethiopian 720Bs will also soar over the fabulous Nile, ancient stronghold of countless dynasties with its Pyramids and Sphinx, its prehistoric Empire of Axum ruled by the Queen of Sheba and its legendary Land of Prester John—which have become present-day Ethiopia—the mysterious area whose history is so brilliantly revealed by Moorehead in "The Blue Nile" and "The White Nile."

The date, January, 1963, is significant because it will mark the 17th anniversary of the creation of Ethiopian Airlines by an extraordinary man, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, and the lifting of the ancient "Land of the Queen of Sheba" from its centuries of isolation.

From Madrid, you'll jet non-stop over the azure blue Mediterranean, over Sardinia, over the "boot" of Italy and on across the Ionian Sea to Athens. As your plane circles for a landing at the Athens airport you'll see the majestic Acropolis with its crown, the Parthenon.

Or, if your travels have brought you to northern Europe, you can also fly by Ethiopian jet from Frankfurt to Athens and continue on your African adventure from there.

By jet to Cairo you'll enter another world, the world of the two Niles, an area filled with unforgettable experiences. Cairo, a city of bazaars, mosques and museums, is the prelude to the mystery and fascination of Africa.

You can fly Ethiopian to Khartoum, capital of the Sudan made famous by "Chinese" Gordon and Lord Kitchener, where the White and Blue Niles merge. Nearby is thousand-year-old Shendy Market, declared by Moorehead to have been the great crossroads of the Nile, where traders sold everything including slaves.

Your Ethiopian jet will fly over Ethiopia's vast Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile, and over that river's Tisisat Falls which Moorehead calls the grandest spectacle offered by the Blue or the White. In Ethiopia you can visit the prehistoric towns of Axum, Sheba's capital with its mysterious obelisks, and Lalibela with its incredible churches carved completely from solid rock. Addis Ababa, one of Africa's most exotic cities, warrants several days' stay.

Ethiopian then will jet you to Nairobi in Kenya from where you can retrace the steps of Stanley and Livingstone, Burton and Speke in the dramatic explorations which revealed the White Nile's source at Lake Victoria. You can view the unforgettable spectacle of the river roaring through a 19-foot gorge at Murchison Falls. And there's much more to be seen—the romantic Mountains of the Moon, the pygmies of Bundibugyo, the great Rift Valley. In the large game parks nearby, you can photograph lions, rhinos and elephants from safe seats in a car. You can also stop overnight at Treetops, the extraordinary hotel set high in a fig tree. As you enjoy a leisurely dinner, you'll see a procession of African game in its wild state.

Or, after you have viewed the unique attractions of Ethiopia, you can fly, also by Ethiopian jet, to the new nations of West Africa—Nigeria, Ghana and Liberia—nations which are intriguing to visit. Ethiopian was the first airline to span the continent from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean and thereby help to unify the countries south of the Sahara.

In the air on an Ethiopian jet you'll soar in a truly Imperial manner because the airline's inflight service is superb. It has been described by many veteran travelers as "excellent" and "second to none." You'll find the utmost courtesy and hospitality which makes every flight an outstanding experience. And at meal time, you'll enjoy gourmet food prepared under the supervision of the former chef to the Emperor of Ethiopia.

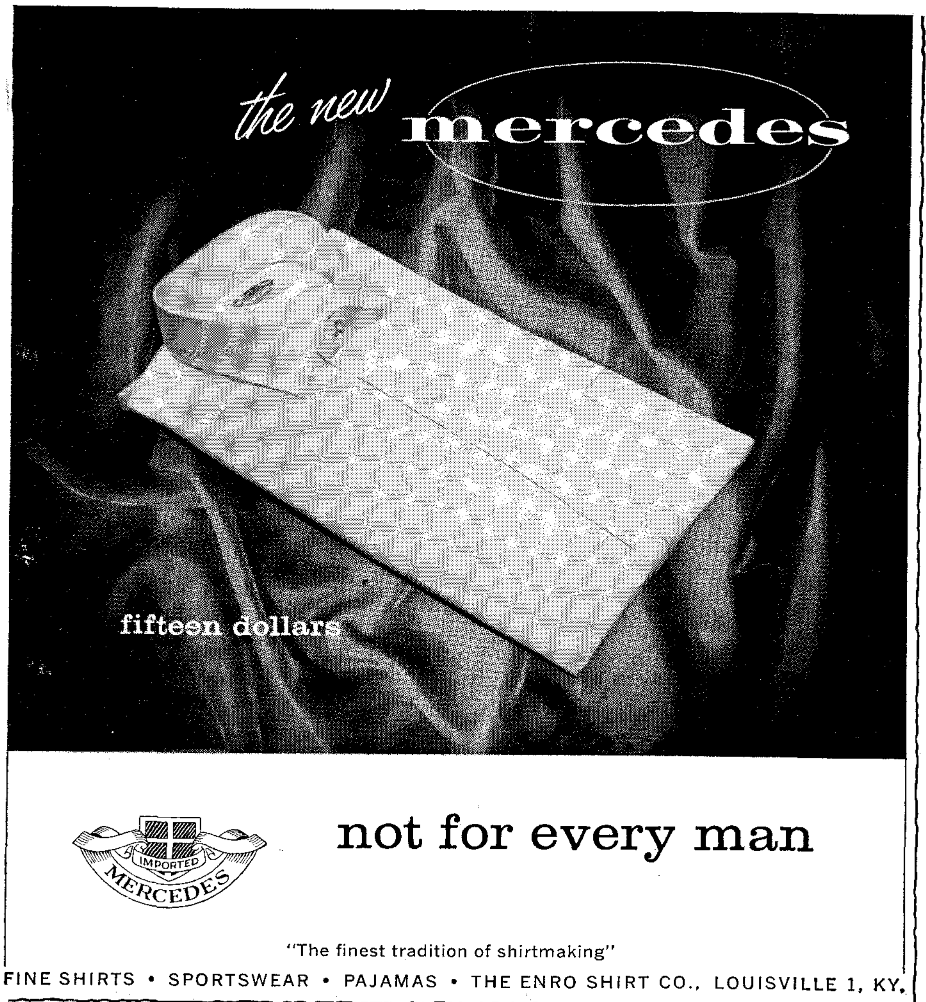
From the pilot's cockpit, over the plane's loudspeaker, you may well hear frequently during your flight the familiar twang of an American captain who hails from Corpus Christi, Texas, or from Pasco, Washington—veterans who have flown millions of air miles during hundreds of flying hours.

Plan now for this unequalled travel experience offered by Ethiopian jets over the romantic Lands of Hemingway and Moorehead! Your Travel Agent will speed your flight.

TWA GENERAL AGENTS IN U. S. AND EUROPE

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

SERVING EUROPE • MIDDLE EAST • AFRICA



not for every man

"The finest tradition of shirtmaking"

FINE SHIRTS • SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS • THE ENRO SHIRT CO., LOUISVILLE 1, KY.

yApre'

Designed by Herbert Bergheim.
Distinguished cravats
in the gentlemen's domain:
7.50 to 15.00. At fine stores...
or write yApre' Cravats, Inc.,
99 Madison Avenue, New York 16.
In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

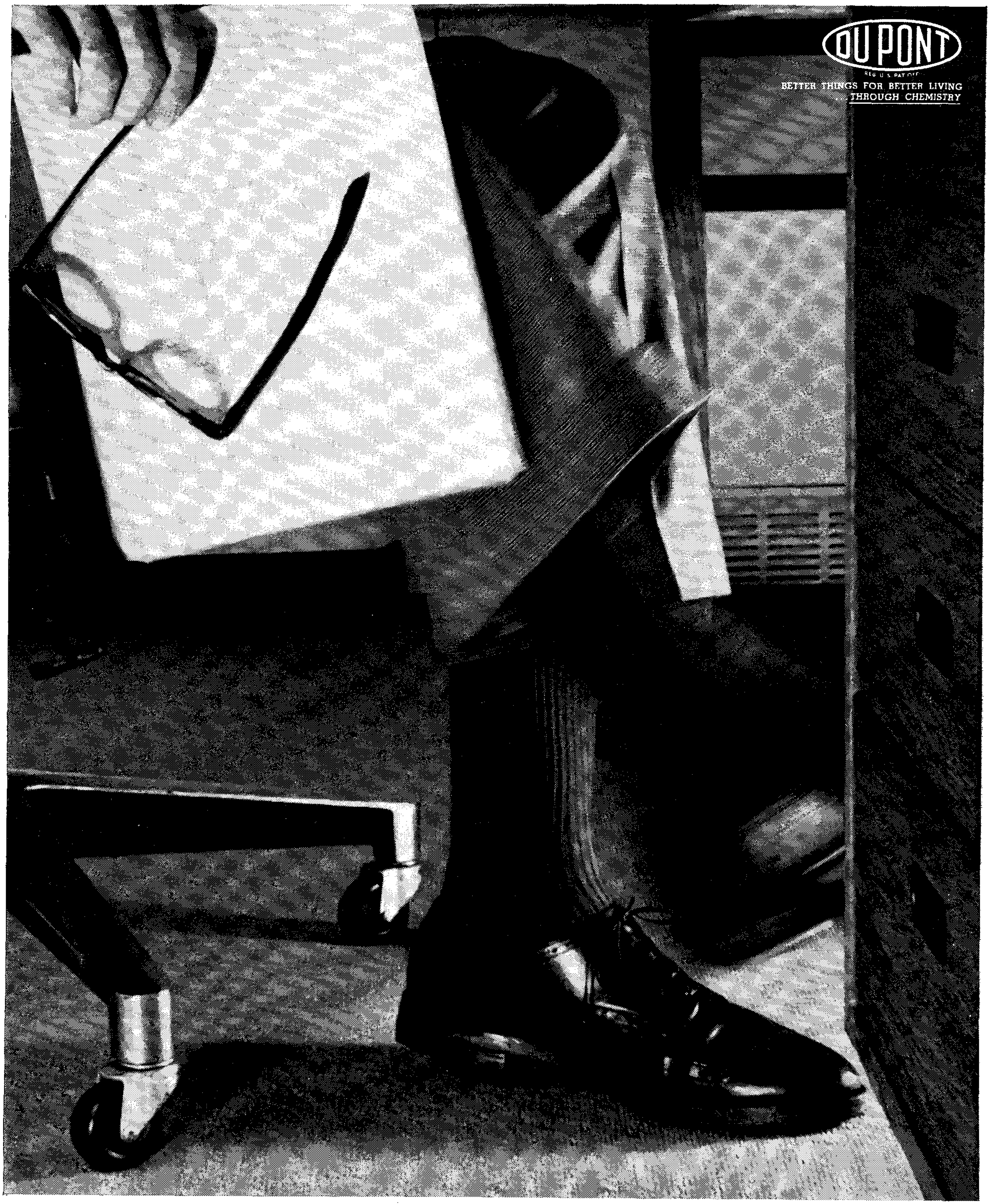
had stuck to Berlin, who now thumped Carr with a second solid epistle:

(1) My reason for not asserting that determinism must be false is simple—I did not, and do not, know whether it is false. The word "here," italicized by Mr. Carr, was meant to indicate that I did not think it appropriate to conduct a full-scale discussion of the arguments for and against determinism in general in a lecture on history, not (as he seems to think) that I claimed to know it to be false but did not bother to show this in the lecture in question. What I did say, and still believe, is that the arguments in favour of determinism are not convincing, let alone conclusive, and that acceptance of it logically entails a far more drastic revision of some of our commonest convictions and notions than is usually allowed for. The belief, for instance, that men who acted in a particular way in a particular situation could, within certain limits, have acted differently in this same situation, in a more than merely logical sense of "could," seems to me to be one of these.

I argued in my lecture that this assumption underlay the normal thought and language of most men and most historians (including Mr. Carr), whereas they do not imply ability [sic] in determinism as described by Mr. Carr, but rather the contrary. But this fact, although it may create a presumption *against determinism, is not*, of course, tantamount to showing that determinism is false, still less that it must necessarily be so; only that if it is, at any rate for practical purposes, a valid hypothesis (as it may be), then much that historians and common men (including Mr. Carr) assume or believe will turn out to be false.

I also argued that we cannot really embrace determinism, that is, incorporate it in our thought and action, without far more revolutionary changes in our language and outlook (some among them scarcely imaginable in terms of our ordinary words and ideas) than are dreamt of in Mr. Carr's philosophy. On the other hand, Mr. Carr is perfectly right in supposing that I believe that the determinist proposition that individual (or indeed any) actions are wholly determined by identifiable causes in time is not compatible with belief in individual responsibility. Mr. Carr believes that both these irreconcilable positions are supported by "common sense and common experience," whereas I think that only the second is what ordinary men assume. It is this paradox that is at the heart of the problem of free-will, and, as I have admitted already, I do not know what its solution is. It is this issue that Mr. Carr dismisses as a "dead horse," as many eminent thinkers have tried to do before him. It has, unfortunately, survived them all and may, I fear, survive him too.

(2) If Mr. Carr supposes that I deny the proposition that "to understand all is to pardon all" he is, once again, perfectly right. But if he infers from this that historians should not, in my view, use all their powers to understand and explain human action, then he is certainly wrong. It seems to me, to give an example, that the better we understand ourselves, the less liable we may be to forgive ourselves for our own actions. But from this it does not begin to follow that historians should not look for "social or eco-


DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TODAY'S PACE CALLS FOR CORPORATE COMFORT

THE LOOK IS BUSINESS. THE FEELING, VACATION. COMFORT IS COMPOUNDED WITH A SPECIAL CUSHION SOLE. THESE SOCKS STAY UP, STAY SMOOTH. AND NO COMPLEXITIES. ONE SIZE FLEXES TO FIT ALL SIZES, 10 TO 13. JUST MACHINE-WASH, MACHINE-DRY. GREAT TO WEAR. GREAT TO GIVE IN 24 COLORS.

SOCKS OF TEXTURED "TYCORA"* DU PONT NYLON HAVE IT!

*Registered trademark of the Textured Yarn Co., Phila. Du Pont makes fibers, not the yarn or socks shown.

wallachs

There's ever so much to
know about Christmas.
For instance,
English school children
invented Christmas cards
a hundred years ago.

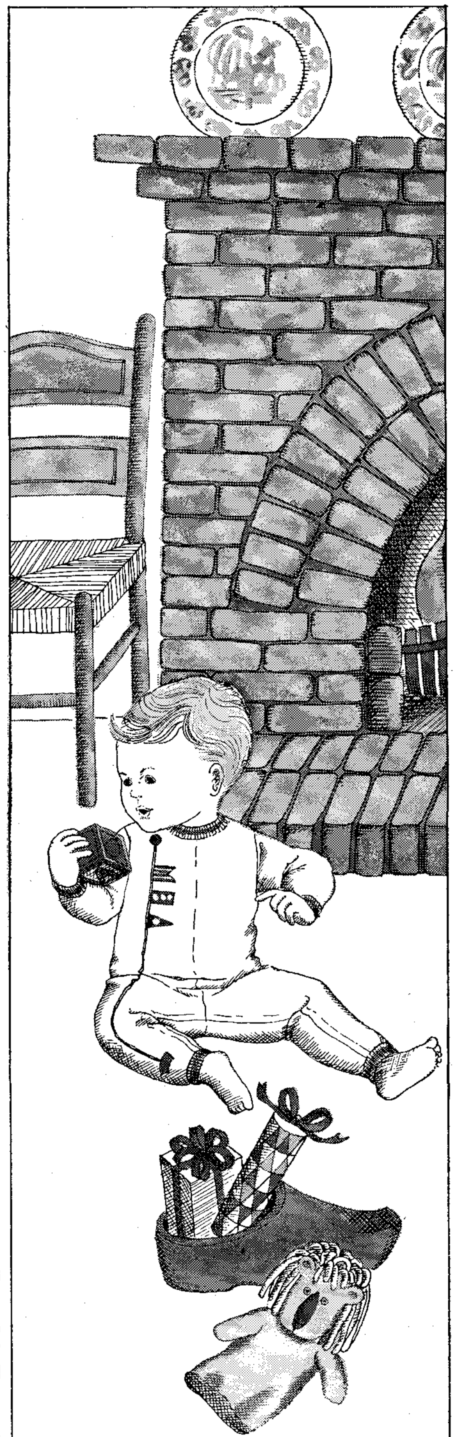
Two-piece Helanca stretch sets are imported French nylon. In the wittiest colors and the prettiest prints at the nicest stores you know.

FLORENCE EISEMAN

nomic causes of the two world wars" because their discoveries may explain away the moral responsibility of specific individuals; they may or may not. It is the business of historians to understand and to explain; they are mistaken only if they think that to explain is *ipso facto* to justify or to explain away. This truism would not need stating were it not for a tendency on the part of some modern historians, in their understandable reaction against shallow, arrogant, or philistine moral judgments (and ignorance or neglect of social and economic causes), to commit themselves to the opposite extreme—the total exoneration of all the actors of history as products of impersonal forces beyond conscious human control.

(3) It is one thing to recognize the right of historians to use words which have moral force, and another to order or recommend historians to deliver moral judgments. I can only say again that to attempt to purge the historian's language of all evaluative force is neither desirable nor possible. But it is a far cry from this to inviting or commanding historians to give marks "to outstanding figures of the past," of which I am accused. In matters of moral judgment historians seem to me to have the same rights and duties, to face the same difficulties, and to be liable to the same lapses as other writers and other men who seek to tell the truth. . . . I sincerely hope, therefore, that in his forthcoming book, which I shall read, like all his other works, with eager interest, he will not charge me with views which neither of us holds. I know that he would not do so willingly.

If Carr had failed to decipher the philosophically coded signals of "Historical Inevitability," he could hardly have failed to understand the letter. But the Cambridge historian was incorrigible; unapologetically, he presented Berlin's head as a trophy in the published book, alongside countless dead and living historians, including Trevor-Roper, who was pinned to the wall as a violent, almost irrational conservative by his own remark "When radicals scream that victory is indubitably theirs, sensible conservatives knock them on the nose." Karl Popper, Professor of Logic and Scientific Method at the London School of Economics, whose "The Open Society and Its Enemies" had made him a pundit without equal on the philosophy of history, and had also put him at least partly on the side of Carr, was another of Carr's trophies—and that despite the prepublication warnings of E. H. Gombrich, a strong ally of Popper's, who often does his public letter writing. "There is something disarming," Gombrich had noted (again in the *Listener's* epistolary tournament), "in Mr. E. H. Carr's picture of himself as another Galilei, facing a bench of such obscurantist inquisitors as Sir Lewis Namier or Professor Popper . . . while boldly holding on to his Marxist belief in the predetermined movement of history



Christmas in Holland
is very different.
Santa Claus is St. Nicholas,
he comes December 5th and
rides a horse
instead of a reindeer.

A That's-All is all a baby has to wear. One-piece, snap crotch, in white, pink or yellow two-ply cotton knit. Ask a nice store about it.

FLORENCE EISEMAN

towards ever-increasing human self-awareness. Unfortunately, he is more like Galilei's famous colleague who refused to look through a telescope."

In his book, Carr unhesitatingly held on to his belief, Marxist or no, that all history is relative to the historians who write it, and all historians are relative to their historical and social background. ("Before you study the history, study the historian. . . . Before you study the historian, study his historical and social environment.") History was not objective (possessing a hard core of facts) but subjective (possessing a hard core of interpretation). Each generation reinterpreted history to suit itself, and a good historian was one who projected his vision into the future—or, rather, one whose vision coincided with the goals toward which history was advancing. History was progress, the forward march of events, and a historian was judged to be good if he left the losers on the "rubbish heap of history" and picked the winners of tomorrow. This, as Berlin, who was thus far Carr's severest critic, pointed out, in his final estimation of the book (*New Statesman*), was a "Big Battalion view of history"—although he acclaimed the book as "clear, sharp, excellently written . . . a bold excursion into a region of central importance where most contemporary philosophers and historians, unaccountably, either fear or disdain to tread." Even as I put down Berlin's review, which was remarkable for pulling its punches, rumors reached me that Trevor-Roper, whose conservative views were destined by Carr to join the rubbish heap of history, was bringing out his *Encounter* chopping block.

By this time, my armchair inquiry had grown to compelling proportions, and I was a captive of the delicate art of the philosophy of history. I felt an impulse to talk to the controversialists themselves. After spending a few days in the public library, I came to realize that England is now the home of historians doing historical philosophy, having grasped the leadership from the Germans, who, from Hegel to Oswald Spengler, were unchallenged champions of the subject; today the Continentals who have thoughts on the study tend to gravitate to Britain. I set myself the assignment of finding out what the practicing historians think about their own craft, and what they think the connection is between their craft and their theories of history—hoping at the same time that I would come to know them both as thinkers and as men. Through my reading of history, I was familiar with the names and writings of many historians who represent various ways of

and suddenly, you feel pretty
wrapped in the romance of
Chantilly
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
perfume imported from Paris by HOUBIGANT
6.50, 12.50, 20.00 plus tax

looking at history. Besides Trevor-Roper and Toynbee, Taylor and Carr, there were Herbert Butterfield, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge; Pieter Geyl, Emeritus Professor of Modern History at the University of Utrecht; C. V. (Veronica) Wedgwood, a historian who wrote popular history at its best; and a number of others—such quiet English historians as Christopher Hill, Professor R. W. Southern, the Reverend Dr. David Knowles, G. R. Elton, Sir John Neale, David Ogg, and the late Professors Richard Pares and Sir Lewis Namier, who cultivated their scholarly gardens in private. (Berlin and Popper occupy some undefined region between history and philosophy, and their views merit a study by themselves.) With an open list of historians to meet, I started out for the colony of intellectuals, my first stop being the study of Trevor-Roper himself, in the History Faculty Library, on Merton Street, in Cambridge.

I FOUND Trevor-Roper—who was born in 1914, the year the First World War started—in his study. He was seated behind a desk in a cold, gray, almost bare room, and he was a youthful-looking gentleman who, one would guess, used a straight razor for a shave. His voice was as bleak as the winter wind from the open window beside his desk, and he had no time for pleasantries. My first few questions fell flat, but mention of the name Taylor made him sit up, rather as a sullen country squire might when he is asked to talk about his grouse shooting.

"I believe in clarity," he said, with a pure B.B.C. accent. "In my article on Taylor, there was not a single emotive word—well, maybe one or two! 'Emotive word' I define as any word that carries with it a value judgment."

I felt I was in the lion's den, but I asked him if speculating on Taylor's motives was not making some sort of value judgment.

"I was following Taylor's stricture in the 'Origins' that one must question the motive of every document," he replied. "For me, Taylor's book is a document, albeit a worthless one. It must, therefore, have a motive. Before speculating on his motives in writing the book, I did consult one or two people—they shall remain nameless."

How did he think the television debate had gone?

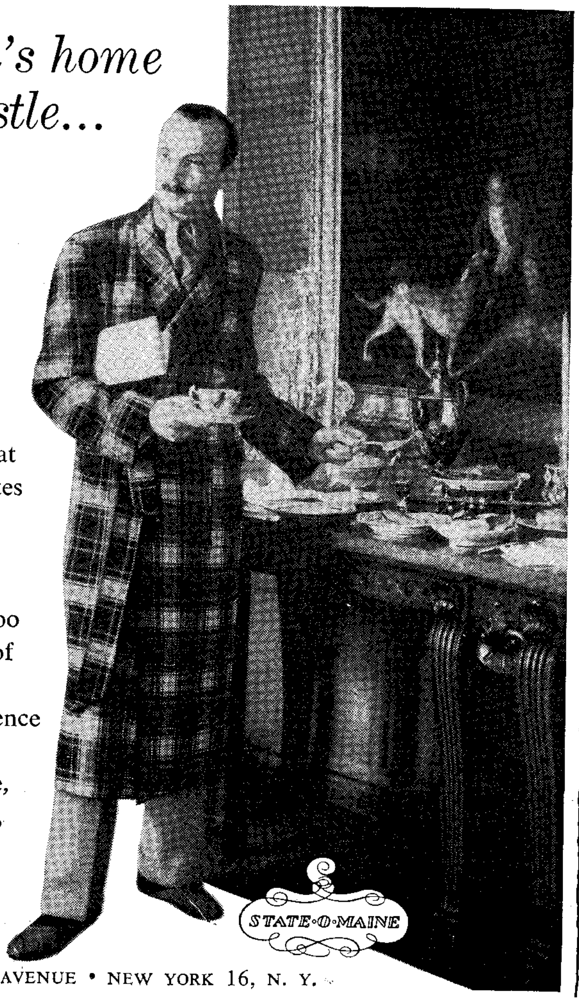
"He called me Hughie, but I was not disconcerted or deflected from my manners," he said. "I called him Taylor—though in private life he is known to me as Alan—because I believe that

Complete the picture with a Sulka handkerchief

The well groomed man now adds dimension to his person with Sulka Cologne—so distinctive, elegant and masculine, it could only have been perfected in France by masters of the art. Cosmopolitan too, the unique Italian decanter that helps make Sulka Cologne not only a proud possession but a preeminent gift. At last, a cologne a man can proudly add to his person or the corner of his handkerchief—but not just *any* handkerchief. Sulka Cologne deserves a Sulka handkerchief. 6 ounce bottle, $9.90 including tax. Our new booklet available on request.

A. Sulka & Company

NEW YORK: 405 PARK AVENUE AT 54TH STREET, PLAZA 8-3030
CHICAGO: 6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, FRANKLIN 2-1425
SAN FRANCISCO: 278 POST STREET AT STOCKTON, DOUGLAS 2-3450
PALM BEACH: 305 WORTH AVENUE, TEMPLE 2-2162

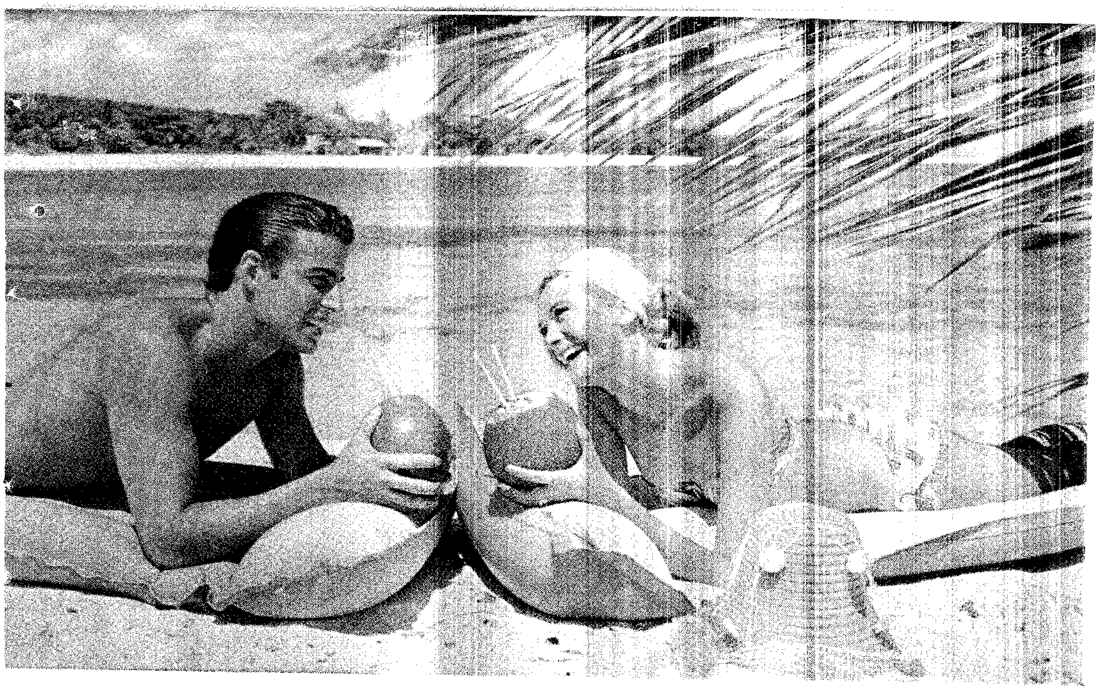


where man's home is his castle...

Viyella® is his robe...

If you feel *he* is sort of special and want a gift that unmistakably communicates that feeling, behold: the Viyella robe by State-O-Maine. You see, Viyella is rather special, too—a special flannel woven of lamb's (not sheep's) wool and long staple cotton. Hence a very light flannel that is warm and cozy. Washable, indeed! In colorful tartans, checks, paisleys and solid colors. $35.

At fine stores or write:
STATE-O-MAINE • 393 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



all sea and sun for swimmers, sunbathers

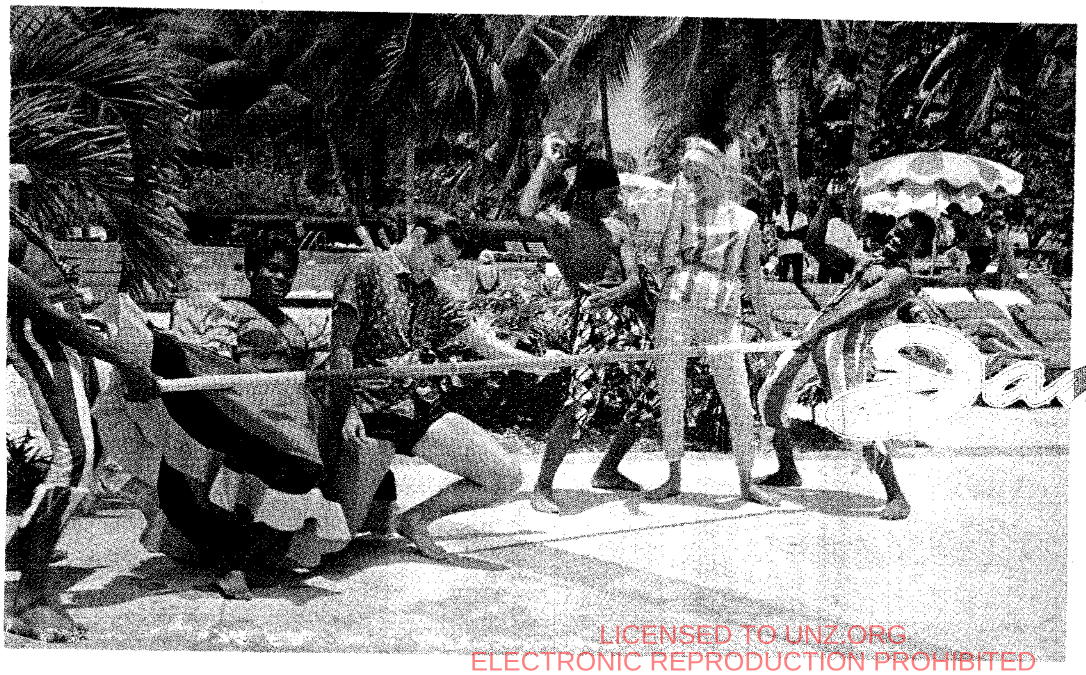
Jamaica's beaches are as beautiful as any under the sun. But there's more to this island than a mermaid's eye-view. Here you can ramble for days without once retracing your steps. Through mountains and valleys, by river and forest, you'll discover a civilization old as your own, a modern nation bustling with life. Meet our people, find the *real* Jamaica in country lane and city street, at village dance and folk museum. This and more is the wonderful world of Jamaica!

come to Jamaica...

all sports and sights for sportsmen, sight-seers

Look at a map. Jamaica's a 4500 square mile island that's big in size and big in fun. It's surrounded by water just perfect for swimming AND skin-diving AND water skiing AND sailing AND deep-sea fishing, while back on land you'll find tennis AND golf AND polo AND horseback riding AND mountain climbing AND limbo dancing AND night spots AND theaters AND a whole lot of other things we haven't the breath left to tell you about!

...all pleasures for all people!



Comfortable hotels, guest houses, cottages await you. Come by jet—3½ hours from New York, 1½ from Miami, 2½ from New Orleans. Or by ship—weekly from New York by Grace Line to Kingston; from Miami by *S.S. Evangeline,* with stop-over & one-way privileges, to Port Antonio and Kingston.

come to

Jamaica

it's no place like home!

See your travel agent or
Jamaica Tourist Board
630 Fifth Ave., New York
also Chicago • Miami • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Seattle • Toronto

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

MOËT
IMPERIAL
CHANDON

Sable by Constantino, Christie Bros., N. Y.

For Memorable Moments...

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

...The Great Champagne of France

Since 1743—produced and bottled where Champagne was born.

in public debate one must not give the impression of a private coterie. I do not think I did badly."

Had he looked at Toynbee's "Reconsiderations"?

"I refuse to read any of him now," he said. "He is utterly repellent to me. His laws are false. He presented the whole Minoan civilization in a way to fit his laws of rout and rally. Etc."

Was it true that he was preparing a piece about Carr for *Encounter*?

"I am reviewing 'What Is History?' at length," he said. "It is not a good book. Carr presents his own side with an enormous degree of sophistication, whilst his opponents are ridiculed. For example, he denigrates the role of accident in history by saying that people who argue from accident are arguing from the shape of Cleopatra's nose, or the proverbial monkey bite that killed the king. They are saying, 'Were it not for the shape of Cleopatra's nose, or the monkey bite that killed the king, the course of history would have been different.' Suppose we substitute for Cleopatra's nose the death of Churchill in 1939. Am I then to be told by the Carrs of this world that the course of history would have gone on pretty much as it did under the leadership of Churchill? For my other criticisms of Carr, I direct you to my *Encounter* review, which will be on the stands in a month or two."

Were there any twentieth-century English historians he admired?

"Not really."

"Not even Tawney or Namier?" I asked. In the eyes of many professional historians in Britain, R. H. Tawney is considered to be second only to Sir Lewis Namier. The two men, it is thought, revolutionized the study of history—one by brilliantly employing economic analysis, the other by using psychological and biographical tools. It is said that Tawney and Namier did for history what Marx and Freud had done for sociology and psychology, respectively.

"A colleague of Tawney's told me the other day," Trevor-Roper said, "that he used to get very emotional about evidence which contradicted his theories. He sometimes valued his conclusions too much. I do admire Namier, though I think his method is a limited one."

"Whom do you admire unreservedly?" I asked.

"Gibbon."

"In this century?"

"One or two French historians."

"Do you have any theories of history yourself?" I asked.

"Yes. I believe in parallels in his-

PIAGET

The most expensive watch in the world

PIAGET is entirely created in Switzerland by inspired artists and technicians

PIAGET is the producer of the only ultra-thin automatic watch in the world (movement 2.3 mm. thick) and of other models of inimitable styling

PIAGET is the specialist in ultra-thin watches

Prices start at $ 500.00

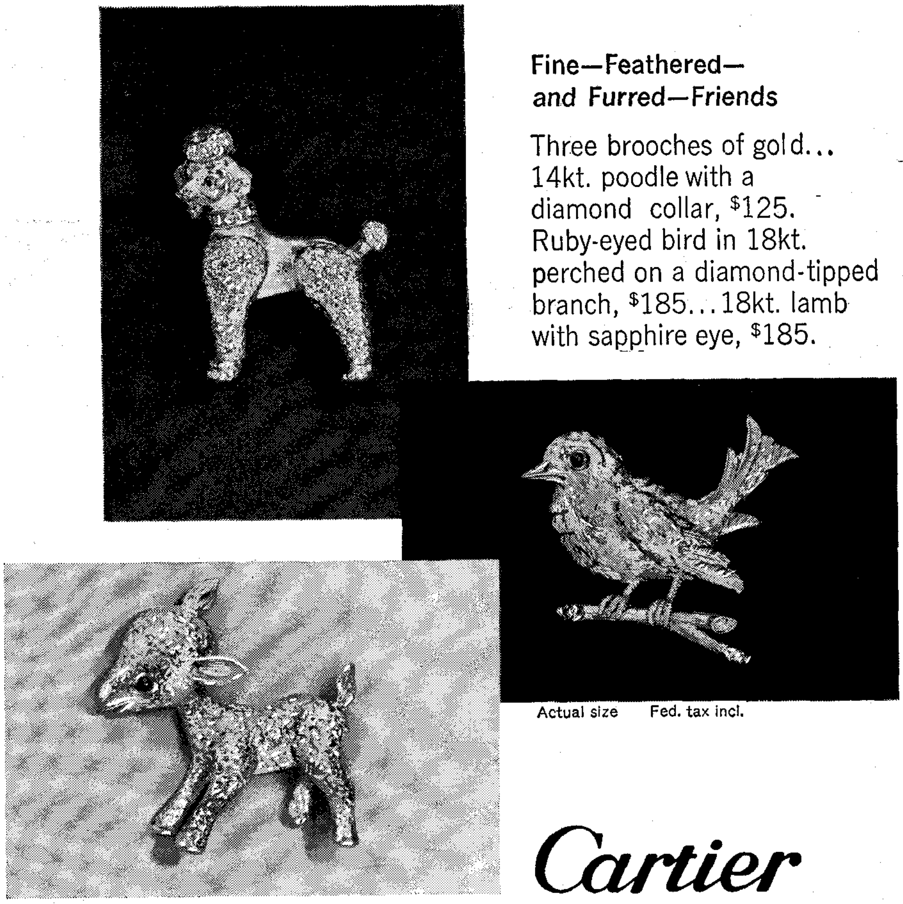
9235 F 4

9133 A 6

PIAGET

Send for illustrated brochures: Piaget Watch Corporation
10, Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

251



Fine—Feathered—
and Furred—Friends

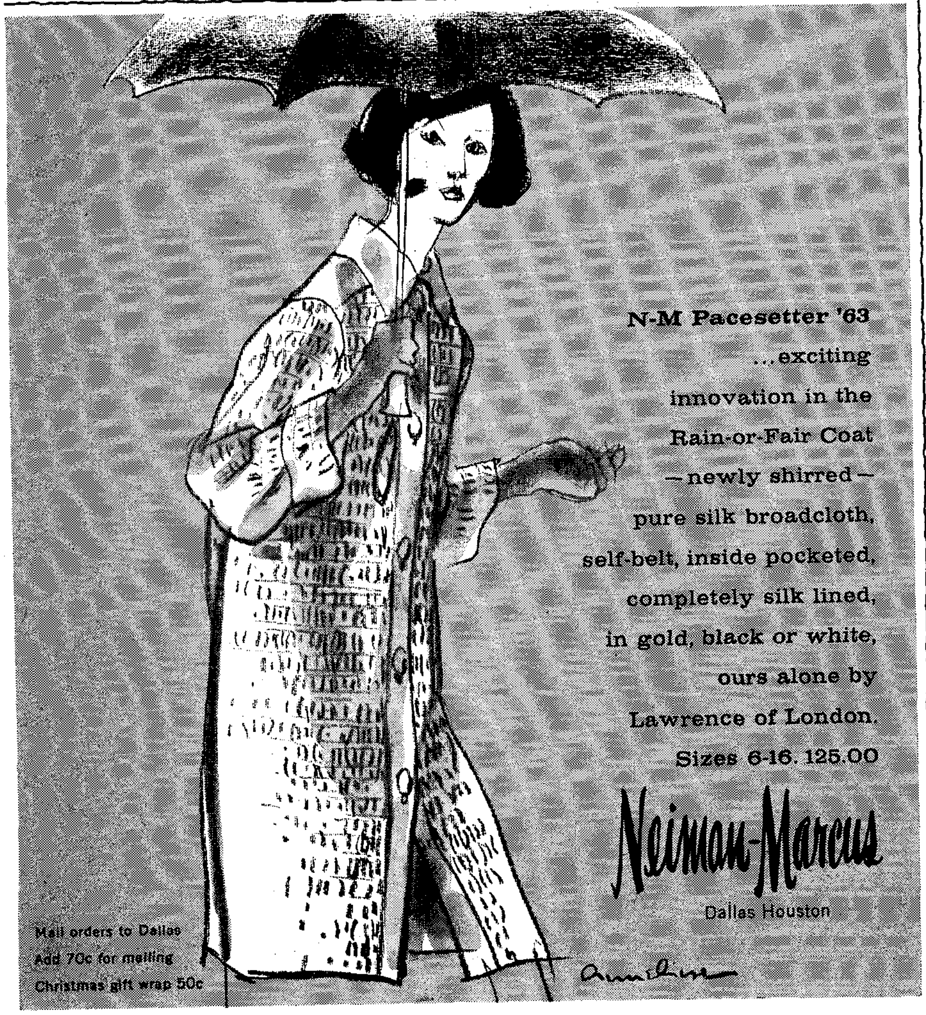
Three brooches of gold... 14kt. poodle with a diamond collar, $125. Ruby-eyed bird in 18kt. perched on a diamond-tipped branch, $185...18kt. lamb with sapphire eye, $185.

Actual size Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE & 52 ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111
340 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA



N-M Pacesetter '63
...exciting innovation in the Rain-or-Fair Coat —newly shirred— pure silk broadcloth, self-belt, inside pocketed, completely silk lined, in gold, black or white, ours alone by Lawrence of London. Sizes 6-16. 125.00

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 70c for mailing
Christmas gift wrap 50c

tory—what happened in the fourth century B.C. can throw light on the twentieth century. I believe in the law of causation—*x* causes *y* in history."

His credo was so unexceptionable that neither Tawney nor Namier nor Toynbee nor Taylor nor Carr would argue with it.

"Sometimes," I said, a little cautiously, "you explain away the works of men like Toynbee and Taylor in terms of their prejudices. Are there any personal details about you that could throw light on your way of writing history?"

"Not really," he said.

As soon as I had left Trevor-Roper, I got hold of a set of proofs of his *Encounter* article, which was called "E. H. Carr's Success Story." Like many other reviewers, Trevor-Roper took the Cambridge historian to task for his determinism (Carr had dismissed the people who tarried over the might-have-beens of history as players of a "parlour-game"); for his new definition of the "objective" historian (believing that historians were not free from prejudice, Carr had to some degree redefined objectivity in a historian, as "the capacity to project his vision into the future"); and for disregarding accidents and contingencies. But the weight of Trevor-Roper's axe fell on Carr personally. Here, as in his other *Encounter* executions, the condemned man's personal life was made the scapegoat for some of his views (this time with the emphasis on Carr's proposition, "Study the historian before you begin to study the facts").

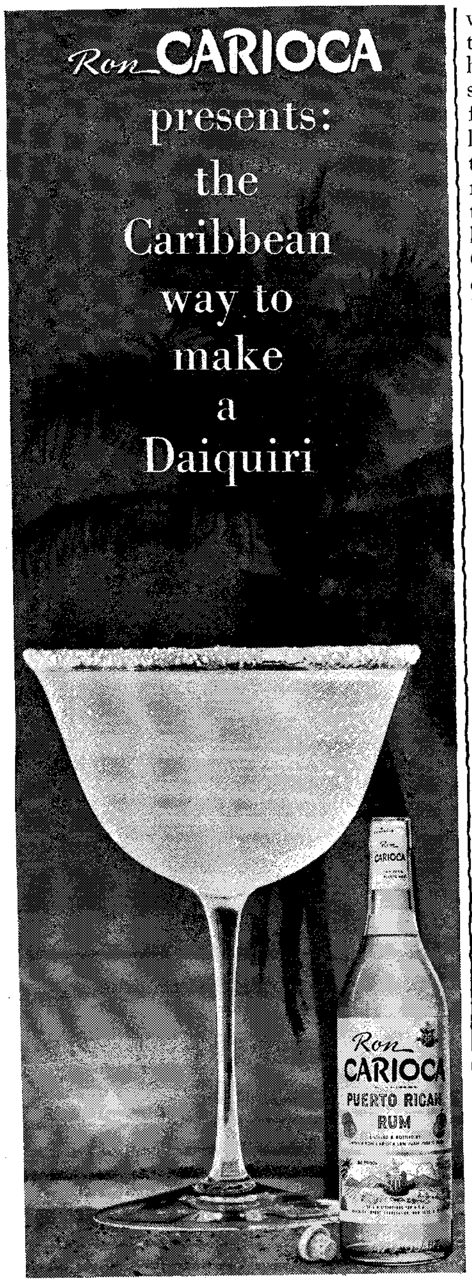
> In 1939 [Trevor-Roper wrote], Mr. Carr published an important book, "The Twenty Years' Crisis," in which he appeared, as so often since, as a "realist," cutting as ruthlessly through the "utopian," "idealist" verbiage of Sir Alfred Zimmern and Dr. Lauterpacht as he now cuts through the antiquated liberalism of Sir Isaiah Berlin and Dr. Popper. The upshot of his argument was that only the realities of power matter, and that German power, and the ideas to which it gave force, must be respected as a *datum* in politics. The book was, as Mr. A. J. P. Taylor has recently called it, "a brilliant argument in favour of appeasement." A few years later, Mr. Carr changed his mind about the realities of power, and during the war, when he contributed largely to *The Times*, he became known as "the Red Professor of Printing House Square." But suppose that, in the 1930s, he had written a history of Germany, "objective" in his sense of the word, according to the evolving standard "laid up in the future," and disregarding "the might-have-beens of history." I have no doubt it would have been a brilliant work, lucid, trenchant, profound. No doubt it would have been acute in analysis and without crude error or misjudgment. Nevertheless, I wonder how

BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS
FRANCE

The woman you remember... wears Caron

© Caron, 1962

BELLODGIA—PARFUMS CARON, PARIS



the Rum (1½ ounces). Never any other than authentic, lively Carioca, kissed by the tropical sun . . .

the Lime (Juice of one). Cool, green, and tart—tender with the perfume of the tropics . . .

the Sugar (1 teaspoon powdered). Smooth and sweet as a gentle tropical breeze . . .

the Rimmed Glass (3 oz. cocktail). Rubbed with lime then dipped in granulated sugar for the Carioca touch. Shake with ice. Strain into the glass. And relax in tropical splendor.

Those who will have nothing less than the genuine always ask for . . .

Ron CARIOCA
"Makes a drink SING!"
PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD LABEL, 80 PROOF, SCHENLEY IMPORT CO.

well it would have worn: how "objective," in any sense of the word, it would have appeared to us now, when the Nazi success story has ended in discredit and failure. In fact Mr. Carr did not write a history of Germany. But his great "History of Soviet Russia" bears the same relation to "What Is History?" which that unwritten history would presumably have borne to "The Twenty Years' Crisis." For what is the most obvious characteristic of "A History of Soviet Russia"? It is the author's unhesitating identification of history with the victorious cause, his ruthless dismissal of its opponents, of its victims, and of all who did not stay on, or steer, the bandwagon. The "might-have-beens," the deviationists, the rivals, the critics of Lenin are reduced to insignificance, denied justice, or hearing, or space, because they backed the wrong horse. History proved them wrong, and the historian's essential task is to take the side of History. . . . No historian since the crudest ages of clerical bigotry has treated evidence with such dogmatic ruthlessness as this. No historian, even in those ages, has exalted such dogmatism into an historiographical theory. As Sir Isaiah Berlin wrote in his review of Mr. Carr's first volume (and perhaps it is this as much as the arguments in "Historical Inevitability" which has provoked Mr. Carr to pursue him so pertinaciously through these pages): "If Mr. Carr's remaining volumes equal this impressive opening, they will constitute the most monumental challenge of our time to that ideal of impartiality and objective truth and even-handed justice in the writing of history which is most deeply embedded in the European liberal tradition."

Impressed as I was by Trevor-Roper's ability to aim his bullets at the most vulnerable parts of his prey, to find the chinks in everybody's armor, I put down "E. H. Carr's Success Story" in a state of exasperation. Trevor-Roper had a gift for marshalling the faults of a historian—a Toynbee, a Taylor, a Carr—without a grain of sympathy. After reading him, one wondered why the books had been written at all, why anyone read them, why anyone took them seriously. He put me in mind of a literary critic who has no love for writers, whose criticism is not an enhancement of our understanding, an invitation to read the book again in the light of his interpretation, but simply an instrument of destruction. Yet the paradox was that in principle Trevor-Roper seemed to have no objection to historians who, in error, put forward challenging theses. He had written once in a lecture, "Think of the great controversies launched by Henri Pirenne's famous thesis on Mohammed and Charlemagne. No one now accepts it in the form in which he published it. But how the living interest in Europe's dark ages was re-created by the challenge which he uttered and the controversy which he engendered! Think too of Max Weber's famous thesis on the Protestant ethic: a thesis of startling simplicity and—in my opinion—demonstrable error. But how much poorer our understanding of the Reformation, how much feebler our interest in it would be today, if that challenge had not been thrown down, and taken up! The greatest professional historians of our century . . . have always been those who have applied to historical study not merely the exact, professional discipline they have learned within it but also the sciences, the hypotheses, the human interest which—however intermixed with human error—have been brought into it by the lay world outside."

Perhaps the explanation of Trevor-Roper's Janus-like posture, scowling at Pirennes and Webers with one face, smiling at them with the other, lay not with him but with England. Even as I had been chasing the Hydra of historical controversy, the intellectual atmosphere in Britain was thickening with hundreds of other altercations until the air choked with a miasmic, blinding fog. In a sense, to follow any of the proliferating controversies to its roots was to discover oneself writing about the intellectual life of a people. Going for the largest game, creating an intellectual sensation, striking a posture, sometimes at the expense of truth, stating the arguments against a book or its author in the most relentless, sometimes violent way, engaging the interest of practically the whole literary population by using every nook and cranny of journalism, carrying on a bitter war of words in public but keeping friendships intact in private, generally enjoying the fun of going against the grain—all these features prominent in historical disputation were also part of the broader English mental scene. The more secure the castle of any reputation, the more battering rams arrived to assail it, and Sir Charles Snow and Dr. F. R. Leavis were but the most spectacular casualties of what one philosopher in the *New Statesman* called "a ruinous conflict." The role of the papers themselves in many of these personal or intellectual conflicts could be glimpsed in the *Spectator's* first publishing the acrimonious and ruinous utterances of Leavisites and Snowites and then closing the controversy with an editorial that began, "Controversy on matters of intellectual principle frequently has the disadvantage of obscuring those issues which it is intended to lay bare." I had not read all

CLASSIFIED CHRISTMAS

CONNOISSEURS

AN EXOTIC MUFFLER of sable will do quite nicely if you promise her a whole coat in two years. We have natural sable, 295.00, or tipped sable for 195.00, and a handsome white mink, 110.00. Prices plus tax.

CHICNECK: Our six strand necklace of baroque cultured pearls, clasped with clumps of aventurine, amethyst and topaz. 100.00 plus tax.

LE RENNE ETINCELANT: Our very festive, imported reindeer head pin in pretty pretend-gold with flashing jeweled eyes and antler trim. 47.50 plus tax.

WE GO TO ANY LENGTH: 4, 5, 8, 12, 18, 20 and 23 button gloves in the comprehensive Carnegie glove collection, including very exclusive ones lined in Carnegie Blue silk.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

BABY SITTER WANTED when the lady of the house goes out with a French tissé evening bag from our one-of-a-kind collection. One we particularly endorse is beaded in a silver, gold and platinum mille-fleurs pattern with a glittery golden clasp. 225.00 plus tax.

CHRISTMAS MIGRAINE? WANT LASTING RELIEF? Visit Carnegie's creative corner, recommended by ex-sufferer of Christmas shopping. Call Miss Amstel for help. PL 5-2600.

FINGER EXERCISES taught by French experts in a superb collection of gloves. Kitten-soft kidskin from Paris in one of the most beautiful collections in New York. 14.00 to 24.00.

SAME DAY SERVICE. Hattie Carnegie will gift wrap your present free of charge and deliver it in Manhattan the same day.

SHOES CUSTOM COBBLED TO YOUR ORDER. Take any Carnegie dress to I. Miller's Salon, Fifth Avenue at 57 Street, and they'll custom cobble a shoe for you. Ask for Mr. Murray Marcus.

ENTERTAINMENT

A DANCE THIS SEASON? Visit Hattie Carnegie and peruse their distinguished collection of long ball gowns.

ANIMAL CRACKERS: Give her a bundle of baby leopard skins, all gift wrapped. It makes one of America's most unusual gifts. You select the skins, she picks the coat, and we can control her on price. A gift for the man who means it.

ENTERTAINMENT (continued)

LEARN TO TWIST. But be sure it's a necklace of branch coral. There's no time like the "present" time to choose a gift as fashionable as coral. We particularly like the four strand necklace for 45.00 plus tax in our jewelry department. An exclusively Hattie Carnegie design.

SOCIAL

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFULS: Brighten her party personality with something from our collection of Christmas earrings. Huge, three and a half inch cascades of gold mesh with splashes of rhinestones and droplets of pearls, 18.00 plus tax.

SOCIAL CONFIDENCE: You'll find it comes right along with anything you buy at Hattie Carnegie.

PERSONAL

INFLUENCE PEOPLE AND WIN FRIENDS. Send a Christmas present from Hattie Carnegie.

POSITION WANTED: Someone to pose in front of the fire at home or in the ski lodge in one of Carnegie's warm, wonderful and weightless Italian cardigans. The one we particularly have in mind is a black and white rick-rack pattern in wool and chenille that's tops on slacks and simplest dresses. 60.00.

SEE MISS IRENE. Hattie Carnegie's glove expert will help you select the length and shade to most perfectly complement your costume.

BEAUTY

HOME THERAPY: Give her the most relaxing, most luxurious Hattie Carnegie Freudian Frill bath oil and cologne set. 5.00 plus tax, in our special Blue or Pink scent. Blue is sexier. Pink is lighthearted.

GENERAL

A NAVY BLUE ALLIGATOR bag lined in suede—one of the most elegant ones we imported from France this season. Compartmentalized inside and out. Zipper pocket, separate pouches bound with matching blue leather, even a built-in hanger for keys. 350.00 plus tax.

FOR SALE: A golden colored tree pin with glittering foliage to present to friends, secretaries and any hard to please people on your Christmas list. Jade or shades of blue and turquoise with rhinestone sparklets. 8.00 plus tax.

GARDENING

HAVE THE LINGERING NOSTALGIA of a summer garden all year long. Send her a beautiful bottle of Hattie Carnegie Cologne in Pink, Blue, Carte Blanche, Beige. Bottle has metered squirt. 5.00 plus tax.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: A perfect jewel case in Portofino colors, lined in suede. Turquoise, red, white, bone or lime with three zipper sections and a suede earring and ring bar. One of our own Italian imports. 20.00.

LOSING MONEY? Treat yourself to our safe, soft and supple calfskin wallet from Italy that comes in a marvelous shade of newly minted green, or red, turquoise, bone, white, yellow. 10.00.

HOLIDAYS AND TRAVEL

RUSH OFF to Roberta of Venice where you will see the most incredibly beautiful bags in the world. Or, just come to Carnegie and view the very special collection we brought back from Italy to save you some time. One of the bags we especially love is a shiny lacquered pouch in shades of cobalt blue cord. 90.00 plus tax.

SOUTHERN COMFORT: Anything you forgot to bring is at Hattie Carnegie's Palm Beach Salon, 300 Royal Poinciana Way North.

TRAVEL INJA: The most beautiful genuine paisley shawls cut up into long evening skirts, short sheath skirts, wrap skirts, from 135.00, and crisp skimmer tops beginning at 100.00. Superb holiday gifts from the man who knows his wife is chic.

VIA VENETO: A beautiful apartment overlooking the Spanish Steps available now. All you have to supply is the lovely lady and a nylon chiffon lacy lady gown to really get in the Roma swing. Buy your darling this gown for 65.00 or any one from the Christmas lingerie collection at Hattie Carnegie.

Christmas felicitations
to our clientele. We wish you
the calmest, quietest, nicest
Noel you've ever had.
Hattie Carnegie

42 East 49th Street, New York, New York
300 Royal Poinciana Way North, Palm Beach

Now...more than ever, it's
PALM BEACH
and the **PALM BEACH** *Biltmore*

All the luxuries of this sun-splashed resort are yours to enjoy this winter at most modest rates. Swim and soak up the sun in our lovely pool or at the ocean. Enjoy tennis, water sports, deep sea fishing, racing and Jai Alai. Dance to the music of a Meyer Davis Orchestra under the direction of Paul Sparr with planned nightly entertainment.

All rooms are air-conditioned and heated and have breathtaking views. Food is lavishly prepared and served.

FREE GOLF
OCEAN AND POOL SWIMMING
AT THE SMART SUN AND SURF CLUB

Write for color brochure and special "Holiday House Party" program featuring 12 days of exciting family events!

THE PALM BEACH BILTMORE
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA • TEmple 2-1781
New York Office, 680 Fifth Ave., PLaza 9-7250

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE H. R. WEISSBERG CORPORATION

BERNARDO
Loki

From the Bernardo collection, $7.95 to $18.95. Flat or with medium heel. Available at all Lord & Taylor stores or write Bernardo Sandals, Inc., 17 East 22nd Street, New York 10.

the volumes of "A Study of History," or actually agreed with "The Origins of the Second World War," or carefully listened for the thunder of the big battalions in Carr's monumental work on Russia, or probably grasped the full implications of "What Is History?," but I had read enough of, and thought enough about, many of the works to be excited by them, and to be interested in these historians as men.

MY next visit was to Arnold Toynbee, who works in Chatham House, in London—the home of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

I arrived at the two-hundred-year-old house early one afternoon, and was shown by a watchful porter to a door on the second floor marked rather portentously "The Toynbee Room," but the professor who opened the door was anything but portentous. Toynbee, who is seventy-three, is a medium-sized, alert-looking man with a heavy head and a heavy nose. He was wearing an old blue serge suit, which hung rather loosely around him, and he suggested a saint who is wrapped up in his theories and his prayers and yet is eager to please. The Toynbee Room appeared to be a shrine not so much to him as to a world long past. Books on archeology, on ancient Greece and Rome, on China, on Egypt, on the Orient were spread out like panel after panel of mosaics in a cathedral. Over the fireplace was a portrait of Toynbee.

"Oh," he said of this, rather apologetically, looking away from it, "I used to have a rather good print of the Parthenon there, but my elder son presented me with this painting and . . . "

There wasn't a single volume on the twentieth century, and when I commented on this, Toynbee said simply, "I keep all the modern books at home. I will be leaving those to the family. These more valuable ones I am leaving to Chatham House."

We sat facing each other in a corner and talked.

I asked Toynbee how he managed to produce one thick volume almost each year.

"I have a very good memory, but it sits lightly on me," he said. "I read an enormous amount, but I suppose it's from experience that I know exactly what to copy down in my ruled, ten-by-six notebooks. I have a sort of foreknowledge about useful material. Sometimes I take notes years in advance of actually writing a book. I have just been in Italy in connection with a study on ancient Rome, for which I have been unsystematically taking notes for the last forty-odd years. Whenever I come across an interesting quotation, I copy it out in one of my notebooks, and I have now filled twenty-five of them. Incidentally, I have sold my notebooks, along with the longhand text of 'A Study of History,' to the manuscript collector Arthur Houghton, of Corning Glass. If it doesn't bore you, I was in America recently, and called on Houghton and found some of my writings, framed, alongside some by Alexander Pope, who has an exquisite hand. It was like returning from the dead." He laughed quietly.

"How did you come to write your 'Study of History'?" I asked.

"It all goes back to the First World War," Toynbee answered readily. "I happened to be rereading Thucydides' 'Peloponnesian War', when it struck me that the tragic experience we were going through had already been experienced by the Greeks. It came to me that it was possible for one society to have experienced things—such as a mortal war—that were still in the future for another society. Two societies could be spaced wide apart chronologically and yet be mentally contemporaneous. I have been at work on the 'Study' ever since."

With time banished as a factor from the life of a society, Toynbee said, a human mind could compare and contrast the experiences of various societies and make some fruitful, scientifically valid generalizations about man's experience in the universe. From the very beginning, he went on, his whole enterprise had been precarious. There was the antipathetic climate of opinion, the depression, the war, and a race with his own life cycle. He had written his book under tremendous mental pressure, and it was only by chance that it was not killed before its inception. "In 1911," Toynbee explained, "I came down from Balliol and made straight for Greece. I spent a year there, tramping about the villages, talking to anybody and everybody, generally learning about Greece. I had an inaccurate Austrian staff map with me, which, among the other howlers, indicated a nonexistent road. I thought I'd found it, and, being thirsty, drank a lot of the roadside water, until a Greek shouted across to me, 'You shouldn't drink that water, it's *bad* water!' Because of the bad water, I contracted dysentery, which took years to throw off, but because of the dysentery I was not a second lieutenant in the war, and did not, like half my college contemporaries, die in it. Isn't it extraordinary how chance does work in history?"

"If you believe in chance," I asked,

Ready to travel at the mere hint of a trip is the all-seasons Macintosh IMPERVION®. A dauntless weathercoat that sheds rain and wind with equal aplomb, IMPERVION provides the highest possible degree of water and stain repellency. Wash it . . . dry clean it . . . IMPERVION never needs reproofing. Impeccably tailored of long staple cotton, its versatility is surpassed only by its classic styling and perennial good looks. For men: Dover Sand, Fawn, Olive, Navy, Black. For women: Mist White or Regency Blue. $49.50. *Other Macintosh weathercoats from $32.50.*

The authentic
MACINTOSH®
Made in England

At stores below, or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc.,
sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NEW YORK......Abercrombie & Fitch
Acton, Mass...........A. C. Flagg & Son
Albany, N. Y.....W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass.............House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.........................John Jarrell
Baltimore, Md.......Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.............George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.......Johnny Appleseed's
Birmingham, Ala..................*Richard's*
Boston, Mass...........Arthur L. Johnson
Boston, Mass..................Jordan Marsh
Brockton, Mass....................Tonis, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass...........J. August Co.
Carmel, Calif...........Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Charlotte, N. C...........Jack Wood Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.......Abercrombie & Fitch
Cincinnati, O..............*Carriage Trade*
Cincinnati, O..Vonder Brink & Baron
Clearwater, Fla.......MacMartin Assoc.
Cleveland, Ohio..The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs Abercrombie & Fitch
Denver, Colo..............Gano Downs Co.
Detroit, Mich...........Capper & Capper
Duluth, Minn..............Harry Allenfall
Greenville, S. C..............*Rush Wilson*
Greensboro, N. C...........Younts DeBoe
Hartford, Conn.................Henry Miller
Homer, N. Y.................Old Fire House
Houston, Texas.................Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. Strauss & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.................Jack Henry
Kansas City, Mo.......................Farrar's
Lexington, Ky............Town & Country
Little Rock, Ark..................*Bauman's*
Los Angeles, Calif....Boshard Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.........Phelps Terkel
Madison, Wis...........MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, Vt.......Chas. F. Orvis Co.
Memphis, Tenn.........................Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wis.....MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn...........Nicolas, Inc.
Morristown, N. J...........*Anson Newton*
New Haven, Conn............Gentree Ltd.
New Haven, Conn..............Ann Taylor
New Canaan, Conn...Bob's Sport Shop
New York..........Abercrombie & Fitch
Norfolk, Va.......Fishback & Lea Ltd.
Omaha, Neb.........Charles J. Assmann
Philadelphia, Pa.....Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa.....................*Larrimor's*
Pittsburgh, Pa...........................*Surrey*
Pittsfield, Mass...................Elise Farar
Pittsfield, Mass...................Rosenfeld's
Princeton, N. J.......................Langrock
Providence, R. I.........Elsbree Valleau
Providence, R. I.....Leopold Feldstein
Richmond, Va.............Berry Burk Co.
Rochester, N. Y...................Projansky
Rochester, N. Y..........*Whillock Bros.*
St. Louis, Mo...............................Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn.....................Gokey Co.
Salt Lake City................Arthur Frank
San Francisco...........Robert Kirk Ltd.
San Francisco....Abercrombie & Fitch
Seattle, Wash....................Littler Inc.
Spokane, Wash. Davenport Sport Shop
Syracuse, N. Y...................Flah & Co.
Trenton, N. J............Richard Bennett
Tucson, Ariz....................Mills Touché
Washington, D.C. Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Me.....Dunham's of Maine
Wellesley, Mass...........................Ara's
Williamstown, Mass...House of Walsh
Wilmington......Mansure & Prettyman
Worcester, Mass.......House of Doherty

JADE
for a gentleman

Tie bar, leaf green jade
with 14 karat gold, 42.00

Cuff links, leaf green jade,
14 karat gold mounting, the pair 75.00

Tie tack, leaf green jade,
14 karat gold, 20.00

Above jewelry is available in
black jade at the same prices.

Pocket knife of leaf green jade
with two stainless steel blades, 27.50

Jewelry shown actual size.
Federal Tax included, no postage.
Add 4% Sales Tax in California.

Send 25¢ for new Gift Catalog.

GUMP'S
250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 8

Flawless taste
in cashmere. Two handsome
new sweaters, made in
England of unbelievably
luxurious 4-ply cashmere.
Impeccably classic, superbly
styled with smart saddle
shoulder. Cardigan, about $35.00;
pullover, about $27.50.

Alan Paine

Rich's Career Shop, *Atlanta, Ga.* • **Hutzler's**, *Baltimore, Md.* • **George J. Good**, *Berkeley, Calif.* • **Tom Bass**, *Bethlehem, Pa.* • **R. H. Stearns Co.**, *Boston, Mass.* • **Derek Rayne, Ltd.**, *Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal.* • **Jack Krawcheck**, *Charleston, S.C.* • **Belk Bros. Co.**, *Charlotte, N.C.* • **Ed Michtom's**, *Charlottesville, Va.* • **Capper & Capper**, *Chicago & Detroit* • **H. & S. Pogue Co.**, *Cincinnati, Ohio.* • **The Halle Bros. Co.**, *Cleveland, Ohio* • **Jas. K. Wilson Co.**, *Dallas, Texas* • **College Shop**, *Durham, N.C.* • **Campbell's Suburban Shop**, *E. Lansing, Mich.* • **Gene Lashley**, *Greensboro, N.C.* • **Rush Wilson Ltd.**, *Greenville, S.C.* • **C. J. Crego & Son**, *Harrisburg, Pa.* • **Meyers, Inc.**, *Lexington, Ky.* • **J. W. Robinson**, *Los Angeles, Calif.* • **Stewart Dry Goods Co.**, *Louisville, Ky.* • **Raby/Jordan**, *Lynchburg, Va.* • **MacNeil & Moore**, *Milwaukee, Wis.* • **Bloomingdale's**, *New York & Branches* • **Wallachs**, *New York & Branches* • **Fishback & Lea, Ltd.**, *Norfolk, Va.* • **Charles J. Assmann**, *Omaha, Neb.* • **John Wanamaker**, *Philadelphia, Pa.* • **Lowenson's**, *Portland, Ore.* • **Harvey, Ltd.**, *Providence, R.I.* • **Norman's Inc.**, *Raleigh, N.C.* • **Miller & Rhoads, Inc.**, *Richmond, Va.* • **Mac Hugh, Inc.**, *Ridgewood, N.J.* • **Davidsons**, *Roanoke, Va.* • **Frank Bros.**, *San Antonio, Texas* • **Roos/Atkins**, *San Francisco, Calif.* • **Tweeds & Weeds**, *Santa Barbara, Calif.* • **Dall's**, *Schenectady, N.Y.* • **Littler**, *Seattle, Wash. & Pebble Beach, Cal.* • **Norm Meager, Inc.**, *Southern California* • **The Crescent**, *Spokane, Wash.* • **Root's**, *Summit, N.J.* • **Woodward & Lothrop**, *Washington, D.C.* • **Phelps-Wilger**, *Westwood Village, Calif.* • **Norman Stockton, Inc.**, *Winston-Salem, N.C.*

For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"how can you believe in historical laws?"

"I am a determinist," Toynbee said, "but, paradoxically, I believe in free will. I often think back to the intervention of chance, like the death of Alexander the Great. Had he not died young, he might have politically united the world. Today, instead of two warring camps, we might have had a united world, with no nuclear sword of Damocles over our heads."

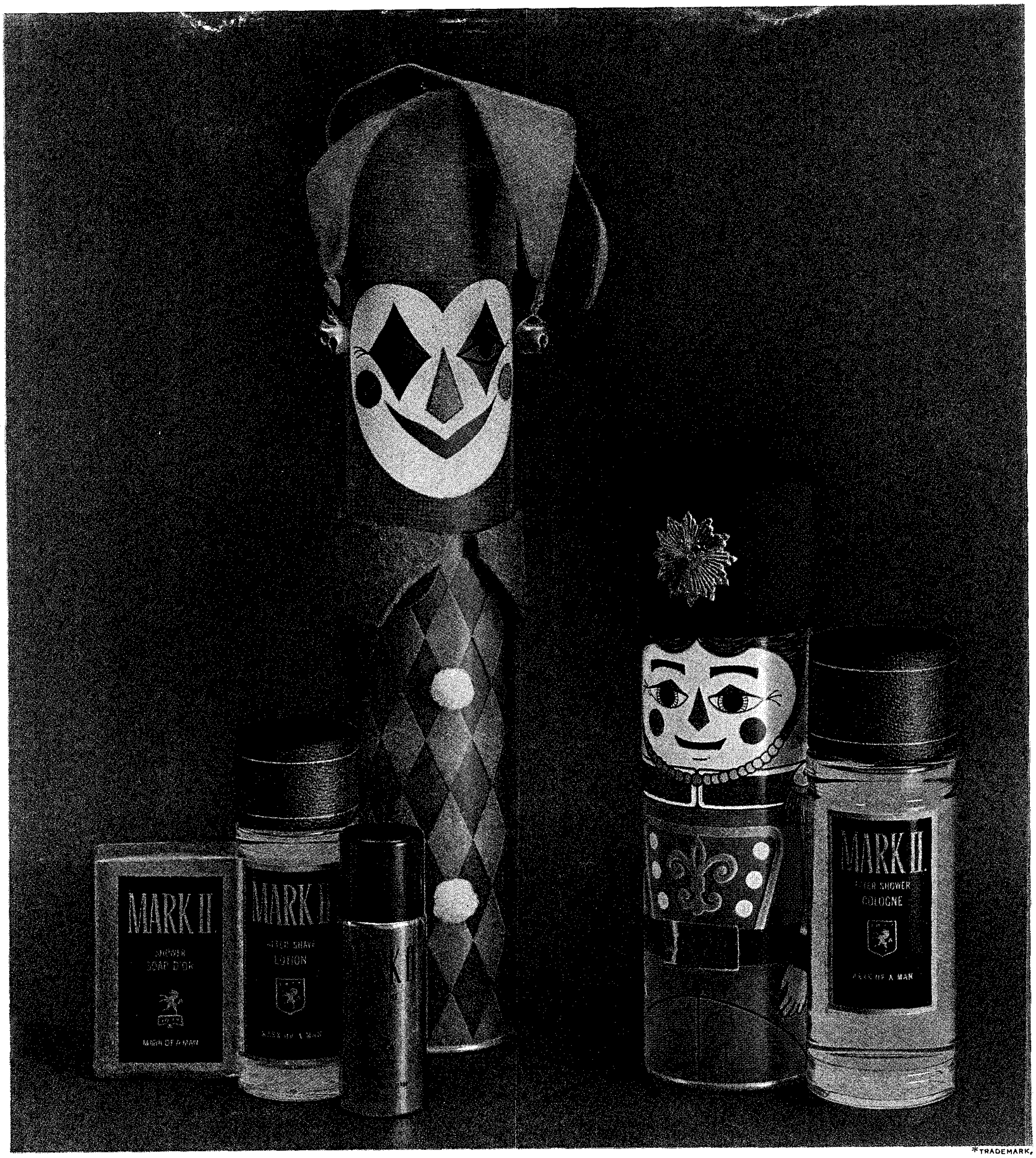
"But if one chance can affect history so," I insisted, "then—"

"Ah, yes!" he interrupted. "But Alexander the Great is an exception. In his case, no other Alexander came along to do the job. In most cases, there are many candidates, and it's a matter of chance who does the job, who gets the recognition. Many people had the idea of evolution simultaneously in the nineteenth century, *because the time was ripe*, but Charles Darwin got the recognition."

Granted that, so to speak, human fruits did ripen and rot according to the seasons of civilizations, how had Toynbee had the audacity to formulate climatic laws from only a couple of dozen specimen societies?

"I would, of course, have liked hundreds and thousands of specimen civilizations to work from, but I did the best I could with the samples I had," Toynbee replied immediately. "Charles Darwin says somewhere that 'ten specimens are too many for a scientist.' "

All the criticisms and reconsiderations, Toynbee said, had not shaken his fundamental belief that human experience has a pattern, a shape, an order; indeed, he had anticipated, in 1919, when he first outlined his magnum opus, all the criticism that was later heaped on his head. Today he stood alone as a grand generalizer, but he comforted himself with the thought that the days of the microscope historians were probably numbered. They, whether they admitted it or not, had sacrificed all generalizations for patchwork, relative knowledge, and they thought of human experience as incomprehensible chaos. But in the perspective of historiography, they were in the minority, and Toynbee, in company with St. Augustine—he felt most akin to him—Polybius, Roger Bacon, and Ibn Khaldun, was in the majority. "You see," Toynbee said, "I was a scholar at Winchester, and naturally subjected to all sorts of tribal customs. I fought many of the customs, and you can, I think, explain away some of my differences with the contemporary historians—I am a minority of one—by

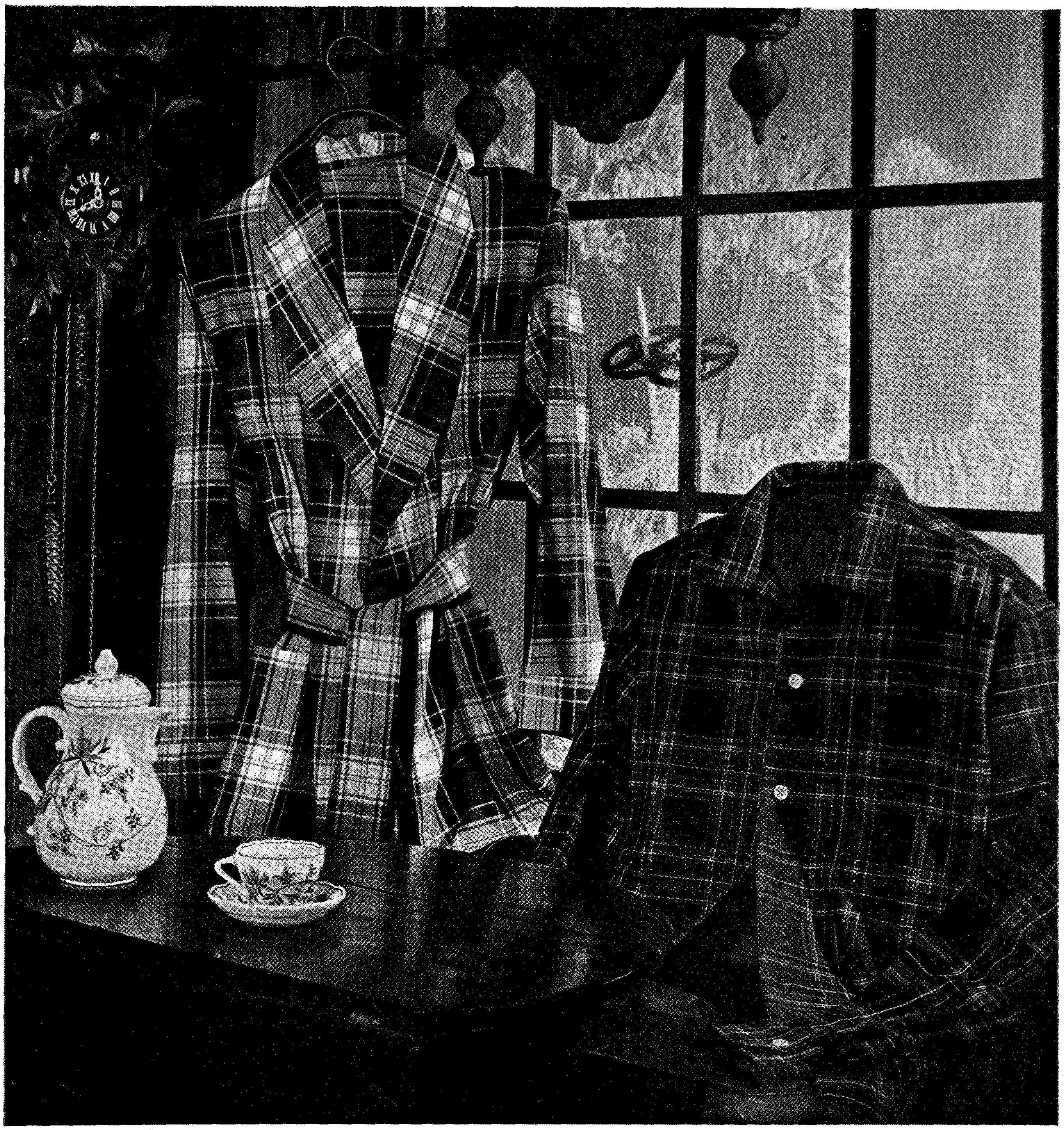


*TRADEMARK.

It's more fun with Mark II*

If you want to see a twinkle in his eye . . . give him a Mark II package of fun tonight! MARK II is the vibrant, exciting fragrance for a *man.* No sweet stuff, this! Its uncopyable blend creates an essence of elegance that appeals to the male and to the woman near him. Over one hundred of the world's most priceless essences and oils ignite to make one unforgettable masculine fragrance. The bite of strange herbs, newly crushed. The sultry woody warmth of oriental oils. Zesty freshness from sun-ripened Mediterranean citrons. MARK II Gift Packages of Fun: Courtly Jester—After Shave Lotion, Cologne and Soap D'Or $5.50†. Royal Guardsman with After Shower Cologne $3.50†. MARK II—*mark of a man*—gifts up to $2,500.

At fine stores including: New York, Lord & Taylor; Denver, Denver Dry Goods; Los Angeles, The May Co.; Memphis, Lowensteins; Miami, Burdines; Newark, Bambergers; New Orleans, Maison Blanche; Philadelphia, Strawbridge & Clothier, John Wanamaker; Rochester, Sibleys; San Francisco, The Emporium. ©1962. †Plus Tax.
The Mark II Company, New York, Philadelphia. Special Services Dept. P.O.B. 7762, Philadelphia.



WHEN THE SNOW FALLS . . . PEERLESS LANELLA® ROBES AND SHIRTS

From Switzerland: a snowflake-weight fabric that kindles warmth in the coldest climes. Called Lanella, it has the stamina of a mountain climber*. Peerless mastercrafts this soft, superior 50% Australian wool 50% Egyptian cotton blend into handsome robes and country shirts; nothing approaches this quality in America. The robe about $35.00. The shirt—about $19.95 in tartan plaids; checks about $18.95; solids about $15.95. At De Pinna, New York City; F. R. Tripler & Co., New York City; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; Wm. H. Lohmeyer, Baltimore; Gano-Downs, Denver; Arthur L. Johnson Co., Boston, and other fine stores.

PEERLESS

ROBES AND SPORTSWEAR • 350 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK • N. Y.

**Sherpa Tenzing Norkay—famous climber scaled Mt. Everest in Lanella.*

saying I am still going against the grain, against the tribal customs."

"But Augustine and Bacon weren't going against the current of their times—they were going with it," I said. "Indeed, they epitomized the spirit of their times."

"That's true," Toynbee said. "But then there are many other men whose work was only recognized years after their death. I think, you see, that history moves in alternations." At the moment, he went on, we were passing through a despairing time in intellectual matters, but a period of generalization was not necessarily not just around the corner. In any case, he had not neglected the mood of the century completely. He had kept his feet on the ground of our times by producing "Survey of International Affairs," a series of yearly studies for the Royal Institute of International Affairs. From the very start of his "Study," he had entertained no hopes for it in his lifetime. "As soon as I put pen to paper," he said, "I knew that whatever reputation I had would go up in smoke." The first two three-volume sets of his "Study," in fact, had been published and forgotten in the shadow of the Second World War. The postwar volumes had been written in a slightly different mood—as a sort of tract for the times. He had tried to do for history what Jung had done for psychology. Both he and Jung, as more historical and psychological facts came to light, would be superseded, as a matter of course, but as far as he was concerned, if even a quarter of his generalizations were not lost in the sands of time, he would consider his work well done. He and Jung had come upon their ideas separately—not a small portent of the times. Jung's discovery of psychological types, primordial images, Toynbee said, was very similar to his discovery of contemporaneous societies. "You know, Jung served in the Swiss artillery," Toynbee went on. "Once, his unit was digging a trench in the Alps. They had been digging hard for some time when an artilleryman shouted, in exasperation, 'If we dig any farther, we will come to the *Mothers*.' "

Some critics, he added, had accused him, Toynbee, of finding not just the bed of civilizations under the mountain of facts but gods as well; Mothers and civilizations were one thing, gods another. But if the death of civilizations did give rise to religions, how could he help applauding their death, especially since the better off a civilization was materially, the less vital it was spiritually?

"Since I do not believe in a personal god," Toynbee went on, "I don't have

Where did you get your Rolex?

When Walter Slezak spots a Rolex owner, he's liable to step right up and ask this question. He assumes that, stranger or otherwise, Rolex owners possess taste, judgment, a worldly élan. "Rolex people," he says, "are a sort of international club." Will you join Mr. Slezak? Start by considering his personal fancy . . . the Datejust. So called because the magnified date changes *click!* every midnight. It's an Oyster Perpetual, meaning absolutely waterproof* and self-winding. It's a 25-jewel chronometer, certified by the Swiss Government for superb time-keeping abilities. (Rolex has produced more than half of all Swiss chronometers ever made.) In this steel and gold combination: $330.00; with strap, $250.00 (f.t.i.). Also in 18K gold combination. Only elite jewelers carry Rolex. Which is the way it should be.

(When case, crown and crystal are intact.)

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
Official timepiece, Pan American World Airways

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

BE AN INN-DROPPER

Spanking new Skyline Inn, in the shadow of the Capitol, is Southwest Washington's answer to deluxe living. Decorator designed rooms and suites, two restaurants, year 'round swimming, poolside dining and cocktail lounge. Banquet and meeting facilities to please the discriminating. Motor inn freedom too—parking indoors or out. We even pamper your car with service, if you so desire. Rates are as r-e-l-a-x-i-n-g as the luxurious environment.

SKYLINE INN

WASHINGTON'S
Skyline Inn
South Capitol and
"Eye" Streets, S.W.
Washington 24, D.C.

Telephone: (202) 547-7500 • TWX 202-399-9318
May we send you our brochure on the "inn-side" story. Reservation Offices:
New York, JU 6-3454 / Chicago, FR 2-4383 / Boston, CO 6-1370.

Haymaker®

The shoulders fit right. The darts are where they should be. The collar stays neat. And the fabric is a lustrous, drip-dry smoothie woven of Celanese® Fortrel polyester and cotton. White, maize, pink, blue. 8-16. About $7.00 at B. Altman & Co., New York & branches; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

a vested interest in any one religion. If it doesn't bore you . . . Although, of course, I can't get away from my Judaeo-Christian background, temperamentally I am a Hindu. As a Hindu, I don't have any difficulty in believing in many gods simultaneously, or thinking that a syncretist faith may be the answer for our age. To Hindus, it's of no consequence which road, Siva or Vishnu, one travels—all roads lead to Heaven."

I asked Toynbee if his religious views had provided the motive and the cue for Trevor-Roper's violent attack.

"If it doesn't bore you," he said, "I have been very puzzled by that article. If Trevor-Roper thought my ideas to be rubbish, why did he bother with them, and that, too, in such a systematic and relentless fashion? When the onslaught was published, *Encounter* pressed me to write an answer, but I'm pleased that I didn't adopt my enemy's tactics. In the original version of the 'Reconsiderations,' I said quite a few harsh things about Trevor-Roper, but my wife edited them out, and I'm glad. For, you see, Trevor-Roper, by overelectrocuting me, really electrocuted himself. Of course, he hurt me very much—I still feel pain in my pinched tail—but . . ."

Taking up the cudgels for him, I said, "You could safely have made short work of his comparison of you to Hitler."

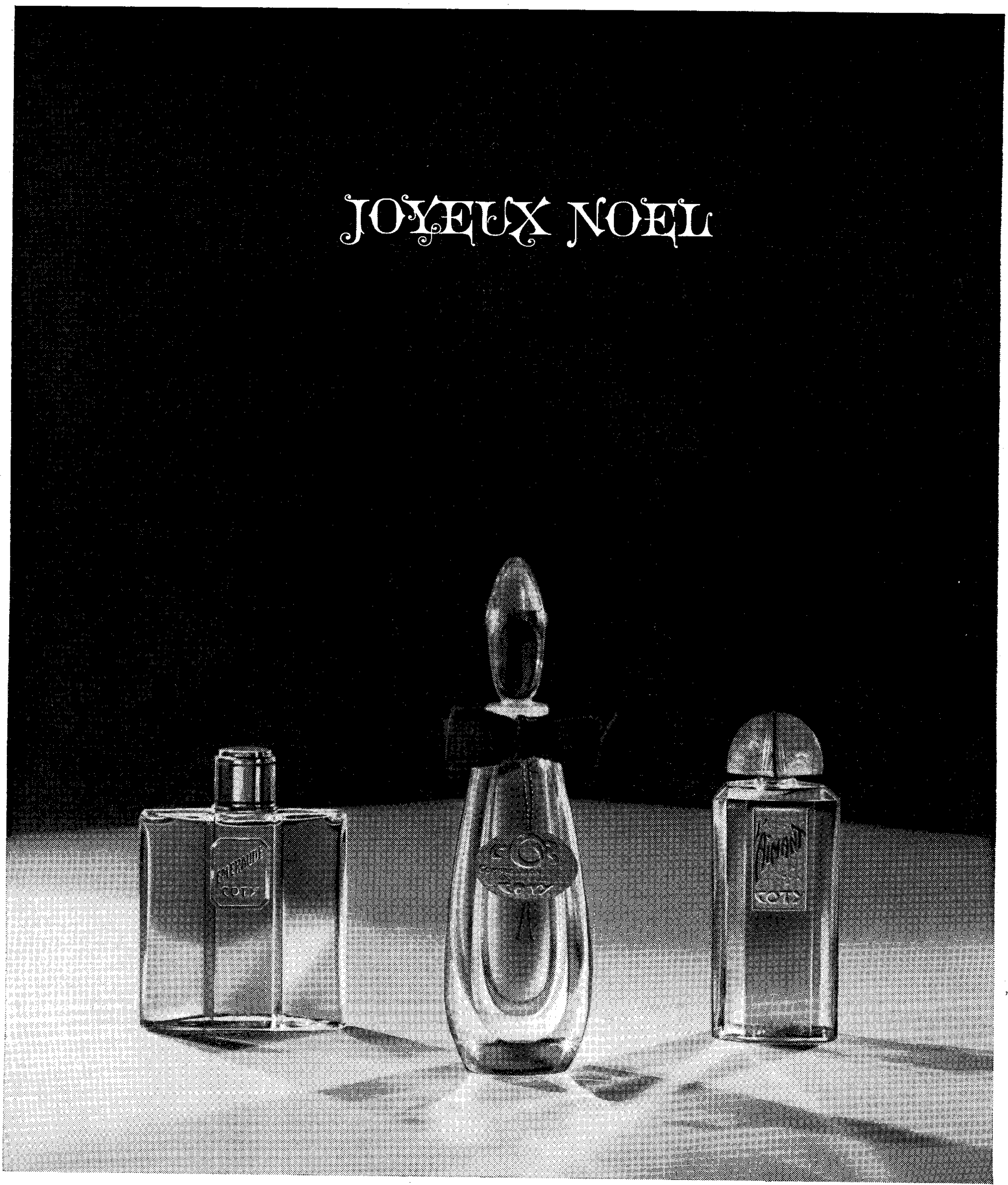
"Did he compare me to Hitler?" Toynbee asked with innocent surprise. "Oh, I'd forgotten that. I may be forced to write another volume of answers." He laughed. "And then I shall certainly disclaim being a Hitler."

"Another volume!" I said.

"Well, Pieter Geyl, my very pugnacious and persistent critic"—Toynbee's tone was affectionate—"brought out a pamphlet answering and dismissing my 'Reconsiderations' practically within ten days of its publication. So far, I've only written him a remonstrating letter, but if he goes on at this rate, I may well have to bring out another book of answers." After a pause, he said, "By the way, what did you think was the most damaging count in Trevor-Roper's indictment—in case I *should* write another 'Reconsiderations'?"

"I thought his quotations from your autobiographical volume were quite telling," I said.

"It may sound to you like double-talk," Toynbee said, reconsidering, "but I don't really believe in objective history, so in the autobiographical volume I tried to put on the table my environment, my prejudices, and my methods—the bag of tools I used in writing the 'Study.' Often when reading historians like Thucydides I have missed not having a



© 1962 COTY, INC. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

...say it in flawless French with a classic Coty fragrance

Je t'aime or Merci...so beautifully told with Coty Perfumes. Always in perfect taste, always appreciated—because every drop is so proudly French.

EMERAUDE...for the woman who dares to be different...... from $3.50 to $100. PARFUM DE COTY

L'OR...the world's most modern, most luxurious perfume. $60 the ounce in exquisite crystal by Baccarat. PARFUM DE COTY

L'AIMANT... nothing makes a woman more feminine, more attractive... $3.50 to $100. PARFUM DE COTY

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

The Classic
Long-Wing

HERITAGE
FRENCH SHRINER

Nothing equals it for elegance
. . . Flawless puritan veal, a
leather lined interior and styling
that is both timely and timeless.
It's from our famous
Heritage Line—the finest shoes
we make. Ask for Style 7813.

French Shriner, 443 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

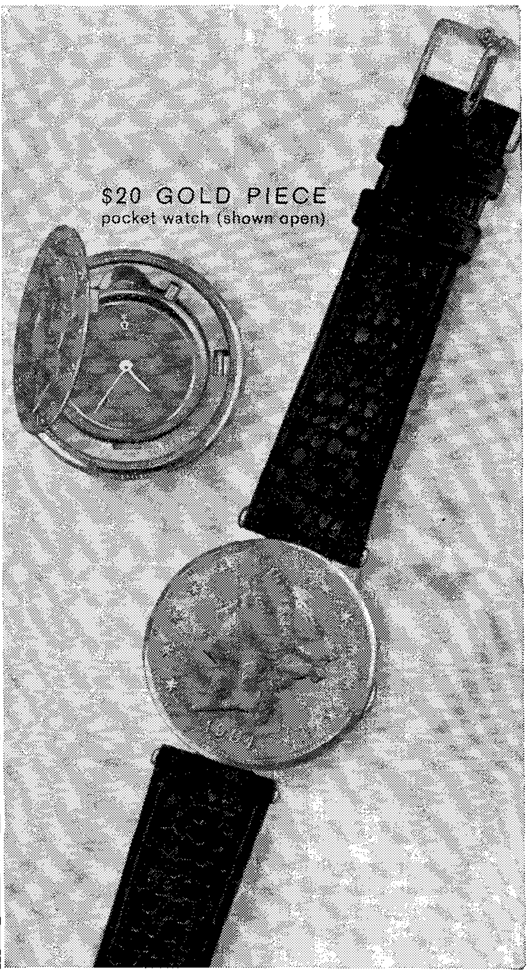
ULTRA
ULTRA
THIN

Corum's creative excellence is undeniably expressed in the splendor of these authentic $20 Gold Pieces superbly fashioned into sleek precision timepieces.

CORUM
WATCHES
The key to perfect time

Exclusive Styles from
$100 to $5000.

666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.
A complete Swiss import sold by
leading jewelers all over the world



record of their lives and training. Such a record would certainly have illuminated their works for me. I think it's a help to the readers of my 'Study' to know that my mother was a historian, my elder sister is a professor of archeology at Cambridge, my younger sister is an excellent monographer on the Stuart dynasty, one of my sons, Philip, is a distinguished literary critic, and so on. Even Philip's novel 'Pantaloon'—it is largely autobiographical—might aid some curious future readers."

"But surely Trevor-Roper is complaining about the autobiographical excesses rather than about the facts," I said.

"Yes," Toynbee promptly agreed. "I wrote 'A Study of History' under enormous mental pressure. All the while I was writing it, I didn't know if there was time enough in the world to finish it. Also"—he hesitated—"I wrote some of those volumes under fire, when I was having lots of trouble. You see, my first marriage had collapsed, affecting me deeply, and . . . in a sense, I never got over it. A tired man is apt to make mistakes."

I wanted to talk to him about the many historians I had been reading, but he had not seen Taylor's book and had not heard of Carr's "What Is History?" He readily admitted not knowing much about the professional historians, but he thought he admired Miss Veronica Wedgwood and R. H. Tawney. "I am very ignorant about their fields, however, so I suppose I can't really judge them," he said. "Before you censure me for my ignorance of day-to-day history, I ought to tell you that the climate of my mind is wholly classical. It's because of a classical education that I've concentrated all my energies on looking for order in human experience."

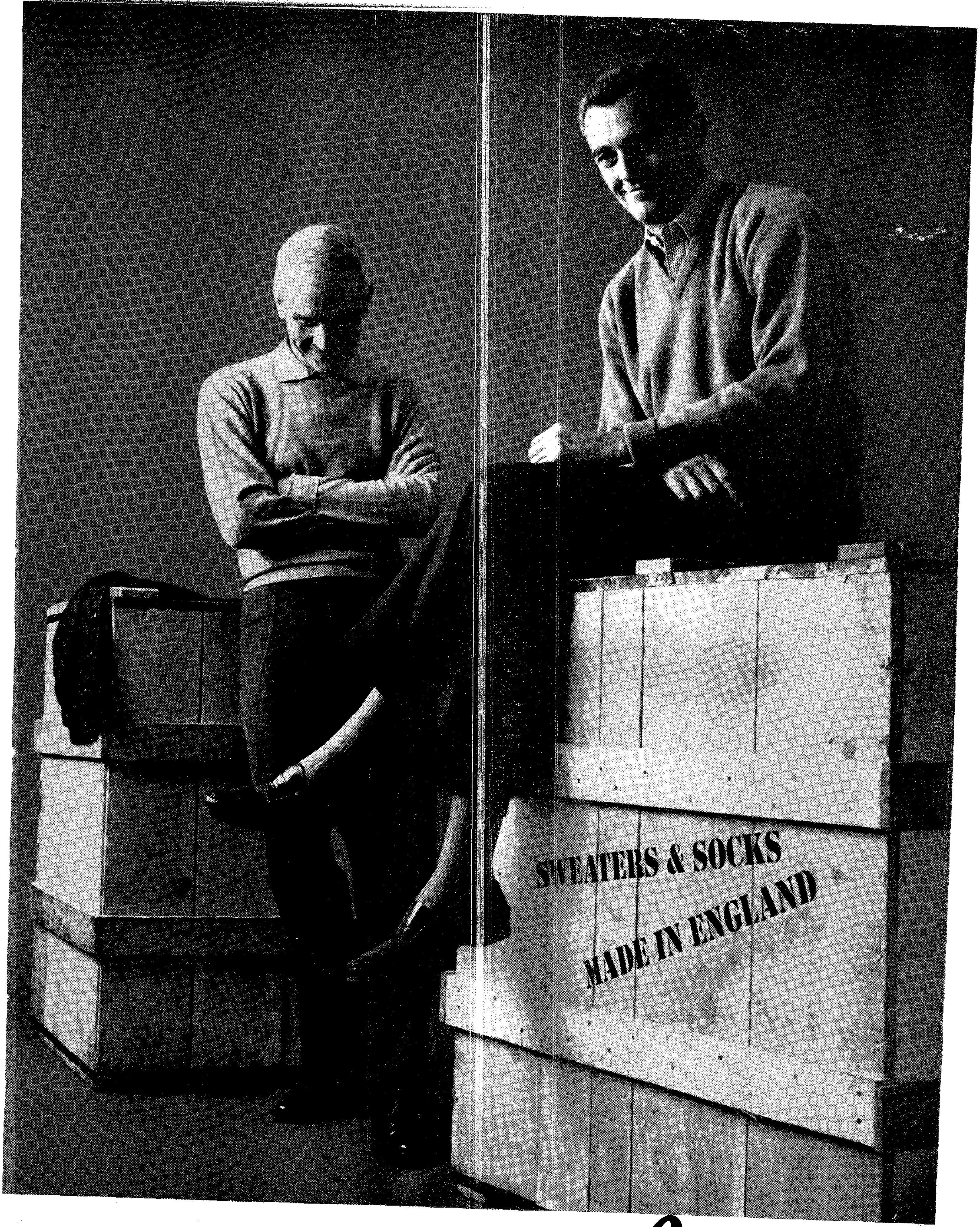
"But Trevor-Roper had a classical education," I said.

"Oh, I didn't know that," he said. "I can't imagine, then, what he got out of it. I am not saying that a classical education stamps people with a uniform point of view but, rather, that it does endow men with some common properties. Gibbon had a point of view totally opposite from mine, but nevertheless, because of his classical education, I can read him with pleasure, just as I think he could read me with pleasure."

"Would Trevor-Roper grant Gibbon's reading you with pleasure?" I asked.

"Perhaps not," Toynbee said, laughing.

It was nearly seven, and Toynbee asked me to dine with him at the Athenæum, a club that is said to have


SWEATERS & SOCKS
MADE IN ENGLAND

Byford

NEW YORK 350 FIFTH AVENUE **LONDON** 18, BOLTON STREET, W. 1

Enjoy 4 kinds of vacation pleasure in

VENEZUELA

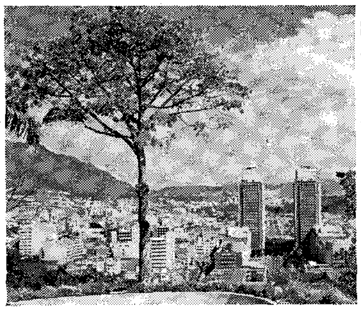
Costs are lower because currency exchange is in your favor . . . only tourist cards needed . . . you get there in 4½ jet hours.

In this peaceful and prosperous country, you can enjoy four kinds of vacations in one.

CARACAS, a sophisticated world capital, cultured and cosmopolitan, with cuisine and entertainment to match.

ZULIA STATE, tropical home of indigenous Indians whose ancient customs remain unchanged since before Columbus and the Spanish colonists.

CORO, a city set apart . . . in unbelievable, ever-shifting white sand dunes. Here are monuments to a centuries-old civilization.



Panoramic view of city of Caracas.

MARGARITA, the "Island of Pearls" where you bask on dazzling beaches sweeping the shallow sea. Fish for pearls; keep any you find.

And these are only four of the many travel wonders in Venezuela! Brand-new hotels, fine roads, ready transportation to snow-capped mountain peaks and giant waterfalls, panoramic plains, unspoiled beaches. And everywhere Venezolanos greet you with eager friendliness.

Your Travel Agent can make all arrangements, or write direct for literature to Venezuela's

OFFICE OF TOURISM
Torre Sur, Piso 7
Centro Simón Bolívar, Caracas, Venezuela

Lady Hathaway's challis shirt in a fiery new print—$30

The lordly, life-size Bantam on the shirt above is the descendant of an ancient Parisian print. You will find it only on rare silk scarves and on Lady Hathaway's sheer wool challis. It comes in a mixture of mosaic colors, including gold, sapphire, crimson, and jet black—on creamy white. The effect is positively dazzling.

LORD & TAYLOR • MAC NEIL & MOORE • I. MAGNIN • DUNHAM'S • JOHN WANAMAKER
Or write Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In N.Y. call OXford 5-8558.

PRICES A BIT HIGHER IN THE WEST

more bishops per square inch than any other club in the world. "I very seldom go out," he said, "but I warned my wife in advance that I might take you to my club today." He said that, aside from his family, he didn't see many people. He had lunch once a week with one old school friend, a retired county judge, and sometimes he met a retired insurance executive. Out on the street, he didn't so much walk as float on a thick cushion of air, and he gave the impression of being a Gabriel among the people.

In the club, Toynbee ordered medium-dry sherry, lentil soup, steak and kidney pie, and strawberry ice, and talked rather expansively about a seventeen-month journey he had taken around the world a little while back as a journalist, which had resulted in a book called "Between Oxus and Jumna." "When I travel," he said, "I carry in my pocket a copy of the Bhagavad-Gita, a volume of Dante, an anthology of the metaphysical poets, and 'Faust'—books I read over and over again. Some people live by Freud and 'Hamlet.' I live by Jung and 'Faust.' "

TOYNBEE'S attempt to generalize, his regarding history as a tapestry with recurring patterns, his ordering of the life of a civilization according to its religion and art (the development of medicine and science, the basis for most people's belief in human progress, hardly gets a hearing in his work—no wonder the West has been on the decline since the sixteenth century), his refusal to believe that the faith of ages past in an orderly world has been shattered like a Humpty-Dumpty, never to be put together again—all are contrary to the predominant mood. This, perhaps, is the reason Toynbee has attracted critics as a sweetshop invites children. The most formidable of the living critics, possibly, is Pieter Geyl, of the University of Utrecht. Geyl, who is seventy-five, spent more than twenty years (1913-35) in England, beginning as a correspondent for a Dutch newspaper and then becoming a professor—first of Dutch studies and then of Dutch history—at London University. He is well acquainted with—indeed, a part of—the English historical scene, and his reputation among the professionals is as high as Toynbee's is low. A. J. P. Taylor, who is almost as sparing of compliments as Trevor-Roper, and almost as prolific as Toynbee, wrote a rapturous piece about Geyl for his seventieth birthday: "When people ask impatiently: 'How then would you define an historian?' I am at no loss for an answer. This is my definition: Pieter Geyl is an historian. . . . He represents the ideal towards which historians strive—or rather (to avoid generalizing in my turn) towards which I, as an historian, strive and towards which other historians whom I admire strive also. . . . Even when he is wrong (and I think he is sometimes), he is wrong as only an historian can be. . . . The historical significance of Dr. Geyl's work (much of which has been translated into English) has been widely acknowledged; this year its literary significance, too, was recognized, when he was chosen to receive the P. C. Hooft Prize, the leading Dutch literary award. . . . His style is unassertive. But when he has reached the point of decision, his words fall like the blows of a hammer. . . . His attitude towards historical evidence is well seen in his prolonged controversy with Toynbee. Faced with a sweeping generalization covering the centuries, Geyl does not intervene with an equally generalized doubt. Modestly, unassumingly, he takes some individual case—the rise of the Netherlands, the British colonies in North America, the unification of Italy—and asks: 'Does the generalization accord with these facts?' When it does not, that is the end so far as Geyl is concerned." Taylor then, as a professional historian, used the occasion to discharge some volleys at Toynbee. "But that is not the end for Toynbee," he wrote. "It is not even the beginning; it is nothing at all. For, since he makes up generalizations to suit his convenience or his religious whim of the moment, the fact that they do not accord with the evidence is irrelevant to him." This was not all. Geyl could not even comprehend the workings of Toynbee's mind: "He [Geyl] cannot bring himself to believe that anyone should fly so willfully and so persistently in the face of evidence as Toynbee does. Therefore Geyl comes back once more to wrestle with the convicted sinner, hopeful that—this time—he will see the light. But it is of no avail. Toynbee remains incorrigible; and once more the damning sentence is pronounced." And, Taylor continued, "the same rigorous appeal to the evidence is shown in the historical work with which Geyl made his name. He challenged the accepted version of how the Netherlands were divided. Earlier historians had explained the division by differences of religion or of race or of national character. They did not find these differences in the historical evidence; they put the differences in from their own experience or inclinations. Dutch Protestants wanted to show that Holland had always been predominant-

№4711
TOSCA
Spray
COLOGNE
TOSCA SPRAY COLOGNE
TOSCA
4711
TOSCA
EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
GOLD
4711
GLOCKENGASSE Nº 4711
EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
DOUBLE
4711
GLOCKENGASSE Nº4711
COLOGNE ON RHINE

№4711

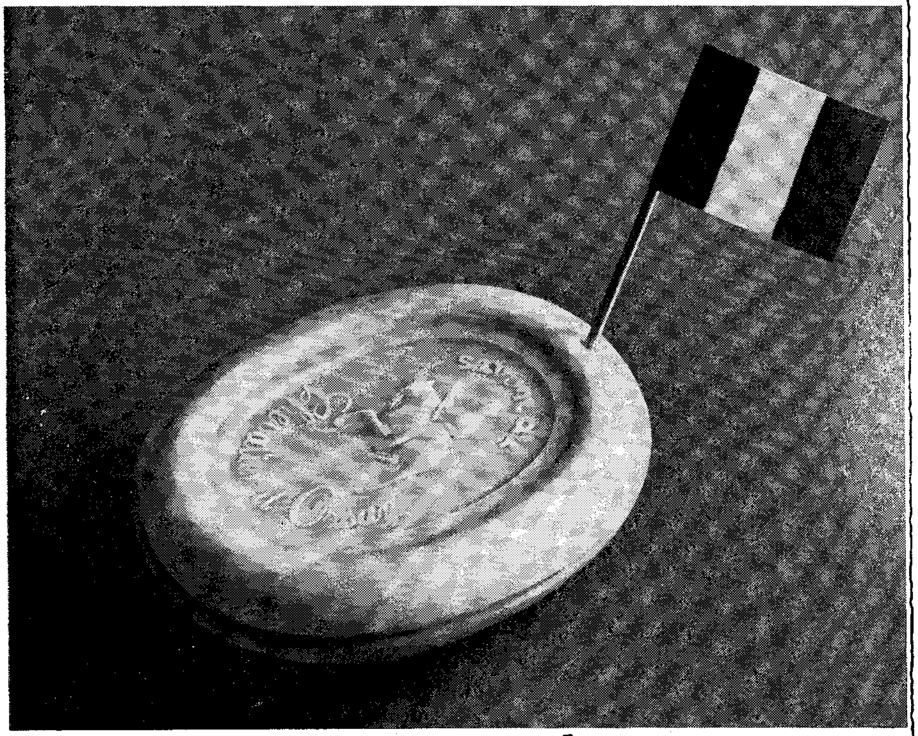
A pleasure to give – a joy to receive!

4711 EAU DE COLOGNE · 4711 GIFT SETS
4711 TOSCA PERFUMED COLOGNE · 4711 TOSCA SPRAY
Priced from $1.85 — $17.00 plus tax
Sole Distributors: COLONIA INC., 41 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

The Resorter, Bonwit's shirt for HIM
Cool choice for a man going South...
our exclusive half-sleeve sports shirt in crisp,
carefree polyester and cotton. By Mercedes.
Navy, maize or red in S, M, L or XL sizes, 7.00
Mail and phone orders. **The Men's Shop**

BONWIT TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Oakbrook



MONSIEUR CLEAN

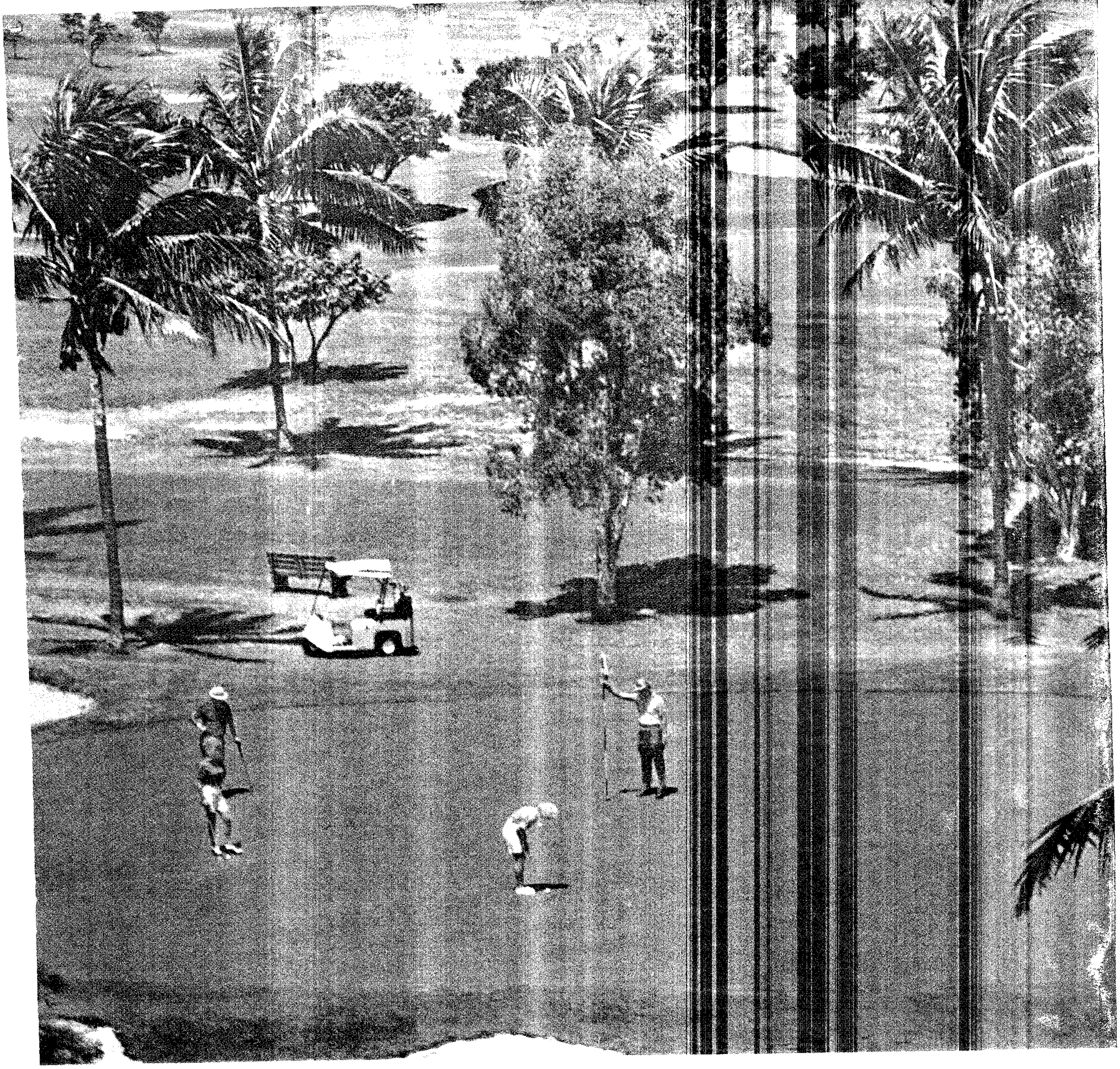
50,000 bubbles can't be wrong and Savon du Chevalier is the soap of the French gentleman who has the quality habit. Imported directly from France by D'Orsay along with a superb, snappy cologne, it's available for you now for the first time in America. At fine shops everywhere, or write D'Orsay's U. S. Agent, 1 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y., for name of your nearest store. **D'ORSAY**

SAVON, 3 BARS, 4.50/COLOGNE, 4 OZ., 3.50; 8 OZ., 6.50/SAVON & COLOGNE SET, 5.00/AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 2.50/PLUS TAX

ly Protestant and that Protestantism was a superior religion. Belgian historians wanted to show that Belgium had always existed as an independent entity, though no one noticed this at the time. Geyl looked at the evidence. He studied the contemporary record and noticed the obvious things which no one had noticed before: the decisive part played by the Spanish army and the line of the great rivers. This is a less inspiring and romantic explanation than the older ones; it is less flattering to national pride, whether Dutch or Belgian. It has only the virtue of happening to be correct; and it is now difficult to imagine a time when men did not realize it. The discrediting of the older version and the substitution of a better one, firmly based on evidence, is one of the most beautiful historical operations in our lifetime."

With Taylor's tribute as my guide—he seemed to be leading me out of the medieval, theological world of Toynbee and into the modern, medical world of Geyl—I made my way to Utrecht to see the Dutch historian. One of his pupils, who met me at my hotel, the Pays-Bas, the morning I arrived, told me a little bit about him. "Both Geyl's father and his grandfather were doctors," his pupil told me, "and while his mind still has the precision of an operating room, as a man he is vain as only a humanist can be. Once, in a seminar, a student argued that one day national barriers might disappear, leaving the world with one state and one language. Geyl pounced on him: 'But what about my immortal Dutch prose?' It was said with a touch of irony, but only a *touch* of irony. Some of his works, even now, he won't have translated, saying, 'If anyone wants to know what I think, he can jolly well learn Dutch.' In fact, I believe he's opposed to the Common Market because he fears that the Dutch language will disappear in such an organization. This is not just love of the language but love of his country and its history. In that sort of way, he is a dyed-in-the-wool conservative."

After some lunch, I went to Geyl's house. I knew it was a Hollander's home by the bicycles in the doorway. Geyl, who opened the door, proved to be an impressive gentleman—a tall man with the gray beard of the wise and the narrow smile of the aristocrat. He was wearing an unobtrusive hearing aid, a blue tie, an English-style gray jacket, and gray trousers. He invited me to follow him up a narrow wooden stairway, and showed me into his study. It was as thick with books as the Toynbee Room, but Geyl's books had a distinctly modern look. Behind his desk was a two-shelf



See how easy the birdies drop on sun-spangled Lauderdale greens

Breaking par on Fort Lauderdale courses isn't a snap. It's simply the day-in and day-out fine weather for play that helps put you and your game in the groove.

Reaching any one of a half-dozen Lauderdale links is easy. You can get in 18 holes of a morning before the rest of the family gets back from the beach. This artful arrangement leaves you free from complaints.

Of course when wives golf, too, this isn't a problem. But do be concerned about scheduling time from shooting birdies for the many more joys of a Lauderdale holiday.

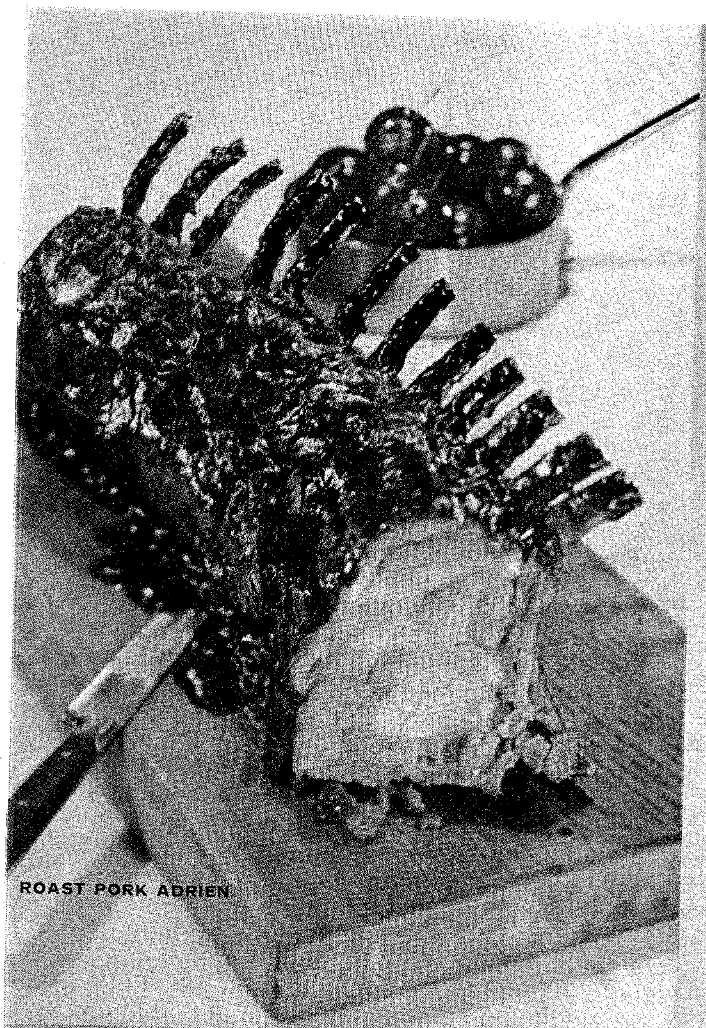
Set aside at least one sun-spangled day to explore the city's 165 miles of sub-tropical waterways. A singular attraction to be seen no other place, save perhaps Venice.

Spend a day trolling the blue sea for trophy-size sailfish, marlin, and dolphin. Your charter boat captain not only furnishes tackle and bait, he knows where the *big ones* run.

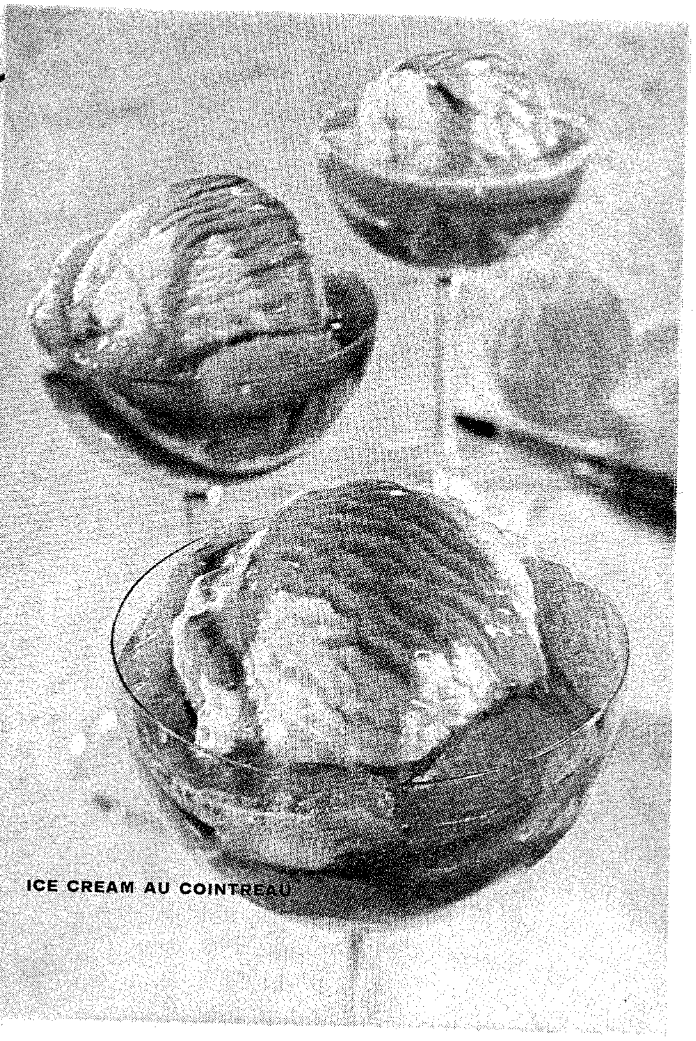
Afternoon horse racing needn't interfere with your a.m. golf. Nor will watching the Yankees play exhibition baseball at their new Fort Lauderdale home. In fact it could well be that just such relaxing diversions as these are exactly what your game and the inner man need. Right? Then do plan to warm up your swing and your spirits soon. Come visit . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE
FLORIDA
for the fun of it!

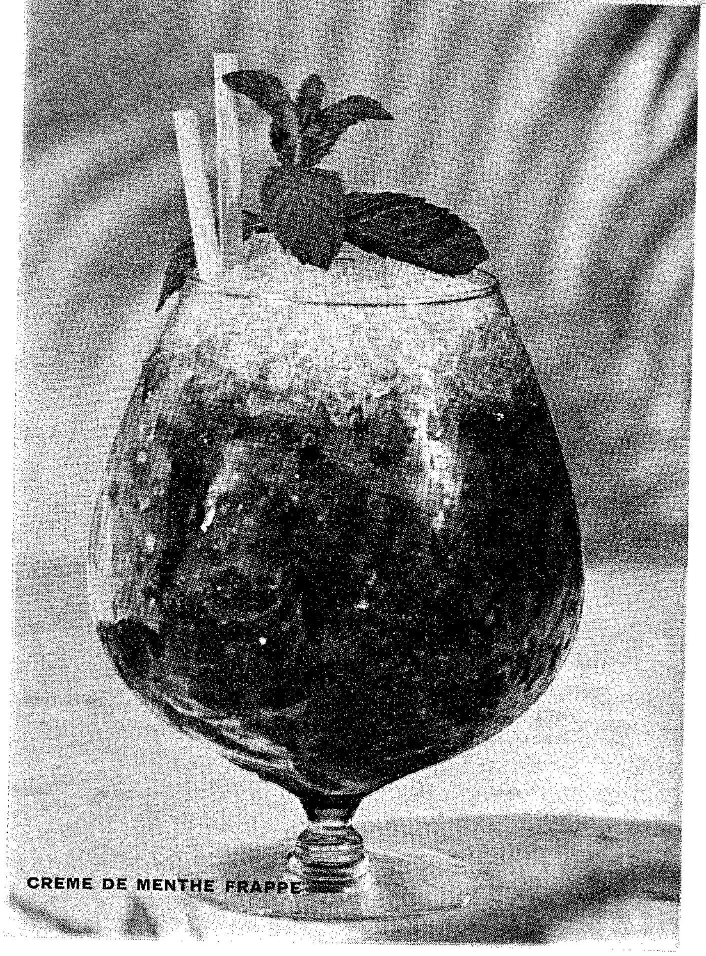
For FREE color booklet describing a Lauderdale holiday, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N-19, Fort Lauderdale, Florida



ROAST PORK ADRIEN

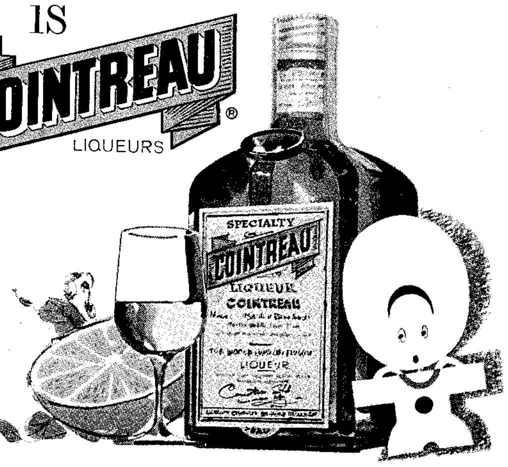


ICE CREAM AU COINTREAU



CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPE

The delightful *difference* is COINTREAU® LIQUEURS



After all, the important distinction is in flavor. Very often it is one of the 20 Cordials by Cointreau that contributes the magic touch. Why not take a leaf from Pierrot's book. There *is* one—"Gourmet's Guide". We will be happy to send you a copy with Pierrot's compliments. In it are recipes for the food and drink shown here, plus 46 more. *Voilà*... you are an expert!

CORDIALS BY COINTREAU, 50 TO 80 PROOF, PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

display of various editions and translations of his works. He picked out the smallest volume, his English translation of the fourteenth-century Dutch play "Lancelot of Denmark," and, holding it close to his heart, read aloud, in a soft English:

> "Now hear what we intend to play.
> 'Tis all about a valiant knight,
> Who loved a lady day and night.
> Noble of heart she was and pure,
> But of lowly birth for very sure."

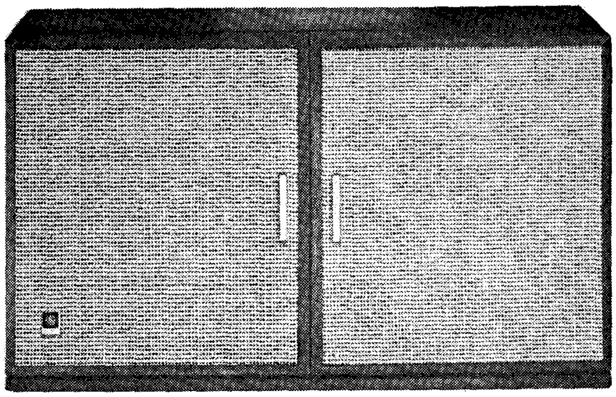
Returning the book to the shelf, he said, "How I've loved history!" We sat down under what Geyl told me was his favorite print of his mentor, Erasmus, and near the window, which looked out on the Biltse Straatweg—a road along which, in the Second World War, the Dutch Army had retreated and then the liberating Canadian Army had advanced.

"I am by nature a talker," Geyl began, "and unless somebody baits me, making me angry, I tend to go on talking. Do you mind?"

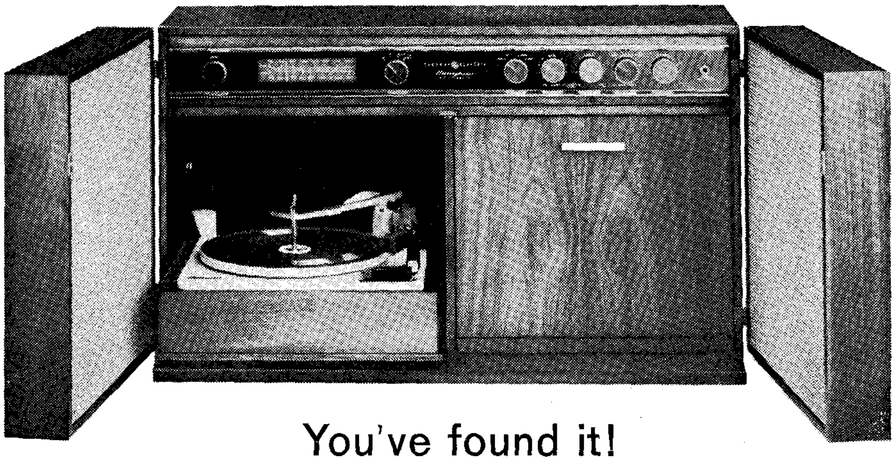
I said no indeed.

"Until my chance encounter with Toynbee," Geyl said, "I rather prided myself on my ignorance about the philosophy of history; he made me take my first step toward wisdom by regretting my ignorance. My fame as a philosopher of history is not only accidental but gratuitous. Toynbee has done for me in the historical world what Margot Fonteyn did for me at Oxford." He pointed to a picture on the opposite wall, which showed him, tall and serious in an academic gown, beside the graceful and striking Margot Fonteyn, also in an academic gown. "She and I received honorary degrees at Oxford the same year," Geyl said. "When we walked through the streets in academic procession, no one had eyes for anybody but her. I was her neighbor, and because of that I was noticed. I encountered Toynbee when an English journalist who was visiting me here in 1946 asked me if I'd heard of 'A Study of History.' I said I hadn't. Out of politeness, he sent me as much of it as had been published. I was struck by the first half of what I read, but by the second half I was completely disenchanted. In the meantime, Jan Romein—he is a historical materialist, and thinks that all unphilosophical historians are helpless sailors on the sea of history, while historical philosophers like himself and Toynbee are the captains—was using it as part of his seminar in a rival Dutch university. I decided to bait him a little, and did so by making Toynbee's determinism the subject of an attack in a paper I delivered before our national Historical Association. The

THE NEW LOOK OF STEREO



Are you looking for a hi-fi stereo console that...fits a bookcase or table—even hangs on a wall...has swing-out speakers and flip-down changer...is bursting at the seams with fine components?



You've found it!

New Custom Decorator by General Electric. The Garrard® changer folds down to play. Our novel swing-out speakers are detachable. This fresh design affords ample stereo separation and a compact cabinet. This compactness, in turn, permits you to place it almost anywhere. Even on a wall, if you use the brackets provided. A typical General Electric "Accent on Value."

And the Custom Decorator will harmonize with your other furniture. It comes in four authentic stylings, each in the appropriate genuine hardwood veneer: the Contemporary Walnut shown, Early American Maple, French Provincial in White and Gold and Early American Provincial in Cherry.

COMPONENTS: • Flip-down 11″ Garrard custom changer. Four speeds. • Two 8″ woofers, 3″ tweeter in each swing-out wing. (Detachable for over 20' of sound separation.) • FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner. Lighted slide-rule dial, precision flywheel tuning. (Optional.) • General Electric C-100 ceramic cartridge. Record-saving diamond stylus. • Compensated loudness, balance, treble, bass controls. Scratch filter. Stereo headphone jack. • **NEW IDEA:** Home Music Distribution System. Sends hi-fi sound through household wiring. Portable receiver-speaker plugs into any 110-volt outlet, brings fine music to any room you choose. (Optional.) Audio Products Dept., Decatur, Ill.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

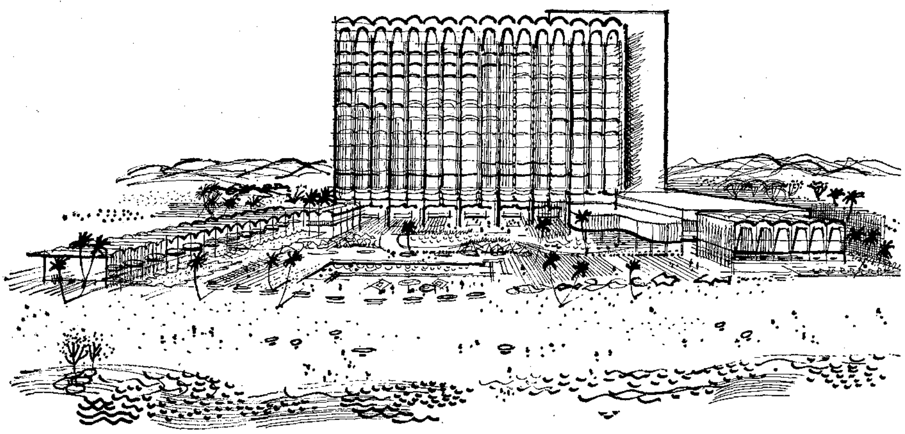
PREMIERE IN PUERTO RICO

An invitation to people who like gracious diversion in charming, spacious surroundings...who appreciate the extraordinary in service, cuisine and facilities.

americana
OCEANFRONT-SAN JUAN
Neal Lang, V. P. and Managing Director

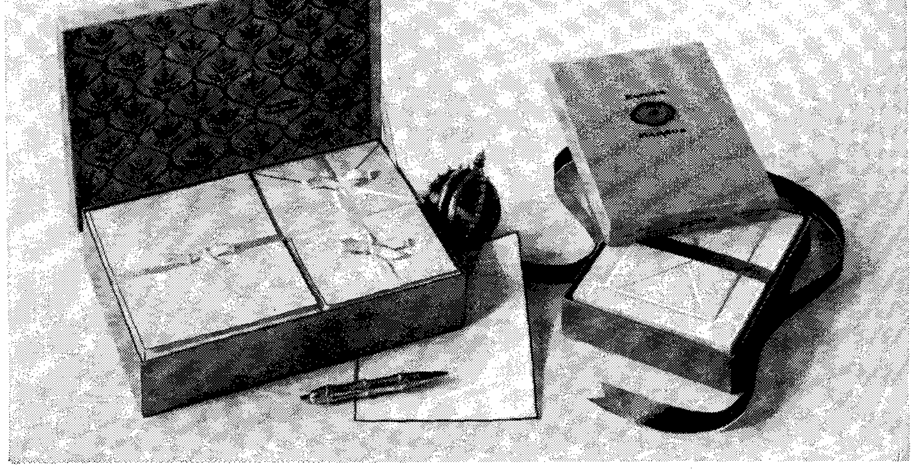
Color brochure on request...See Your Travel Agent or call:
New York: JU 6-6105 • Chicago: DE 2-1237 • Miami: UN 5-7511
Washington, D. C.: RE 7-1000

A LOEW'S HOTEL • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT



Gracious Gift... "Marque" of Distinction: Eaton's finest white writing paper (100% cotton fibre) in two aristocratic gift choices: Hinged Cabinet, with ensemble of single letter pages, notes and envelopes, all hand-bordered in garnet. $5.95. *Eaton's "Marque"*, also in club-size single or folded letter paper, $1.75. Both plus postage.

EATON'S
FINE LETTER PAPERS



Available at these and other fine stores: Boston, *R. H. Stearns Company;* Chicago, *Carson Pirie Scott & Co.;* Florida, *Jordan Marsh;* Los Angeles, *Robinson's;* New York, *Bloomingdale's;* Philadelphia, *John Wanamaker;* San Francisco, *City of Paris.*

EATON PAPER CORPORATION PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

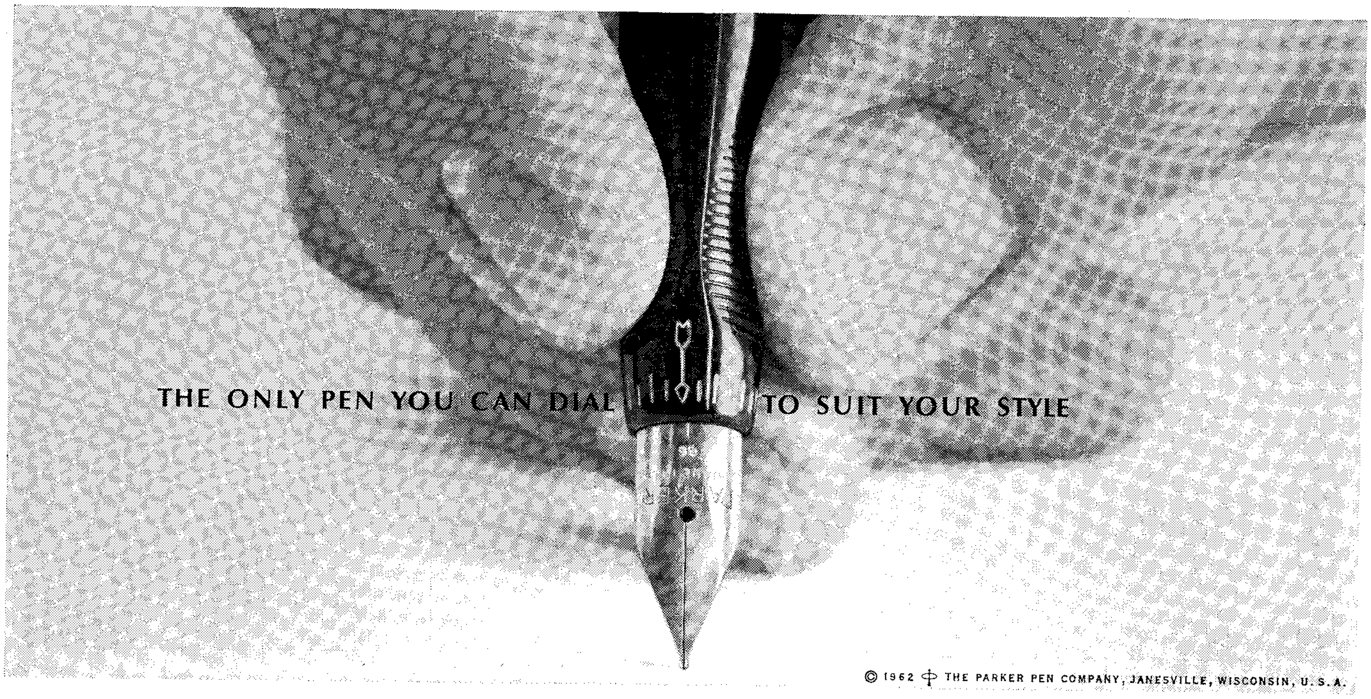
B.B.C. must have got wind of my argument with Romein, for it invited me to debate with Toynbee on the Third Programme. I faced Toynbee on the wireless, and accused him of dipping into the caldron of facts and taking only those which fitted his theories. He said all historians approached facts with theories, and if they denied this, they were simply ignorant of the workings of their own minds. I said all systems were doomed to disappointment. He said people who believed that took the view that history was nonsense. I said no, they didn't. So it went. When the remainder of his 'Study' came out, I flayed him for finding a panacea for our troubles in a universal religion. In 'Reconsiderations' he made me 'the spokesman of the jury.' He said I had been 'plaintively asking for answers.' 'Plaintively' is not quite the word." Geyl smiled his narrow smile. "I demolished his 'Reconsiderations' with a pamphlet," he continued. "The trouble with Toynbee is that, because of his religion, he will not acquiesce, like us secularists, in human ignorance. Like Faust, he tries to know more than can be known. I was saved from Toynbee's religion and Toynbee's fate by a priest. When I was eleven or twelve, I wandered into a cathedral and found myself in the middle of Vespers. I started going there every day about six o'clock—mostly for the music, I suppose. One day, a priest came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Little boy—' I raced out of the cathedral and have never returned." He brought out of his pocket a copy of what he told me was the only sonnet he had ever written in English. "This sonnet," he said, tapping the piece of paper, "contains my philosophy, and colors my historical thinking." Without a pause, he rushed through the sonnet:

"The stars are fright'ning. The cold universe,
Boundless and silent, goes revolving on,
Worlds without end. The grace of God is gone.
A vast indifference, deadlier than a curse,
Chills our poor globe, which Heaven seemed to nurse
So fondly. 'Twas God's rainbow when it shone,
Until we searched. Now, as we count and con
Gusts of infinity, our hopes disperse.

Well, if it's so, then turn your eyes away
From Heav'n. Look at the earth, in its array
Of life and beauty.—Transitory? Maybe,
But so are you. Let stark eternity
Heed its own self, and you, enjoy your day,
And when death calls, then quietly obey."

He sighed. "How I wish I could argue Toynbee out of his belief in

ENTIRELY NEW IDEA IN FOUNTAIN PENS:



© 1962 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

You can dial the point to fit your writing angle

Just in time for Christmas

An ideal gift for people who like to show off something really new to their friends . . . for people who are fussy about their penmanship . . . for southpaws who have to go into contortions to make an ordinary pen write smoothly for them.

Here's how the new Parker VP works:

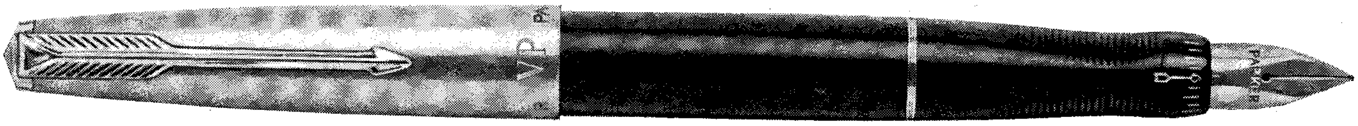
Pick it up and your fingertips automatically slip into a comfortable position, thanks to the gently contoured grip.

Dial the big, handsome, solid 14K gold point until the tip touches the paper at just the angle you want. Then you're all set to write with more ease and comfort than you ever thought possible. It's *that* simple.

The VP gives you a choice of 15 instantly replaceable points. They range from a *needle* point to an *extra-broad executive.*

To help take the guesswork out of picking the right point for yourself or a friend, your Parker franchised dealer has a little booklet entitled, appropriately enough, "How to pick the right point for a VP." Why not pick up your free copy tomorrow?

PARKER *Maker of the world's most wanted pens*



New Parker VP*–$\$10^{\underline{00}}$

*VERY PERSONAL

Indispensable Resort dress
of Moygashel linen
embroidered polka dot by
Marjorie Montgomery.
White with red
and navy dots;
beige with brown
and black;
pink with shocking and white.
Sizes 10-20 $45.00

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
and* Doop's *East Orange and Short Hills, N.J.

timeless

The simplicity of our silver bowl is enhanced by a setting of sculptured fronds. In Georg Jensen sterling from Denmark. 5¾"high, x 4½"dia. $165. Without cover, $100. Federal tax included. Mail orders invited.

Write for free 1962 Christmas Gift portfolio.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Avenue, New York 22 / Wilmot Ridge, Scarsdale, N.Y.

God!" he said. Then, abruptly changing the subject, he asked, "Have you read Carr's 'What Is History?'—this year's Trevelyan lectures?"

I said I had.

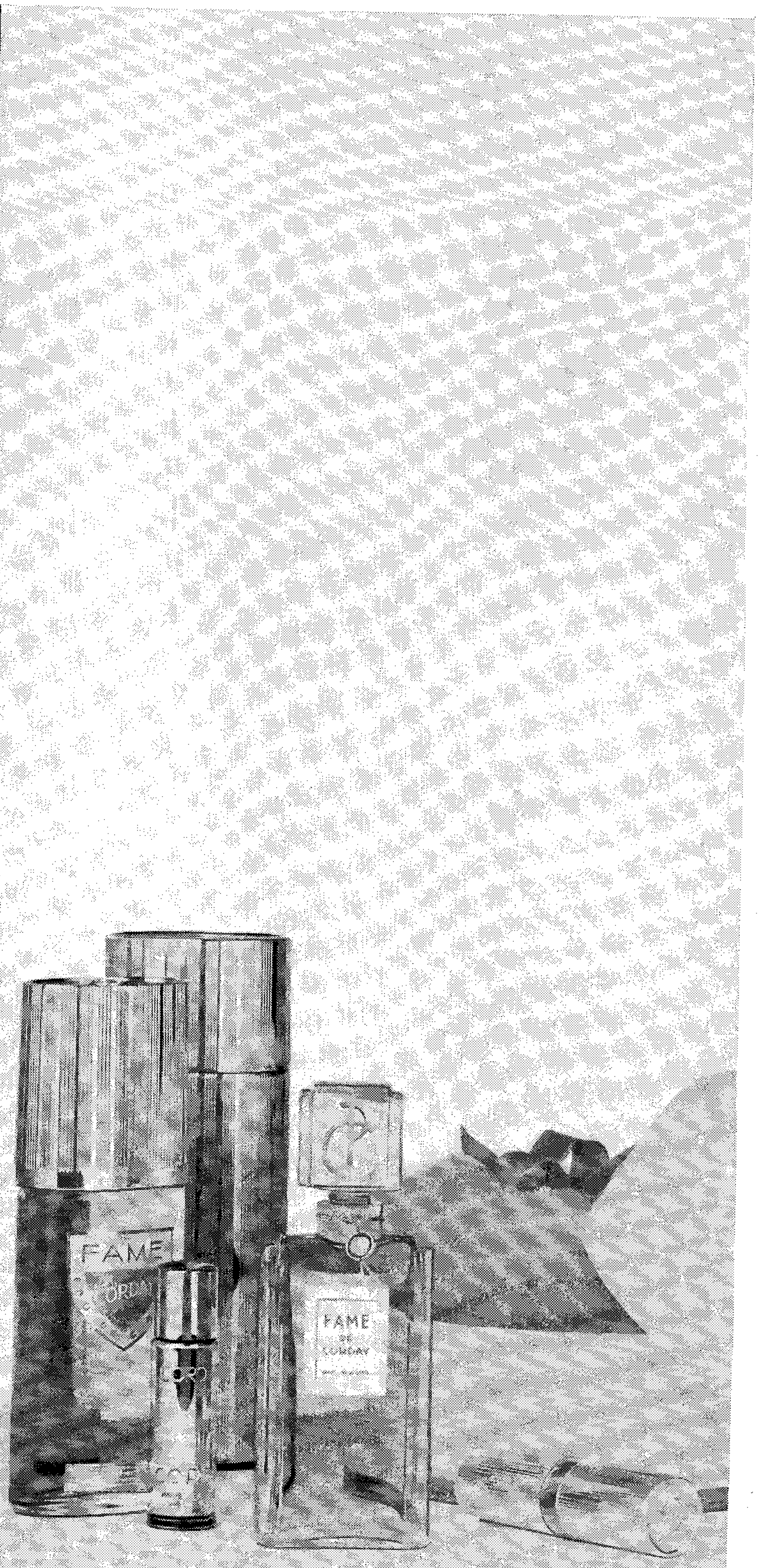
"Well," he announced, "I am giving the Trevelyan lectures next year. They will probably be on Dutch history and my historical revolution, which Taylor has called 'one of the most beautiful historical operations in our lifetime.' Good heavens, if I had accepted some of the theoretical pronouncements of my Trevelyan predecessor, my operation probably couldn't have been performed at all. And if anyone had taken seriously—thanks to me, not many people did—historians like Toynbee, who go in for simple explanations of things, the result would have been much the same."

I asked him to say more about this.

"Carr, in his lectures, gives no role to fortuitous events," he said. "But, good heavens, the division of the sixteenth-century Netherlands into Holland, in the north, and Belgium, in the south—what was it if not fortuitous? You know, before the sixteenth century all this area was one Netherlands. But the Spaniards succeeded in holding on to only the southern half. Before my revolution, it was thought that the Spaniards were unable to subdue the rebellious northern provinces because of the difference between the Flemish and Dutch temperaments. The southerners, the Flemings, were flighty, frivolous, lighthearted—an easy prey to Catholicism. The northerners were serious, hardworking, commercial-minded, and Calvinist—therefore not an easy prey to Catholicism. My revolution consisted in advancing a simple military explanation in place of all this abstract theory. I said the reason the Spaniards didn't subjugate the north was that they were stopped by the great rivers—the Rhine and the Meuse. My discovery was borne out by General Montgomery, eight, nine months before the end of the European phase of the Second World War, when he, too, was stopped, at the Battle of Arnhem, by the *fortuitous* rivers. You see the dangers of imposing theories on facts?"

Geyl paused, and I nodded.

"The infuriating thing about Toynbee, a historical materialist like Romein, a determinist like Carr is that they believe in laws," Geyl continued. "But I say—you'll find it in my book 'Napoleon: For and Against'—that history is an argument without end." We could agree, he said, about simple facts—the Second World War began in 1939—but such facts were a very small part of history; the rest was made up of judg-



BE EXTRAVAGANT

LAVISH HER WITH

FAME PARFUM DE CORDAY

Famed as one of the world's most precious fragrances. Exquisitely packaged, FAME is quite clearly the jewel of all holiday thoughts. Be extravagant! Give her FAME Spray Cologne Concentree, $3.50...in Deluxe Refillable Canister, $5.00. FAME Cordette Purse Parfum $3.50, FAME Parfums, $6.50 to $35.00, Spray Parfum, $5.00. Bath Powder, $5.00.

Fame parfum imported from France. Other products blended in U.S.A. with domestic and imported essences.

©1962 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

To some men a luxury,

to gentlemen a necessity.

Nothing distinguishes the man so much as Moustache. Complete array of fine French toiletries from $2.50 to $27.50.*

Moustache

BY THE HOUSE OF MARCEL ROCHAS

*PLUS 10% FED. TAX.

The personal touch, our initial shaped brushes

are gifted holiday selections for him

Strictly personal, our original clothes brushes from Austria are unique gifts, and unmistakably his. These initial shaped brushes are sculptured of handsomely grained solid walnut, and backed with soft, efficient natural bristles. In all initials except I, Q, U, X, Y, Z. Each **7.95**

Mail and phone orders filled. Outside delivery area add 55c.
59th Street at 3rd Ave. · EL 5-5900
Bergen County *Fresh Meadows*
New Rochelle *Stamford*

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

ments of events, situations, and characters, and *they* would be debated till doomsday. "In my 'Napoleon,'" Geyl went on, "I surveyed all the century-and-a-half-old arguments about Napoleon. What historians from generation to generation thought about him—whether in their eyes he was in or out—depended, it turned out, upon the politics of the time. Have you read the book?"

I said I had, and remembered well the famous "Argument" passage: "To expect from history those final conclusions, which may perhaps be obtained in other disciplines, is, in my opinion, to misunderstand its nature. . . . The scientific method serves above all to establish facts; there is a great deal about which we can reach agreement by its use. But as soon as there is a question of explanation, of interpretation, of appreciation, though the special method of the historian remains valuable, the personal element can no longer be ruled out—that point of view which is determined by the circumstances of his time and by his own preconceptions. . . . Truth, though for God it may be One, assumes many shapes to men. Thus it is that the analysis of so many conflicting opinions concerning one historical phenomenon is not just a means of whiling away the time, nor need it lead to discouraging conclusions concerning the untrustworthiness of historical study. The study even of contradictory conceptions can be fruitful. . . . History is indeed an argument without end."

With a smile, he now added, "Good heavens, if there were such a thing as objective history, people would have made up their minds about Napoleon long ago."

Like a good lecturer, Geyl read the questions in my mind and, instead of my putting them to him, put them to me. "Have you read Taylor's 'Origins of the Second World War'?" he asked.

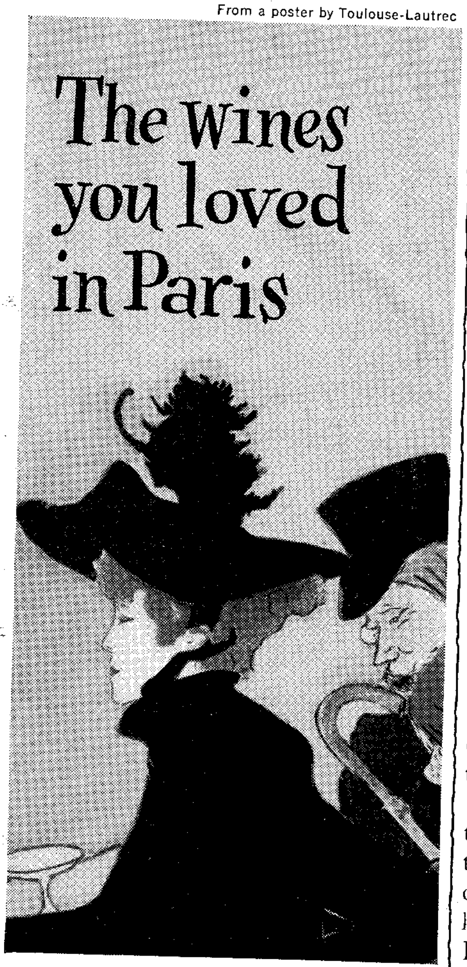
I said I had.

"I pasted that book in a review," he said proudly, "and, through correspondence, have been arguing with him about his thesis ever since. In his letters to me he says that, contrary to all the allegations, he has not gone out of his way to provoke, to create a sensation, to confound everybody with paradoxes. He says he wrote the book with truth and objectivity as his only touchstones. He says he objectively discovered Hitler to be just another statesman. He insists Hitler was a godsend, for if anybody more shrewd than Hitler had come along, he might have dominated Europe without a war. He says his book is not an apology for Chamberlain, not an apology for the policy of appeasement, but

The lapels are silk brocade, the look is Lord West... and the lady approves. $135 at authoritative stores. Lord West, 101 W. 21st St., N.Y.

Lord Wes

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec


The wines you loved in Paris

They are here—wherever
fine wines are sold and served.
These are wines of the
best growths and the best years
from Barton & Guestier
—wine merchants to the
world since 1726.

FROM BORDEAUX:
MEDOC, B&G
Medium, not too dry; red
ST. EMILION, B&G
Robust, big-bodied; red
ST. JULIEN, B&G
Charming, delicate, dry; red
GRAVES, B&G
Fresh, fruity, medium dry; white
SAUTERNES, B&G
Golden, velvety; full-bodied

FROM BURGUNDY:
MACON, B&G
Delightfully soft red wine
BEAUJOLAIS, B&G
Lively, fruity; red
POMMARD, B&G
Big, strong, rich; red
POUILLY FUISSE, B&G
White, fresh, delicate
CHABLIS, B&G
Clean, crisp, dry; white

Look for the name B&G on the
labels—for the *seller*
is as important as the *cellar!*

B&G *the finest wines of France*

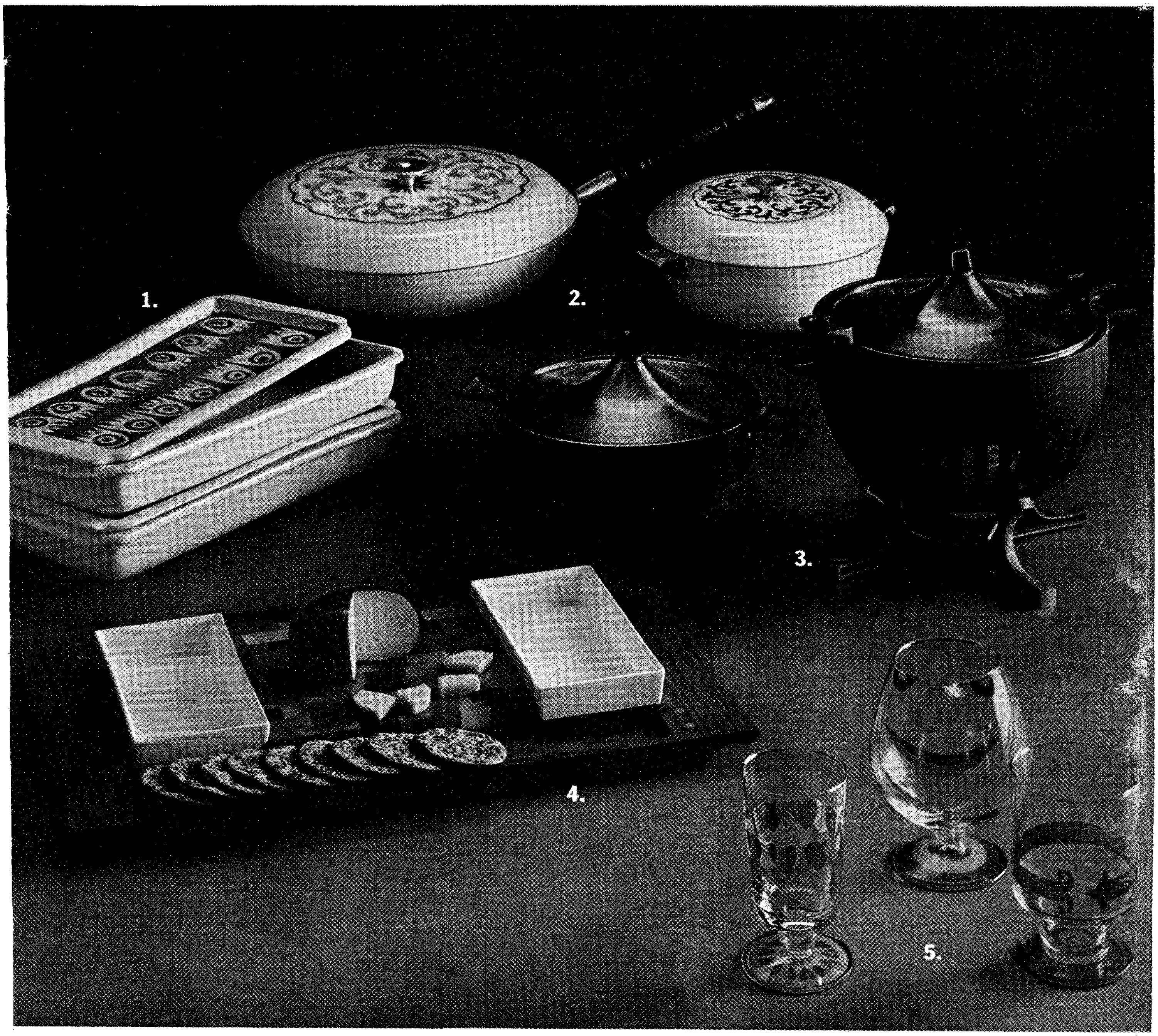
BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

simply an explanation of them. I say, what is an explanation if not an apology? I wrote to him insisting that Hitler was not just another statesman but a unique phenomenon. I said that he, Taylor, had been too faithful to his printed documents, that he had overlooked the temper of Germany in the thirties—the street gangs, the S.S., the S.A., the whole Nazi phenomenon. I said that to write about Hitler and the war as though it were all a natural consequence of the Treaty of Versailles, and leave out of the calculation Hitler the freak of nature, dynamism gone mad, and the reasons for his success—the acute depression and the complete collapse of the economy in the early thirties—was bad history. I insisted that a historian was inevitably limited by his time, his period, his situation, and that there was no such thing as objective history. To make my point, I sent him copies of my correspondence with my intimate friend Carel Gerretson—I am going to include them in a small volume of my letters."

Geyl was by now as excited as a lecturer at the climax of an oration. Getting up, he feverishly rummaged in his desk for the Gerretson letters, without, however, stopping the flow of his words. He told me that Gerretson was a Dutch poet, historian, and politician, and he explained the context of one particular letter. It was written in 1939 and concerned one Dr. Hendrik Krekel, who was a journalist. "You see," Geyl said, "when a Hague daily stopped publishing Krekel's weekly reviews of the international situation, he collected some of them and brought them out in pamphlet form. Gerretson forwarded the pamphlet to me, challenging me to deny that the reviews were models of objectivity, fair-mindedness, and good journalism. What I wrote"—interrupting himself to exclaim "Here it is!," he triumphantly fished out of a drawer the relevant letter to Gerretson—"about Krekel then applies just as much to the sort of history Taylor writes." He read, in a loud, clear voice, " 'Krekel's expositions no doubt have their interest. There is something attractive in this method of systematically connecting events with earlier phases; the writer has a keen mind. But objective? When a man writes in a quiet and matter-of-fact way, avoids the use of big words, does not betray any emotion or express any sympathy, letting his conclusions or opinions appear only in the most moderate terms or even obliquely—that does not make him objective. Krekel does not waste words on the moral worth, or, let me say, on the anti-moral, anti-human tendencies of the German regime; at most, he mentions them once in a while when he notices that the horror evoked by them elsewhere constitutes a factor. The feverishness inherent in every dictatorship, the need to register successes, the absence of all counterweight of criticism—all such factors Krekel leaves out of account in his estimates, or at least does not give them their due weight. In this I see the symptoms of a feeling of affinity with the German system, or of moral blindness; at any rate, no objectivity. Those elements must be taken into account in every higher synthesis. To keep talking all the time in terms of power politics, imperialism versus imperialism—let it be in itself as able and well-informed as you please, it denotes a one-sidedness which must lead to formidable miscalculations.' " Putting the letter down, Geyl said, "How true all this is of Taylor! Krekel and Taylor not only are trying to do the impossible but are gravely erring. Taylor is still writing old-fashioned political history, from which it appears that the great issues of the world are settled in Foreign Offices rather than in society at large." Some aspects of Taylor's history, Geyl said, had an all too imposing ancestry in Sir Lewis Namier's work. Namier all of the time and Taylor much of the time had no *real* respect for statesmen and policies, ideas and ideologies, which for them, as for Freud, were simply reflexes—responses to subconscious influences. Because of its purely factual approach, Namier-Taylor history had a kind of pointedness, a kind of dramatic quality, a kind of brilliance; in their hands history took wings as only good stories did, but their picture of the society was no more than a bird's-eye view of it.

For the first time, Geyl's voice became freighted with emotion. Until then, he had been talking like a European professor, who is more used to lecturing than to holding tutorials or seminars. His arguments were clear and limpid, but one felt that they had already taken place, rather than—as in a good tutorial or seminar—that they were still in the future. Now he seemed a little confused, as though he were still debating something in his mind. "After one has said the worst about Taylor—that 'The Origins of the Second World War' is dreadful history—still he remains in many ways the

Designs For R/A gives you everything for a master-chef meal, including the kitchen stove.



id Stoneware, by artist-)avid Gil, captures the)f the Hawaiian Room approval of the chef, u or luncheon. Its re- ; native design brings ynesian informality to)le. Right from the oven. ange, lava brown or sea n off-white. Each with ire of original recipes.

2. Alsatian cookware by Garth Huxtable with the talents of The Brasserie. Their enchanting enamels decorate a wall or table beautifully. And you'll be decorated, too, for the best French omelettes and casseroles in the land. Thanks to this finely finished, heavy-gauge aluminum. Frypans, casseroles, and tested master-chef recipes.

3. The Roman Kitchen was designed in the image of the Forum of the Twelve Caesars by George Nelson and a master-chef. That's why it looks (and cooks) as the Forum does. It's a charcoal broiler, chafing dish, crepe pan, deep and shallow casserole. Bronze-covered black porcelain, with aluminum pans. Plus secret recipes.

4. Magnificent wood servers made to do a great service for cheese and hors d'oeuvres of all seasons. Designer Garth Huxtable played exquisite woods against each other, achieving the effect of The Four Seasons in New York. Some reverse for cutting blocks. Selected woods, hand finished with oil. Each has our rare, international recipes.

5. The first fine stemware with its own colorful spirit. Designer Robert Bushong took the Latin American color from La Fonda del Sol and splashed it gayly over these glasses. Some have wee faces laughing up from the bottom. All to be mixed or matched. Gold or silver with blues, reds, oranges. And you even get recipes, too.

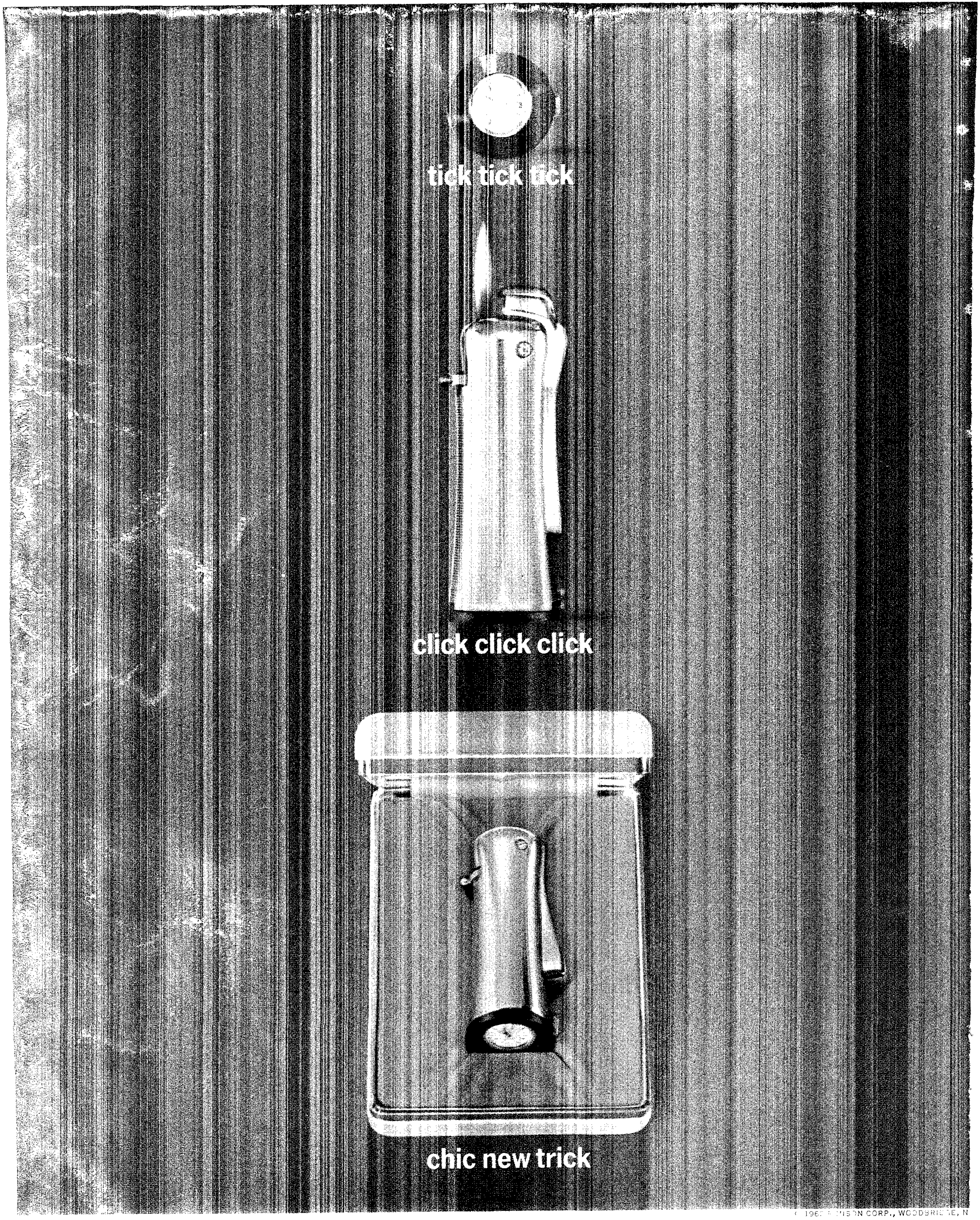
AVAILABLE AT GIFT SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE. ***DESIGNS FOR R/A*** *INC. 515 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.*

as long as you're up get me a Grant's
YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
Grant's

Thank you, darling. That kind of service gets you a place on this Christmas list. What's it going to be? Oh, you know. What I give everybody but the kids. Grant's 8.

Give the light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., N.Y.

©1962 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.



© 1967 RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N

The lady who gets a Ronson Lite-Time slips both a lighter and a watch into her purse. And there's nothing Plain Jane about either.

The lighter's unmatchable. It's the Ladylite, the ladies' own darling, their personal Ronson Varaflame® lighter. You won't catch *it* using old-fashioned, drippy fluids. It works on clean, modern butane, a safe odorless gas.

It has a gentle, ladylike flame that the lady can set, high or low, as she pleases.

Lights don't evaporate out of it. It comes fueled, so she can light up *thousands* of times before it needs filling at all. Even then, it's so simple a lady can refuel it without taking off her best white kid gloves.

And the watch? That's a jewel. A little 17-jewel Swiss watch. With a delica a strong constitution, and the gentlest tic tick in town.

If you want to see your lady light up, one. The column alongside tells you wh

RONSON® Varaflame Lite-Time

Where to buy your lady the RONSON® Varaflame Lite-Time

(Shown on facing page)

NEW YORK	New York City	Mark Cross
		Lambert Bros.
ARIZONA	Nogales	Capins
	Phoenix	Goldwaters
		Leonards
		Petty's Jewelers
CALIFORNIA	San Diego	Walker Scott Dept. Stores
	San Francisco	Laykin et Cia at I. Magnin & Co.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA		Bullock's
COLORADO	Denver	Denver Dry Goods
		Hallmark's
		International Villa Imports
		Stapelton Field Gift Shop
CONNECTICUT	New Haven	Michaels Inc.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Washington	Beckers
FLORIDA	Miami	Richard's Dept. Store
GEORGIA	Atlanta	Rich's Dept. Store
INDIANA	Indianapolis	Rost Jewelry
IOWA	Davenport	The Samuels Co.
MARYLAND	Baltimore	Tuerkes
MICHIGAN	Detroit	J. L. Hudson Co. (Toiletries Dept.)
MINNESOTA	Minneapolis	S. Jacobs
MISSOURI	Kansas City	Jaccard's Jewelry
	St. Louis	Stix-Baer-Fuller
		Famous Barr
NEBRASKA	Omaha	Brodkey's
NEW JERSEY	Newark	Kresge's Dept. Store
OHIO	Akron	Rogers Jewelry
	Cleveland	Halle Bros.
		Rudolph Deutsch Co.
	Columbus	Kahn's Jewelers
	Youngstown	Jerry Lees Jewelry
	Zanesville	Best Jewelry
OREGON	Portland	Zell Bros.
PENNSYLVANIA	Pittsburgh	Gimbel Bros.
TEXAS	Amarillo	Wagner's Jewelry
	Austin	Sheftall Jewelry
	Brownsville	Lackmer Jewelry
	Houston	Corrigan's Jewelers
	Laredo	C. L. Milton Co.
	Lubbock	Anderson Bros. Jewelers
	McAllen	Brittons Jewelry
	San Antonio	E. Hertzberg Jewelry
		Shaw's Jewelry
VIRGINIA	Arlington	David Mann Jewelers
WASHINGTON	Seattle	Friedlander & Sons Jewelers
WISCONSIN	Madison	Goodman's
	Milwaukee	The Boston Store

and other fine stores everywhere

best historian at present writing in England," Geyl said. "He has eulogized me—you've seen his article on my seventieth birthday?"

I said I had.

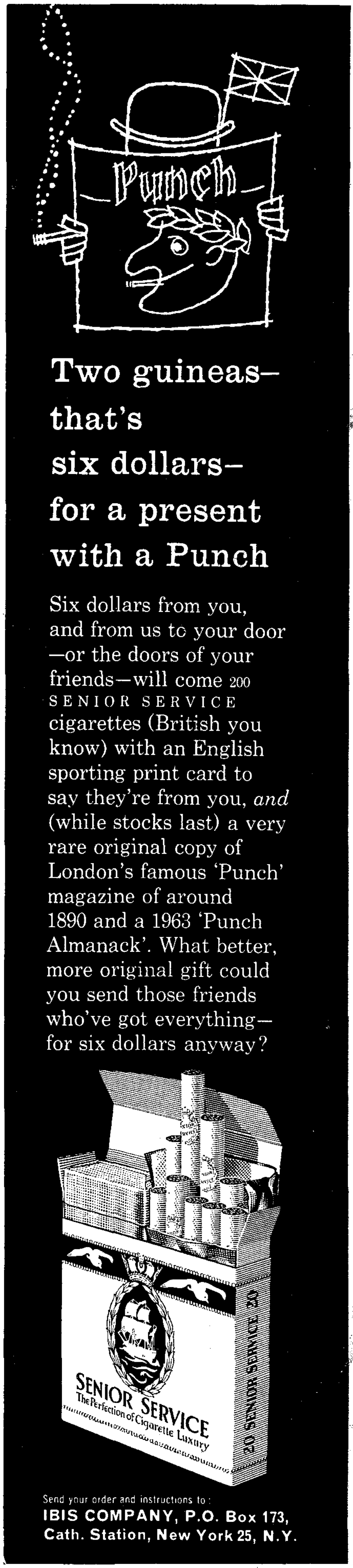
"Well, then," he said, "it would be only reasonable that I should have agreed to contribute to a *Festschrift* that a man at Oxford is organizing for him. But I refused. Do you think I was right? Or—"

Just then we were interrupted by a red-cheeked woman, only a little shorter than Geyl, who came in carrying a couple of cups of tea. She introduced herself as his wife, and said as she handed us the tea, "I hope my husband found all the books and papers he needed. He is so untidy that I don't know what he would do without me." With that, she left us.

"I don't know what I would do without her," Geyl echoed. "We used to bicycle a lot before the Utrecht traffic got so heavy. Now we pass the time playing draughts."

I asked Geyl a question that had been troubling me for some time—how controversy could be a way to the truth. In return, he told me a story. "During the Second World War," he said, "the great French historian Lucien Febvre proposed that, to keep the spirits of the French youth high, they should be encouraged to read Jules Michelet, the Romantic historian. Michelet was intensely nationalistic. He always talked about 'the great French nation;' for him, France was the *crème de la crème* of nations. In one of my essays, I attacked Febvre for his Micheletism. When Febvre came to Utrecht, a friend invited me to lunch with him, and I went, prepared for a good intellectual fight about Michelet. But when I broached the subject, he simply said, 'I do not wish to discuss it.' " Geyl produced his narrow, aristocratic smile. "Good heavens, what future is there to history if you take that attitude? For me, as I've said, history is an argument without end, and temperamentally I am a born polemicist—but not, of course, on the scale of Trevor-Roper."

Geyl's mind, perhaps, was like Trevor-Roper's, I thought, but as a man he streamed with a charm no less engulfing than Toynbee's; even his vanity and his haughtiness were engaging. It was easy to see how in argument he could get the better of Toynbee. But Carr and Taylor were different matters. There was much more to Carr than his theory about fortuitous events, and from the little history I knew, it seemed to me, judging Geyl in accordance with his dictum—"A historian is inevitably lim-

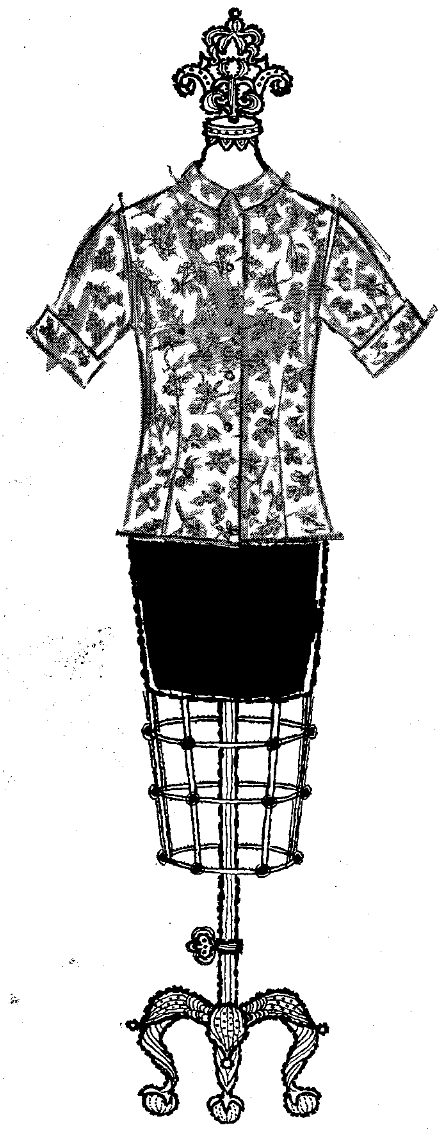


Two guineas—that's six dollars—for a present with a Punch

Six dollars from you, and from us to your door —or the doors of your friends—will come 200 SENIOR SERVICE cigarettes (British you know) with an English sporting print card to say they're from you, *and* (while stocks last) a very rare original copy of London's famous 'Punch' magazine of around 1890 and a 1963 'Punch Almanack'. What better, more original gift could you send those friends who've got everything—for six dollars anyway?

Send your order and instructions to:
IBIS COMPANY, P.O. Box 173,
Cath. Station, New York 25, N.Y.

MANIKIN DESIGN PATENT PENDING



Village Lawn

A cotton thin as mist, soft as sunrise, printed with innocent little morning glories and snapdragons and plums. Monotones of tender Green or Blue give it depth. The VILLAGER shirt, with its superb balance of design, contributes a cool authority. Pan collar, roll sleeves, squared shirttails. Sizes 8 to 16.

About seven dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager®

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

ited by his time, period, situation"—that some of his strong feelings against Taylor and "The Origins of the Second World War" could be explained by his political conservatism, Holland's proximity to Germany, his war memories of Hitler, his suffering at the hands of the Germans (he was in Buchenwald for a year), and, above all, perhaps, the different visions that Geyl and Taylor had of the future. Taylor had pinpointed this very difference in the conclusion of his Geyl panegyric. "Geyl speaks for the Europe of the past as well as for the Europe of the present," he had written. "He loves them both; and he believes, as I do, that they present the highest point which humanity has achieved. If his principles and passions mislead him, it is, I think, more in relation to the future than to the past. Loving the past so much, he cannot believe that it will come to an end. He cannot believe that Europeans will cease to care for individual liberty and national diversity. I am not so sure. It seems to me possible that men may come soon to live only in the present; and that they will forget their historical inheritance in favour of television sets and washing machines. There will be no classes, no nations, no religions; only a single humanity freed from labour by the electric current of atomic-power stations. European history will then be as dead as the history of ancient Egypt; interesting as a field of study but with nothing to say to us. . . . Our last conversation was just after the end of the Suez affair. I was jubilant. . . . National independence (of Egypt) had been vindicated; Anglo-French aggression had been defeated. Geyl was gloomy: he saw only the passing of European predominance. I think he was wrong. The Geyl of the twenty-first century may be an Indian or a Chinese—even perhaps an Egyptian. But maybe our light is going out. What matter? It has burnt with a noble flame."

TO most Englishmen, whether philistine-barbarians or Hellenist-Hebraics, Taylor is not an unfamiliar figure, for his name appears in print with the regularity of the Sabbath or the scheduled television programs, and whether one's approach to culture is through newspapers (he appears in intellectual papers, like the *Observer*, the *Guardian*, the *New Statesman*, and in popular ones, like the Beaverbrook press), broadcasts (he often appears on television programs like "Brains Trust" and "Free Speech"), textbooks ("The Struggle for Mastery in Europe: 1848-1918"), a university (he is one of the three or four best lecturers at Oxford),

G B

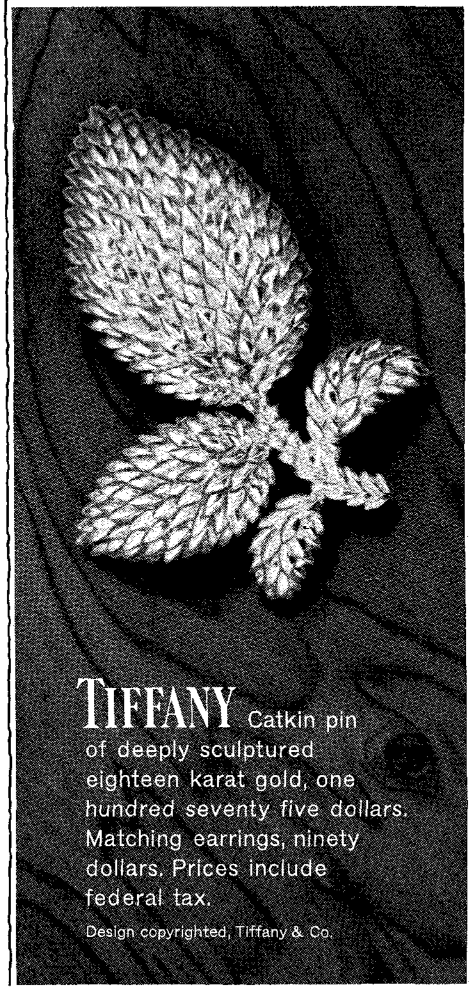
Grapetree Bay
IN ST. CROIX

"What's it really like?"

It's a resort that has gone out of its way not to be "typical." Leisure to your measure is the order of the day at this 400-acre estate on the easternmost tip of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands. Accommodations are in 32 beautiful villas overlooking the beach and Caribbean; food is superb. Write for our new color brochure with full particulars. John Burgess, Mgr. Or see your travel agent.

Grapetree Bay
HOTEL AND COTTAGES
St. Croix, Virgin Islands, USA
Int'l. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
New York/Boston/Washington
Chicago/Miami/Toronto/London

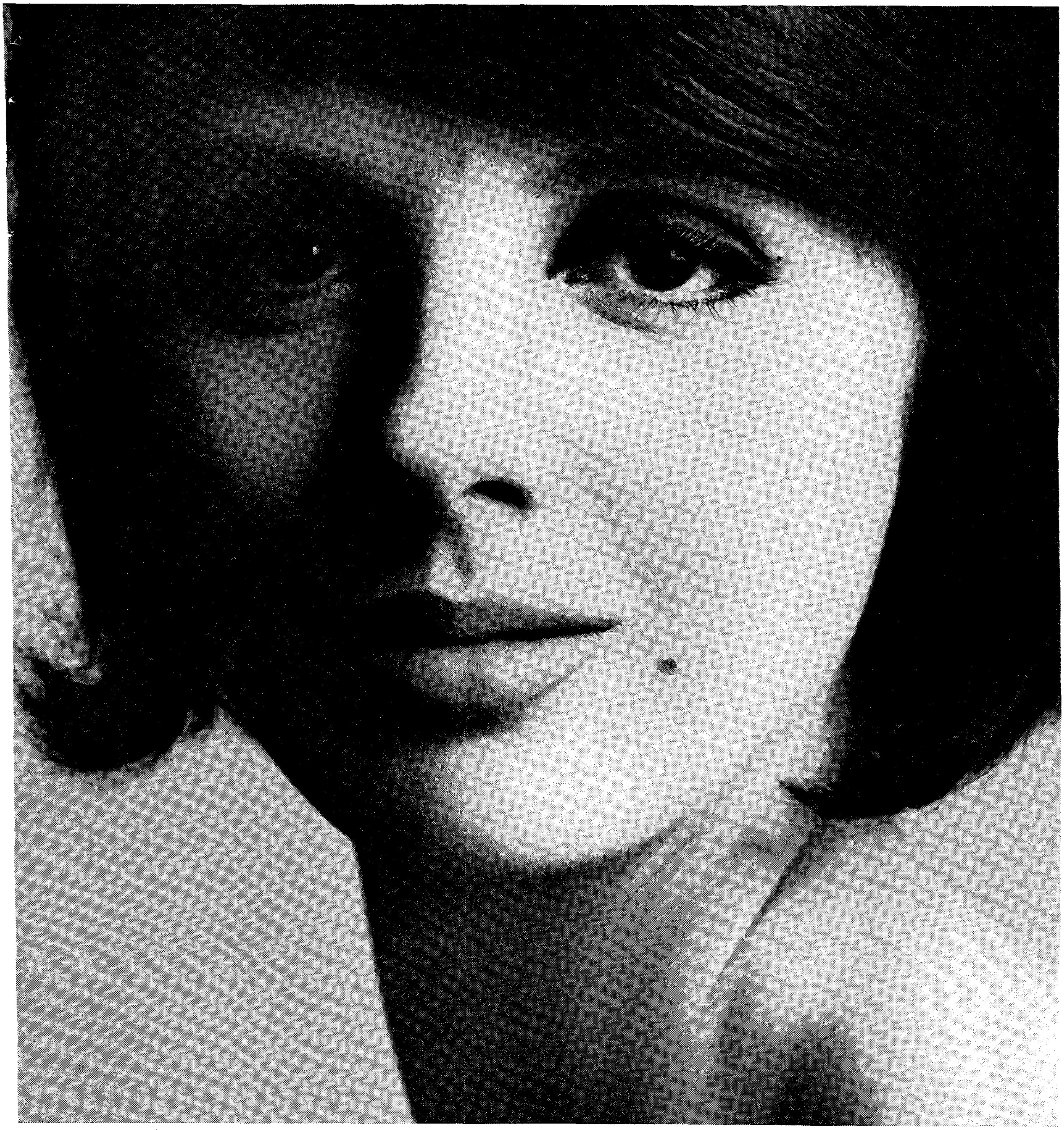
A Treadway Inn



TIFFANY Catkin pin of deeply sculptured eighteen karat gold, one hundred seventy five dollars. Matching earrings, ninety dollars. Prices include federal tax.

Design copyrighted, Tiffany & Co.

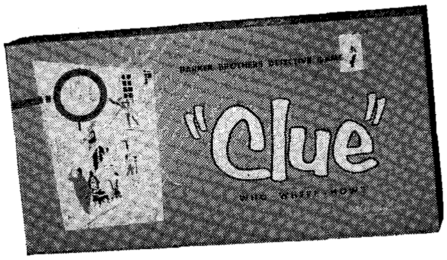
COMMENT DIT-ON FEMME EN ANGLAIS?



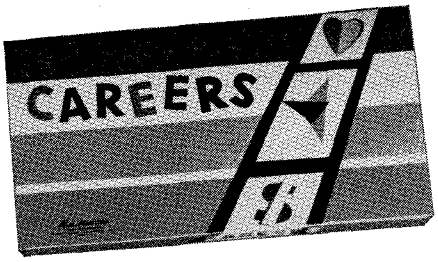
Femme.

PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK

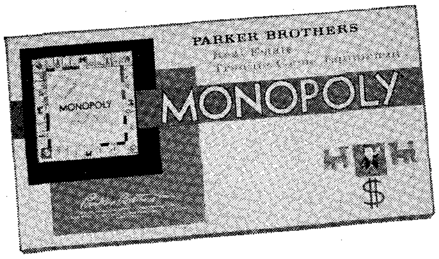
famous
PARKER
GAMES



CLUE*
Parker Brothers Detective Game
A thrilling game for the amateur "private eye" Players try to uncover the who, where and how of a bewildering mystery. $4.00



CAREERS*
Parker Brothers Game of Optional Goals
An interesting, exciting and challenging game. Each player sets his goal for success in one of eight fascinating occupations. $3.00



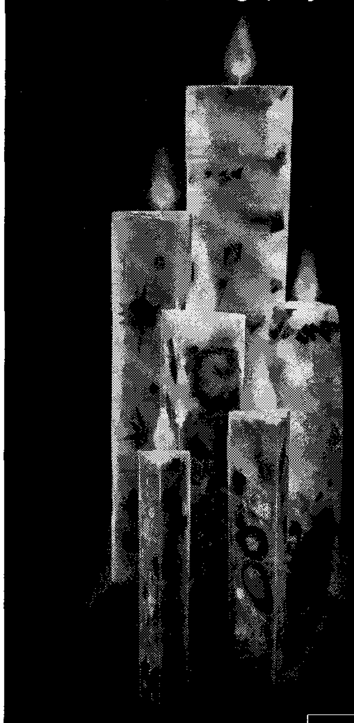
MONOPOLY*
Parker Brothers Real Estate Trading Game
Buy, sell, trade, even bluff your way to a real estate empire! Everyone can be a millionaire in this, the world's most popular game. $5.00

and don't forget
PARKER PASTIMES
a complete line of creative activity toys

*Parker Brothers Registered Trademark for its Game Equipment
PARKER BROTHERS, INC.
Salem, Mass. • Des Moines, Iowa
Manufactured in Canada by Parker Brothers Games, Ltd., Toronto

or politics (he is a recalcitrant bow in the hair of the Labour Party, and a luminary of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament), Taylor inevitably turns out to be one of the main gateways. At Magdalen, his Oxford college, where I had dined two or three times, Taylor was often to be found in the Senior Common Room at mealtimes on weekdays, his glasses resting rather forbiddingly on his big nose as he talked in a clipped, acid voice to half a dozen alternately solemn and amused colleagues. He had a special way with anecdotes, including a special way of smacking his lips, often as a signal that he was about to tell an important story. As an undergraduate, I had attended his lectures, many of which were sliced into equal halves, one meaty with the solid specificity of history and the other juicy with histrionics, but among the undergraduates, always pressed for time, it was Taylor's use of his day that was most marvelled at. It was said that he often read and reviewed a book before breakfast, which he took at eight o'clock. Then he worked steadily through original documents (in five languages), with a break for lunch, until late in the afternoon, when he met his tutees. (He was patient and meticulous with clever pupils, impatient and hasty with the plodders.) He might finish off his day by listening to music (for which he had a real passion), by distributing his wit, like Dr. Johnson, among his Oxford colleagues at the dinner table, or by talking, like his hero John Bright, in a lecture hall in London. Indeed, sometimes he spent half the week in London, where he worked out of several libraries—at a little more relaxed pace, it was hoped—and led the public life of a prima donna. Even among those discriminating colleagues of his who deplored certain of his activities, Taylor remained the subject of a sneaking admiration. One distinguished man of letters at Oxford, to whom comparisons and analogies, though hedged with qualifications, came as easily as daydreams come to most of us, had once summed Taylor up as "the Tolstoy of our time—um, with a difference," going on to explain, "Like Tolstoy, Taylor thinks the historical field of force is the microscopic facts, those millions of telegrams and dispatches, but while Tolstoy didn't think one could make sense of it—he was humble—Taylor thinks one can." The perversity of his responses to situations, which in undergraduate conversation was never far behind the mention of his name, was scarcely less a subject for wonder. One don recalled how he had found himself at a meeting of a Peace Con-

O LOVELY LIGHT . . . candles in a kaleidoscope of colors, now brilliant, now muted, ever translucent. From $3 to $60, depending upon your whim.



AMERICA HOUSE
The finest in American crafts

44 West 53rd St., New York
PLaza 7-9494
CATALOG ON REQUEST

RENTAL SUITES OF "TOWN HOUSE" CHARACTER

For those who value quality...

8 East 83

(Now ready for inspection)

Skillfully designed suites for those who expect the full measure of facilities and appointments.

3½ to 8 room suites starting at $333 per month

Maisonettes • Penthouses • Duplexes • Woodburning Fireplaces • Private Service Entrances • Attended Elevators Garage • Centrally Air Conditioned

Agent on Premises • Phone PL 3-9210

DOUGLAS ELLIMAN & CO. INC.
Renting and Managing Agent
15 East 49th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

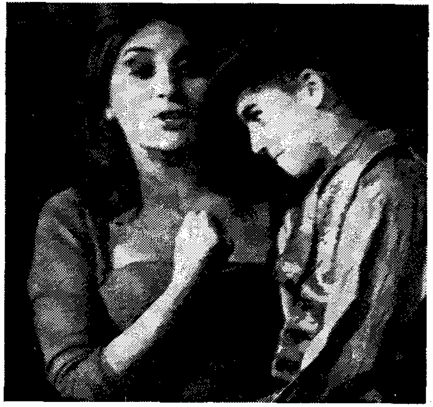
Refrigerators and Dishwashers

Joseph P. Blitz Inc.
Builder

THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
DAVID MERRICK and DONALD ALBERY
present
CLIVE REVILL
GEORGIA BROWN
OLIVER!
Book, Music and Lyrics by
LIONEL BART
Directed by PETER COE
Designed by SEAN KENNY
Orchestrations by ERIC ROGERS
Musical Director DONALD PIPPIN

SNEAK PREVIEW the Great New Musical **"OLIVER!"** in the Original Cast Recording, Presented by RCA Victor and David Merrick

Even before it opens on Broadway, the brilliant melodies of David Merrick's new sensation, "Oliver!" are ringing in the streets. The show "is a smasher" according to the San Francisco Call Bulletin . . . and The New York Times calls the recording "the most enticing original-cast disc since 'My Fair Lady.' " Songs range from the cheering proposition of "Consider Yourself" to the plaintively appealing "Where Is Love?" to the beautiful ballad "As Long As He Needs Me." Happily, the mood and mettle of the entire musical are in the (one and only) Original Cast Album of "Oliver!" on RCA Victor records. Georgia Brown repeats her show-stopping London performance as the lusty Nancy; Clive Revill is as fine a Fagin as ever baffled a bobby; the British star, Bruce Prochnik, sings his title role to a tea. David Merrick's (of course!) fine production doesn't open on Broadway until December 27th...but is currently a tremendous hit in Detroit. You're invited to a preview now. Ask your record dealer for the Original "Oliver!" today.



RCA VICTOR
TMK(S)®
The most trusted name in sound

Why you look so good, feel so good in

SUP-PANTS*

BY KUPPENHEIMER

The hidden inner elastic waistband does more than keep trousers up, shirt in. Makes you feel pounds trimmer, look years slimmer. Sup-Pants are everKreased™, too. That means they'll seldom need pressing. Rich fall colors in full worsteds or Dacron-worsted. *From $32.50 wherever good clothes and accessories are sold. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Inc., Chicago 12 • New York • Melbourne.*

THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK
IS THE CONFIDENT LOOK

*Licensed by Y. LeCottier and A. G. Trenteseaux, of France, owners of trademark "N'em Brace." U. S. Patent No. 2,757,381.

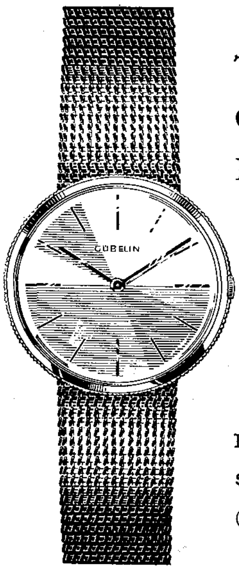
T. M. — B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO., INC.

gress behind the Iron Curtain and, glancing at the roster of speakers, had discovered Taylor's name there. "In the first place," he told me, with much relish, "it was astonishing that Taylor should be there at all—it was a very Party-line conference. Then, that he should be speaking! But the miracle was the speech he gave, to a dumb, stony house—it was dyed-in-the-wool conservative. And then he had the gall to come over to me and whisper in my ear, 'I've been dreaming of giving a speech like that since God knows when!' In Oxford, at a meeting of blue-blooded Conservatives, he would have delivered a stinging Left Wing harangue."

When I wrote to Taylor asking if he would talk about his view of history, he—unlike most other historians—made a perverse response. "I have no theories of history and I know nothing about them," he said. On reflection, this seemed more than contrary. He had written reviews dealing with practically all historical theoreticians, including Toynbee, Geyl, and Carr; he had been taken to task for his own theories of history by Trevor-Roper; and his lectures—indeed, his writings—many times turned out to be illustrations of his view that history is made up of accidents, with statesmen and politicians more often than not unable to control the events around them. But ultimately he agreed to talk to me at his suburban London house. I found Taylor in his living room one morning at eleven o'clock. He was wearing a mushroom-gray corduroy suit; his hair, which, though he is fifty-six, is abundant and only slightly gray, was neatly combed; and his glasses were forbidding as ever (he seemed to be peering at the world through a microscope), but the most noticeable thing about him was a permanent frown line—a sort of exclamation point—between the fierce circles of his eyes. Unlike Geyl's, the room was not inundated with historical works, though, as with Geyl, there was an impressive exhibit of books—they were displayed in a cabinet near a piano.

I said I understood he was "the real successor to Namier."

"I'm not sure I'd want to be his successor, though no one would deny his super gifts," he said, then added, "He took the mind out of politics, so I don't think he'll survive." The implication was that he himself did wish to survive. "Nobody would deny that Namier understood Freud, but so do most professional journalists. Furthermore, his attitude to psychoanalysis was more that of a patient than that of a psychoanalyst. It



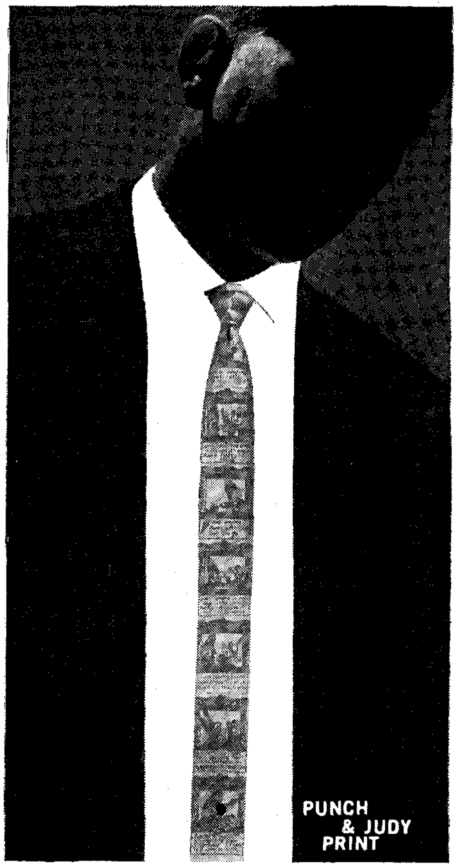
TIME IS
OF THE
ESSENCE

Ref. GGW 2319
$ 760.00
(Fed. tax. included)

To business and professional men who appreciate the distinction, character, and beauty of a fine watch we present this ultra-thin 18 kt gold watch with gold mesh chain bracelet. Gubelin watches are the finest examples of the watchmaker's craft.

GÜBELIN
of Switzerland

New York
3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue



From our uninhibited "Collector's" collection of hand-screened cottons. An exclusive **Tayloriginal**, $2.50 at trend-setting stores almost everywhere.

TAYLOR TIES
16 EAST 34TH STREET ☐ NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

is thought that I was Namier's pupil. Strictly speaking, he was my pupil."

I said, "What do you mean?"

"During my eight-year spell at Manchester University, I instructed him in marking examination papers, in the hours of his lectures, and even in the subject matter of his classes," Taylor said. "For example, I used to send him little notes saying, 'You're meeting your class at such-and-such an hour, and it is a general, not an honors, class, so include *dates* in your lecture.' So you see, strictly speaking, he was my pupil in many things, though actually he was a professor at the university and I was an assistant lecturer."

I had been told at Oxford that during Namier's lifetime, Taylor had felt himself to be a little bit in his shadow. There was not a trace of his shadow in the room now, however; in fact, Taylor gave the impression of having come into his own quite early. His conversation was tough and theatrical, and his small, pointed mouth had a way of snapping on words, like a rat trap. He talked as though he were seated at dinner in the Senior Common Room, with the assembled dons paying close attention to his words.

Treading gently, I approached his territory by asking him what Namier would have thought of "The Origins of the Second World War." (Although Trevor-Roper, in his review, had confidently asserted that the great historian would have squashed it, others had said, with equal assurance, that Namier would have saluted it.)

"He would probably have both liked it and not liked it," Taylor said wryly. "Take his 'Diplomatic Prelude.' It is distinctly a two-sided work. On the one hand, it recounts the mistakes of everybody. On the other hand, it reasserts Namier's lifelong anti-Germanism. My book *can* be read in two ways. In one way, it may sort of exonerate Hitler by saying the war was a mistake; in another, by letting Hitler off, it may make all Germans responsible for the war. Namier wouldn't have liked the implications about Hitler, but he might have been pleased by the anti-German implications."

Taylor was a beguiling man to talk with, partly because of his ability to turn everything one expected him to say topsy-turvy. "American critics were far cleverer than the English reviewers," he said now. "They declared the book to be bad because of its present-day implications: if all Germans are culpable for the war, then the present Western policy toward Germany is wrong. I have written that the First World War was

Have a Merito Christmas
MERRY, WE MEAN
Ron MERITO PUERTO RICAN RUM

MERITO EGGNOG PUNCH
Add 8 oz. of dry Merito Rum to a quart of any ready-mixed eggnog. Garnish with nutmeg.

MERITO DRY DAIQUIRI
To each ½ oz. of frozen Daiquiri Mix add 1½ oz. Merito Rum, shake with ice and strain into glass. Also can be served "on-the-rocks."

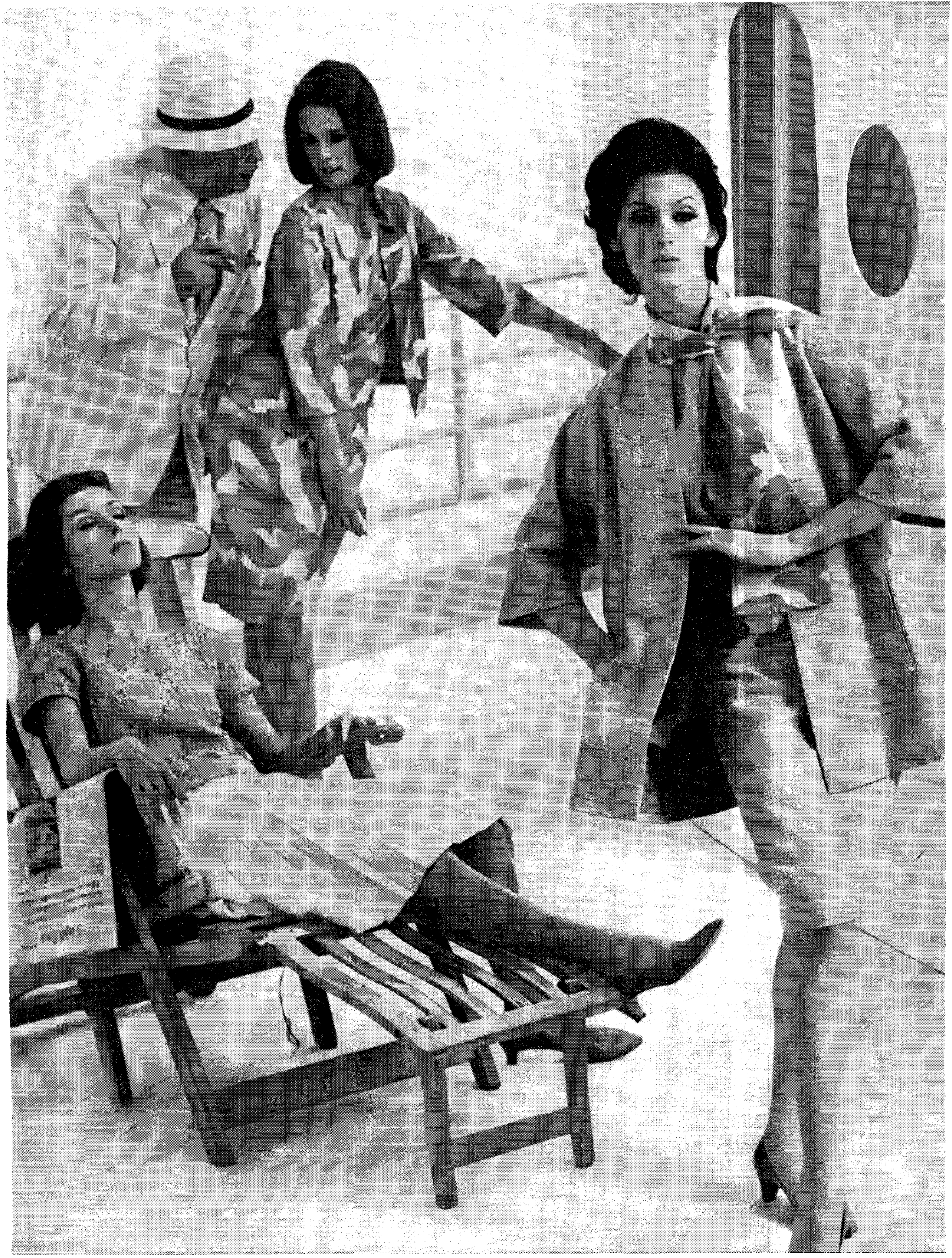
MERITO RUM MIST
Fill Old-fashioned glass with shaved ice—add 1½ oz. of Merito Rum—slice of lemon peel if desired.

Cheers aloft! Hoisting a yule tree to the top of the mast—an old Caribbean holiday custom.

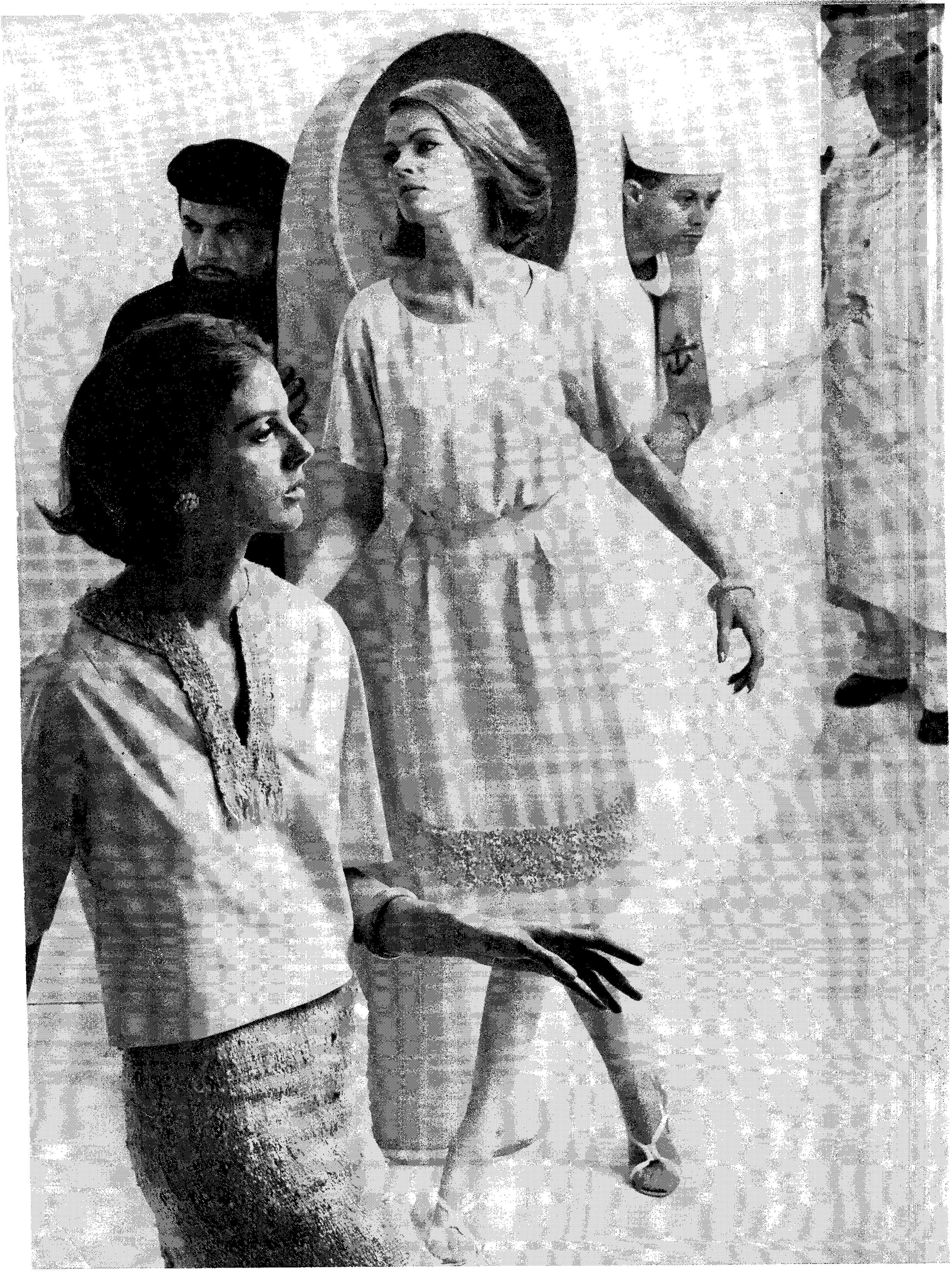
enjoy the finest tasting rum from Puerto Rico

Our great reserves of fine, light, dry Puerto Rican rums—plus the craftsmanship that comes from generations of fine rum making—give Merito unmatched delicacy and deliciousness. This holiday, serve Merito and, quite simply, you'll be serving the best.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK, 80 PROOF

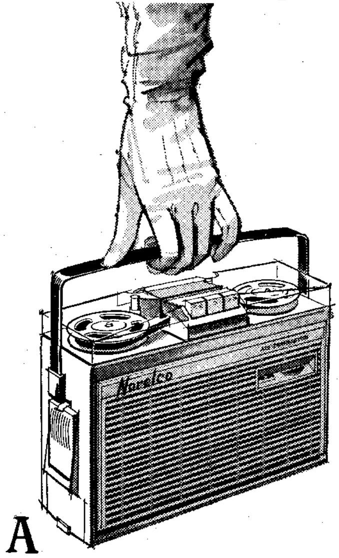


GETAWAY: A play about the getaway resorts and what to wear there, directed by that impresario of clot
B. H. Wragge. Diane, in deck chair, wears a Bangkok top over pongee pleated skirt, natural color silk, 80
Lita, with wealthy plantation owner, wears a three-piece silk ensemble in citron or flame, 110.00. C



's India silk and hibiscus print, natural and citron, 225.00. Sara, far forward, wears a natural pongee to
Bangkok skirt, 85.00. Ellen, far right, looks divine in natural color Teaweave silk, 110.00. 6 to 16 size
onwit Teller stores, I. Magnin & Co., California, Rich's, Inc., Atlanta and Montaldo's stores. **B. H. WRAGG**

Norelco® BRINGS YOU



A PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER that works on ordinary FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES so you can now record anything, anytime, anywhere!

Only 7 lbs.—can be worn over your shoulder like your camera. Records and plays back up to 2 hours on one reel. Simple to use? Push two buttons to record...one to play back. What could be simpler! Sound is clear as a bell and as loud as you want it. Comes with dynamic microphone. Ruggedly built, with constant-speed motor...handsomely styled...surprisingly low-priced. It's the newest Norelco 'Continental'—the 100% transistorized CONTINENTAL '100'

...available at camera shops, hi-fi dealers and leading stores all over the country. Write for brochure: R-12B.

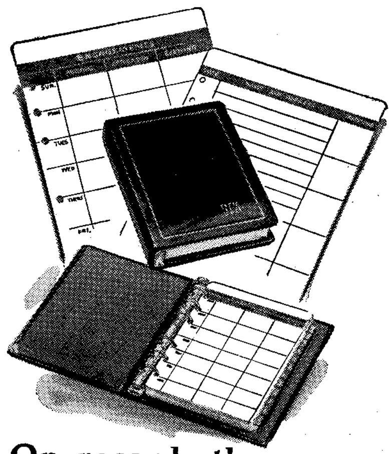
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

In Canada and throughout the free world, Norelco is known as the 'Philips'.

a mistake, and I have written that the Second World War was a mistake."

He snapped his lips shut, and, for the first time, I felt the full political impact (as Trevor-Roper must have) of one sentence in the "Origins": "The war of 1939, far from being premeditated, was a mistake, the result on both sides of diplomatic blunders"—a sentence accurately described by the publisher on the book jacket as "shattering." If history was made up of "accidents," then there wasn't much hope for the future, for avoiding the Third World War. "Liking the book," Taylor said, "becomes a matter of politics. If you're a Left Winger and are against the bomb and the arming of Germany, you may be in sympathy with the thesis; if you're a conservative, a militarist, and for Germany in NATO, you may not be." Superficially, this seemed reasonable and free of paradoxical spikes, but on closer inspection it became something different; history seemed not only to be falling from the grace of objectivity to personal prejudices but to be slipping down into the abyss of political bias. Even if this could be explained on the ground of recent memories of the events under review, what followed couldn't be. "Obviously, historians like Sir John Wheeler-Bennett and Alan Bullock and the younger American practitioners are hostile to my book because, whether they know it or not, they have vested interests," Taylor was saying. "They have written textbooks, and they have their own books and legends to sell." It was difficult to tell whether or not Taylor was serious.

Now, however, he switched from the treacherous ground of *ad-hominem* argument to the safer one of evidence. "Until I started studying the records, I, like many of my reviewers, had swallowed the legends about prewar history," he said. "I had accepted, for example—it's written in all the books—that Hitler sent for Schuschnigg. But when I looked into the records I discovered that it was the other way around—Schuschnigg asked to see Hitler." He seemed to be saying that small facts could change our picture of the past. "I was talking to Ian Gilmour, past editor of the *Spectator*, the other day," Taylor went on, smacking his lips, "who doesn't agree with my thesis. I told him two facts that, to say the least, surprised him. I told him that in the thirties the fate of the Jews in Poland was far worse than the fate of the Jews in Germany, and that in the thirties there were no concentration camps in Germany. Most people, like Ian, believe the reverse; prewar history is shrouded in legend. The records,



On record—the name and the date, 6.00 each

Our leather books with 24 kt. gold tooling make a gifted desk set. The tabbed-by-month book is divided for morning, afternoon and evening appointments; alphabetically tabbed book records names, addresses and phone numbers. Each measures 6½"x5½" in black, mottled brown, red or ivory leather. Small Leather Goods, Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

Saks Fifth Avenue

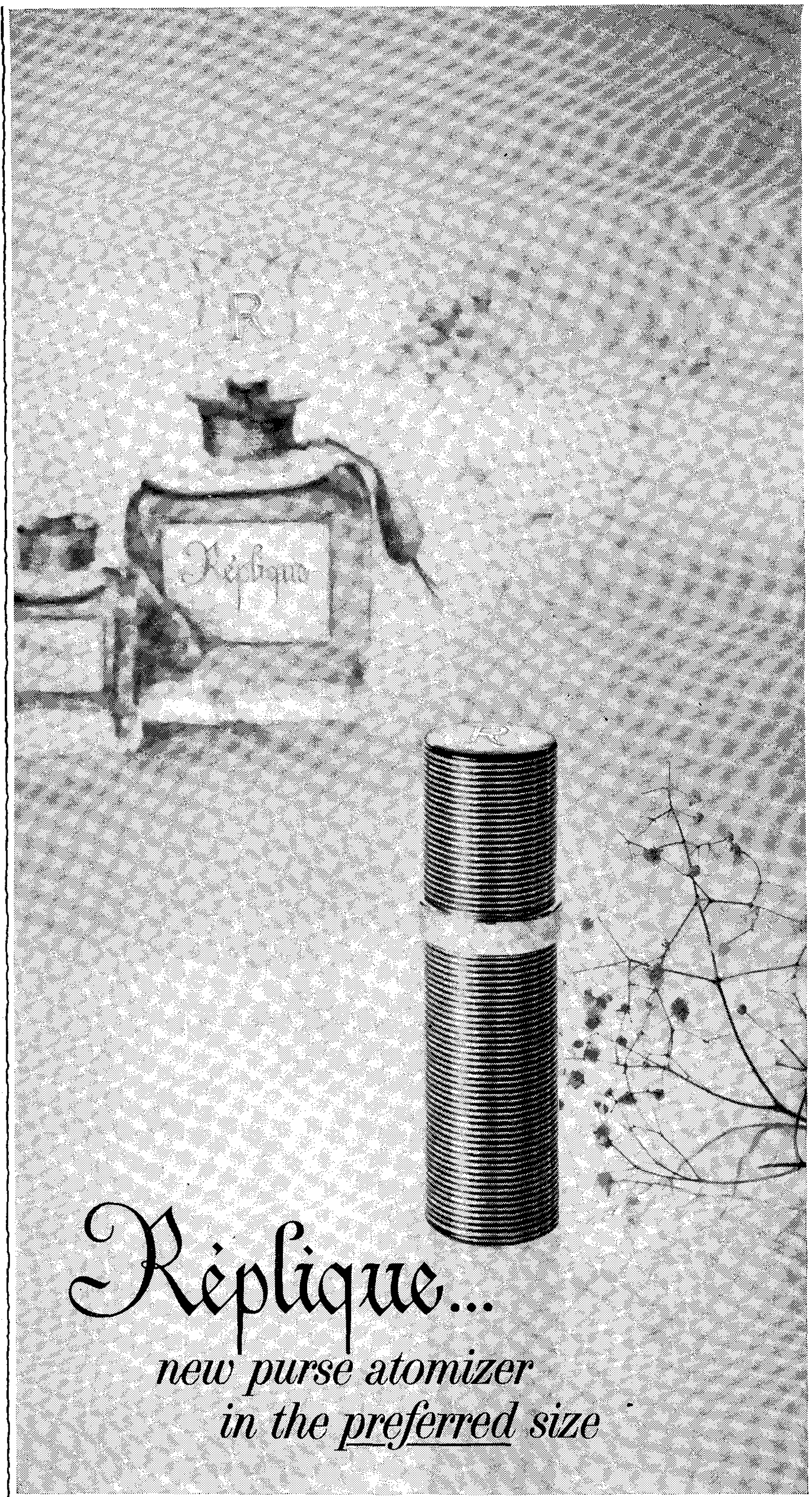
THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

TINY, TIDY BOW BLOUSE
Now in a gay silk surah Feather print of blue, rosy red or green feathers on a white background.
Sizes 8-18 14.95
PLEASE ADD 35c FOR POSTAGE.
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

however, just don't corroborate the legends. I wrote my history from the records. Ian and others *project* the later madness of Hitler back into the thirties. Without the carnage of the war, I wonder if he would have stumbled onto the idea of the gas chambers. In actual fact, even according to Bullock's 'Hitler,' which represents the orthodoxy, Hitler, avoiding the use of force, which would have been suicidal, became Chancellor and carried out the Nazi revolution by *legal, rational* means, and conducted his foreign policy shrewdly—no more madly, *insanely*, than any other statesman. According to the records, Hitler did his feeble best. Yes, he had his lunatic vision—and 'Mein Kampf' is a record of it—but he didn't behave like a lunatic all the time. I think all statesmen ought to be considered *first* on the basis of what they were trying to do, and what they did, according to the records. They ought to be taken as statesmen, as rational beings, before we resort to extraordinary, escapist, and easy explanations, like 'He was just insane.' " He again snapped shut his lips.

Some had traced the furor against the Hitler book to Taylor's nihilist view of history ("a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"). If there were overtones of the "idiot" view in his notion of accident, his attempt to find a rationale for Germany's behavior muffled them. Now, like Namier, Taylor underrated the role of plans and ideas; now, unlike Namier, he found a "statesman," a man who had ideas and policies, even in Hitler. Moreover, while Namier might list the people who owed their jobs to, say, Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle, the eighteenth-century politician, and note their tendencies to vote as a group in favor of Newcastle's policies (he stopped short of saying, "They voted with Newcastle *because* they owed their jobs to him." If there was even a hint of diagnosis—"X professes that he voted Whig principles, when actually he had no choice but to fall in line with his patron"—it was contained in bringing the true facts to the surface.), Taylor, at least in the "Origins," subordinated his facts (how Hitler and Schuschnigg met, what the state of Jews in Germany was) to a thesis and to professed ideas and motives—of the dependent, say, in my Namier example, of Hitler in his own book.

Taylor now turned to his critics, and impaled them on his quick wit. Beginning in a low key, he first dismissed Geyl in the terms one might have expected. "Geyl is too much of a moral historian," he said. "In his book on Napoleon, he roundly condemns him; I am



Now, a most generous 1/3 ounce of coveted Réplique perfume in a gleaming, stately column of gold and black . . . cleverly and instantly refillable. 7.50 complete; lavish 1/3 ounce refill 5.00. plus tax

BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

not sure we should condemn him. Napoleon, like Hitler, went from stage to stage. Geyl thinks I ought to keep saying, again and again, 'Hitler was a wicked man.' I tend to think that once I have written a sentence about Hitler's wickedness I have dealt with the subject. Besides, Geyl has too many personal memories of Nazism." He stopped, as though he feared that he was saying something ordinary. He turned to Trevor-Roper, and up came the surprise-package side of Taylor's character again. "Hughie shouldn't have attacked me, because my views really agree with his," he said. "Not only did I agree with him when he attacked Toynbee and Carr—he wrote at length what most of us really thought, though he did go on a little too long, and also his 'Carr' came much too late—but we look at history in the same way. Unlike Hughie, I may be a determinist—I believe in large trends, like the continuous growth of German power before the First World War—but I always write very detailed studies, in which it is the accidents that seem to stick out and make up history. My books, therefore, really turn out to be illustrations of free will—to which Hughie attaches so much importance."

This was not only paradoxical but a little incomprehensible; the belief in "accidents" seemed to be a roundabout way to determinism, not to voluntarism. I wanted to clear up this theoretical confusion, but Taylor went straight on.

"The difference between Hughie and me may be no more than that of definition," he said. "If you regard a plan as a great vision, then, of course, Hitler did have a plan—a lunatic vision. But if you define 'plan' as I do, a plan of day-to-day moves, then Hitler didn't have one. In this connection, a review of my book that meant a great deal to me was written by a Cambridge historian, F. H. Hinsley. He defined 'plan' in yet another way. He said that while Hitler may not have had a pattern, the more he succeeded the more of a pattern he got; success became his pattern. This, I think, is a fruitful approach. But"—Taylor sighed, then stood up and started pacing the room—"Hughie's attack on me was full of misquotations and misreadings. Robert Kee, the moderator of our television debate, told me about Hughie's mistakes, and it was due to him that I looked into his article carefully and wrote my 'Exercises for Beginners.' "

Pausing in front of a shelf of his work, he took out of his collection "Englishmen and Others" (published five years before the Professor's *Encounter* attack), and brought it over to his

THE IDEAL CLASSIC SHIRTWAIST OF STEHLI'S "KERAH" SILK BROADCLOTH IN DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY SHADES OF BLUE, HONEY, RED OR NAVY. SIZES 10 TO 20. ABOUT $30.00. FEATURED AT BEST & CO., NEW YORK, AND OTHER FINE STORES.

Norman
distinctive casuals to live in and love
Wiatt

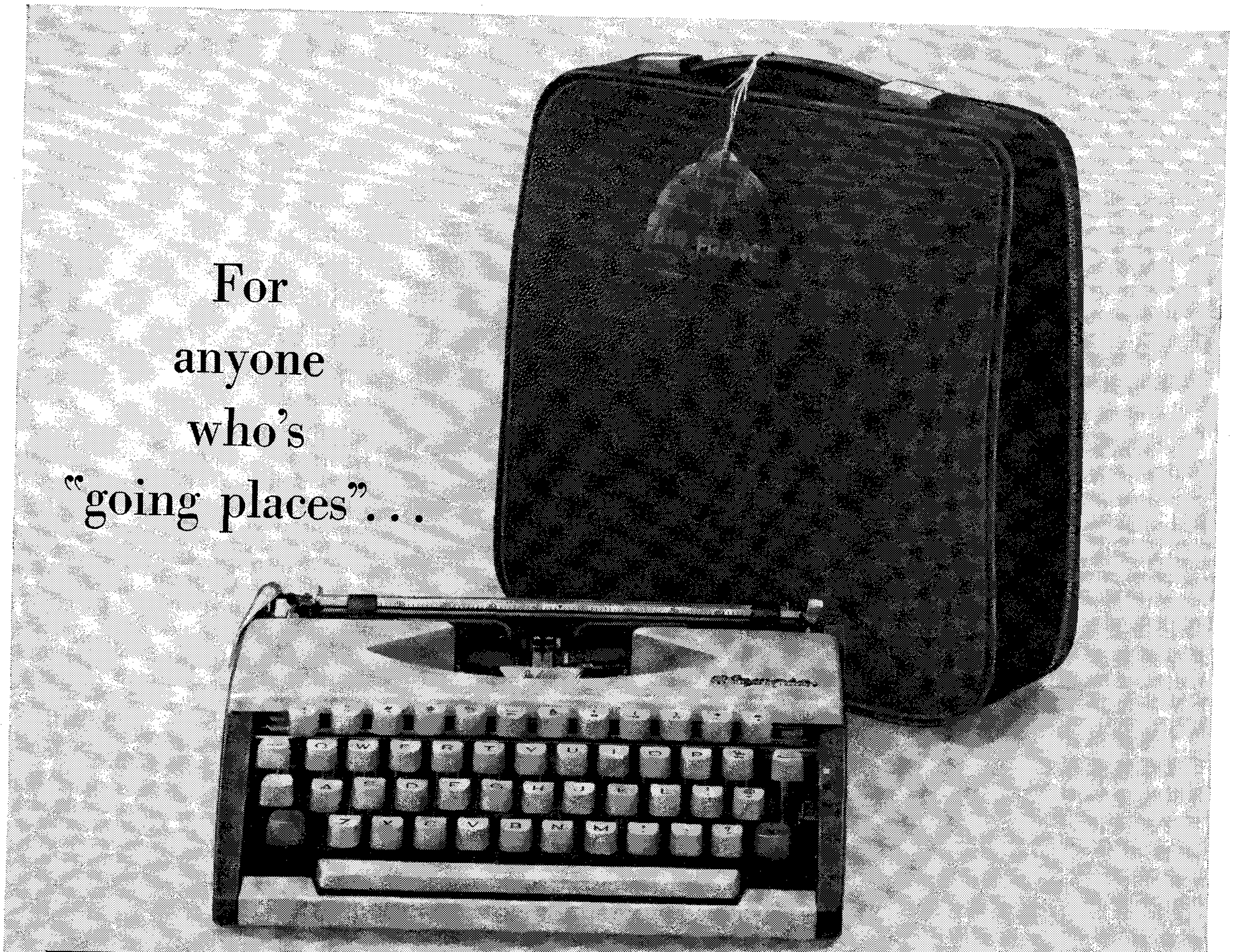
124 E. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 15, Calif

The Hotel With The Quiet British Accent

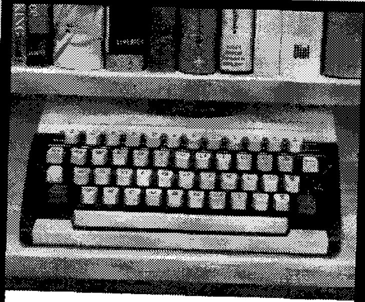
The Royal Victoria
NASSAU, BAHAMAS
Denis S. Hickman, President

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or our Int'l. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
New York/Boston/Washington
Chicago/Miami/Toronto/London

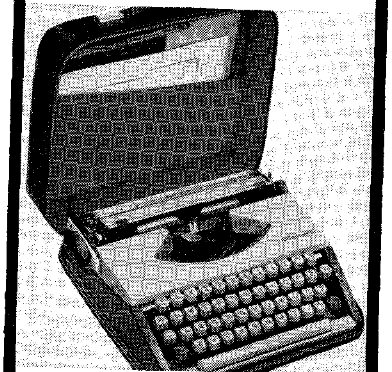
Your thanks—
personal and prompt, on a folded note. 50 with gold self-stick seals (1 initial), 4.00 Red border on white, tan on ivory, royal on blue, wine on mulberry, by Duncan McIntosh. Ours alone, at all Lord & Taylor stores.



THE SOCIALITE BY OLYMPIA!



Slim, trim, compact . . . the lightweight Socialite weighs less than 12 pounds, case and all, and tucks away neatly in any 3″ high by 12″ square space.



Handsome zippered carrying case . . . features a convenient pocket for stationery, stamps, pen, etc.

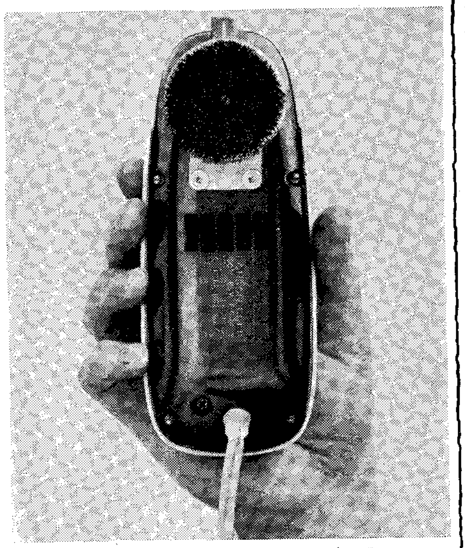
For memoirs or memos . . . thank you notes or themes . . . this handsome lightweight portable is letter-perfect for anyone who wishes, or needs, their writing to be attractively legible. And, let's face it, in this fast-paced world of ours handwriting isn't the art it used to be . . . that's why authorities agree that typing *even* your social correspondence is perfectly correct today. Indeed, you'll find the Socialite the next best thing to a personal secretary.

A breeze to operate, the Socialite comes fully-equipped with more than just basic office typewriter features—there's everything from convenient half-spacing (for ruled index cards, etc.) to a correcting space bar (for insertion of omitted letters). Even an exclamation point key! Your choice of four "personalized" type styles . . . including a graceful, flowing Script. Three attractive color options, too . . . charcoal/dove—aqua/dove—coral/dove. As for quality, you simply can't buy a smoother, faster, more efficient lightweight portable at any price. For proof see your authorized Olympia Dealer, he's a typewriter expert and listed in the Yellow Pages.

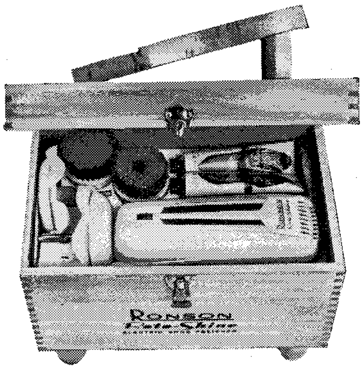
Olympia *precision typewriters*

Olympia Division, Inter-Continental Trading Corp., 90 West St., New York 6, N. Y. • In Canada: Olympia Business Machines Co. (Canada) Ltd., 25 Mobile Dr., Toronto 16, Ont.

This old-fashioned machine gives your shoes a good shine in 4 minutes and is a lot of work.



This new Ronson machine gives your shoes a terrific shine in 2 minutes and is a lot of fun.



Ronson Roto-Shine comes complete with handy hardwood box, polisher, two buffer pads, brown & black brushes, special creme brown & black polishes. $23.50*. Without wood box, $19.95*.

Ronson Roto-Shine

RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N.J.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.

chair. "I will read you something to show how much I admire Hughie," he said, looking through the book. "After I'd heard that Hughie was preparing an attack on the 'Origins,' the newspapers, by leaving out a 'not,' misquoted me on him." He was still looking for his passage. "What I really said was not 'It should be very amusing. He knows as much about twentieth-century history as I do about seventeenth-century history—which is to say nothing at all' but 'It should be very amusing. He knows as much about twentieth-century history as I do about seventeenth-century history—which is *not* to say nothing at all.' "

He laughed dryly, as though to say that journalism wasn't what it should be, and then, in an unexpectedly tender voice, read his accolade to Trevor-Roper. It was no less generous than his appraisal of Geyl, and it struck me that, however he belied it (to many it could come as a surprise), Taylor was a historian with great warmth:

> "No one cares now about Germany's bid to conquer Europe. Few care about the fate of Adolf Hitler. In the present situation of international politics both are better forgotten. Mr. Trevor-Roper's book ["The Last Days of Hitler"] would be forgotten along with them if it merely solved the riddle to which he was originally set. But it transcended its subject. Though it treated of evil men and degraded themes, it vindicated human reason. In a world where emotion has taken the place of judgment and where hysteria has become meritorious, Mr. Trevor-Roper has remained as cool and detached as any philosopher of the Enlightenment. Fools and lunatics may overrun the world; but later on, in some future century, a rational man will rediscover 'The Last Days of Hitler' and realize that there were men of his own sort still alive. He will wish, as every rational man must, that he had written Mr. Trevor-Roper's book. There are not many books in our age of which that could be said."

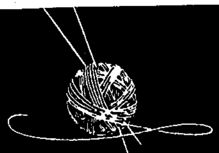
Resuming the subject of the controversy about the "Origins," he said, "The trouble with my book may be that in a number of places I left my own side very weak. I tend to think that if I have written one or two sentences about a theme, I repeat, that's the end of it, that's enough. In the first place, I know I know. In the second place, I know other people know; after all, I didn't write my book to be read as the only book on the origins of the Second World War. Now I am thinking of writing a long preface, when the storm has died down, in which I will answer my critics and point up some of the arguments for my case. Like the one about German armament: If Hitler had planned war in 1939, why weren't there more armament prepara-

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

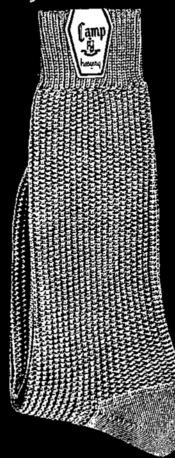
READY-CUT DINNER SUITS FROM $85.00

Shawl lapel, satin-faced 10 oz. black tropical, center vent, flap pockets	$ 85.00
Floor-level peak lapel, single-breasted 10 oz. black tropical dull rib facing. Silver-striped lining, center vent, flap pockets	95.00
Notch lapel, single-breasted, satin-faced lapels, 10 oz. black tropical. Silver-striped lining, center vent, flap pockets	95.00
Full dress, 10 oz. black tropical, satin or dull rib facing	100.00
Hand-tailored Dinner Suit	180.00

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



Really, they're not hand-knit!



CAMP *Crochet Knit*

LUXURIOUS HOSE WITH THE HAND-KNIT LOOK

So ruggedly resilient, it makes walking pleasurable. Feel the richness of its knobby finish . . . beefy, brawny, downy-soft. 100% stretch nylon. One size fits all. 16 fashion colors. 3 pairs for $5.00.

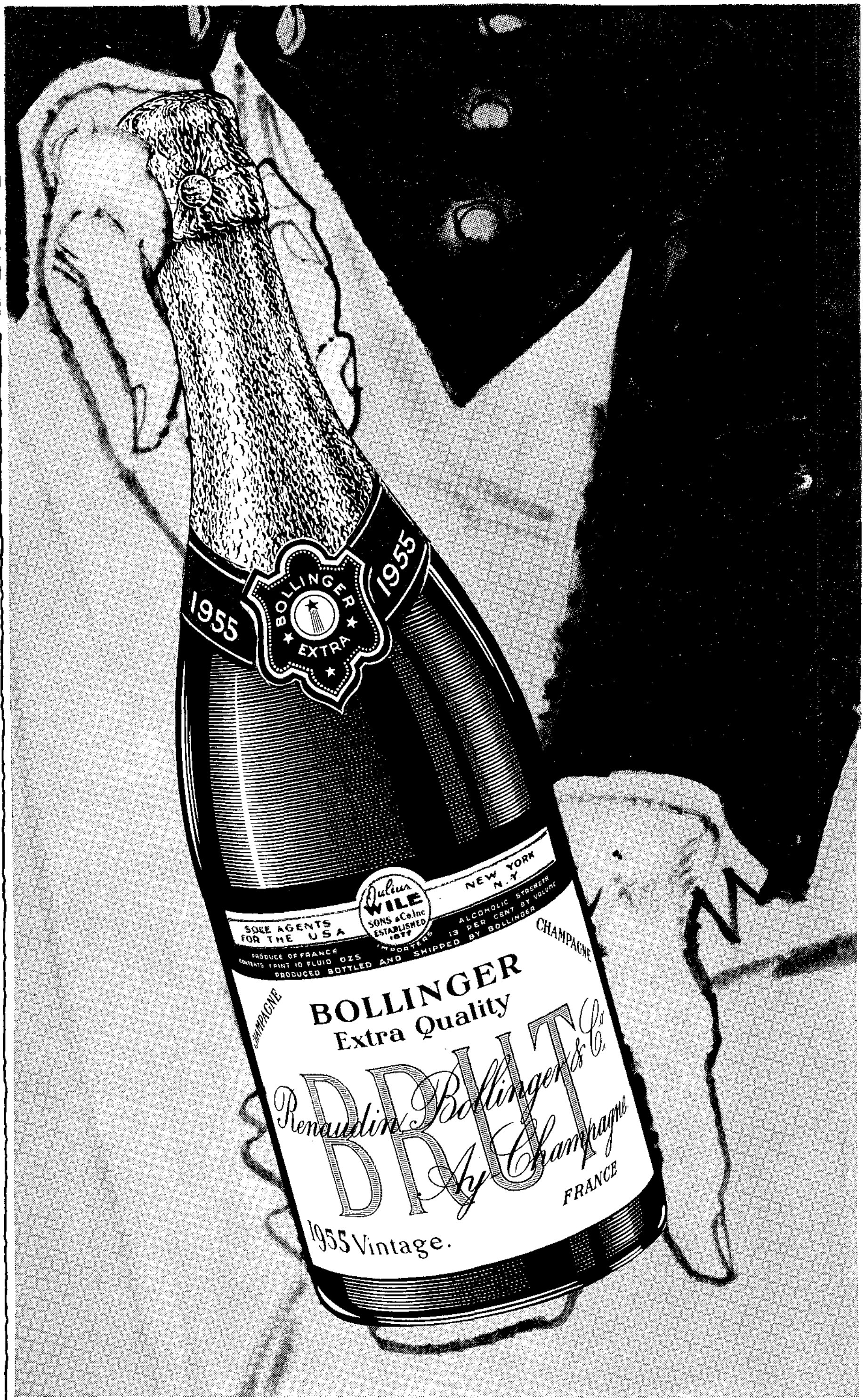
FEATURED AT **16 HAHN SHOE STORES**
Washington, D.C. & Baltimore, Md.
Mail Orders: 4110 Kansas Ave. N.W., Washington 11, D.C.

tions in Germany?" Then he made the point that the future could add an element to the understanding of the past, and finished by saying, "I am a revisionist about the causes of the Second World War, but what would really embarrass me would be if someone like Harry Elmer Barnes, one of those raving American revisionists of the First World War, should like my book." (Within two months, Barnes was in print with a three-column letter to the New York *Times* extolling Taylor's book and attacking its reviewer in that paper.)

A boy of eleven or twelve, Taylor's son, sauntered in and, sitting down at the piano, ran through some scales. Over his shoulder, he informed me intensely that he was taking part in a neighborhood music festival that afternoon. He as much as turned us out of the room. We went outside into a small yard, at the edge of a quiet street, and, leaning over the hedge, Taylor talked a bit about himself. "I suppose"—he smacked his lips—"I am a sort of conventional radical from the north. I was educated in a Quaker school and then went to Oriel, Oxford—where I was the only member of the Labour Club in the college. I would have gone to Balliol if I hadn't messed up my examination."

In Oxford, there was a legend that Taylor, in applying for entrance to Balliol, had done very well on his written papers but that at the interview, when he was asked what he planned to do after going down, he had characteristically replied, "Blow it up." Few, if any, of his interviewers at the serious college had cracked a smile; they had just kept the would-be *pétroleur* out. I asked Taylor if the story had a basis in fact. He chuckled, and replied, "If it does, I said, 'Oxford *should* be blown up.' " He sighed (sighing was one of his many histrionic mannerisms, as dramatic as his phrasing), and said, "Now I have a vested interest in Oxford and I don't think it ought to be blown up quite yet—not till I am retired. I like living in Oxford. I like the surroundings, the life. But by no means am I as happy at Oxford as I was in noisy, industrial Manchester." The ordinary attitude, of course, would have been the reverse. He went on in the same vein: "The countryside around Manchester is much more pleasant than the countryside around Oxford. Besides, I was young and had young friends, and we used to go out of the city three or four days a week and have a lot of fun. The other thing besides my radicalism that shows through my writing of history is my northernness. You see, in the north peo-

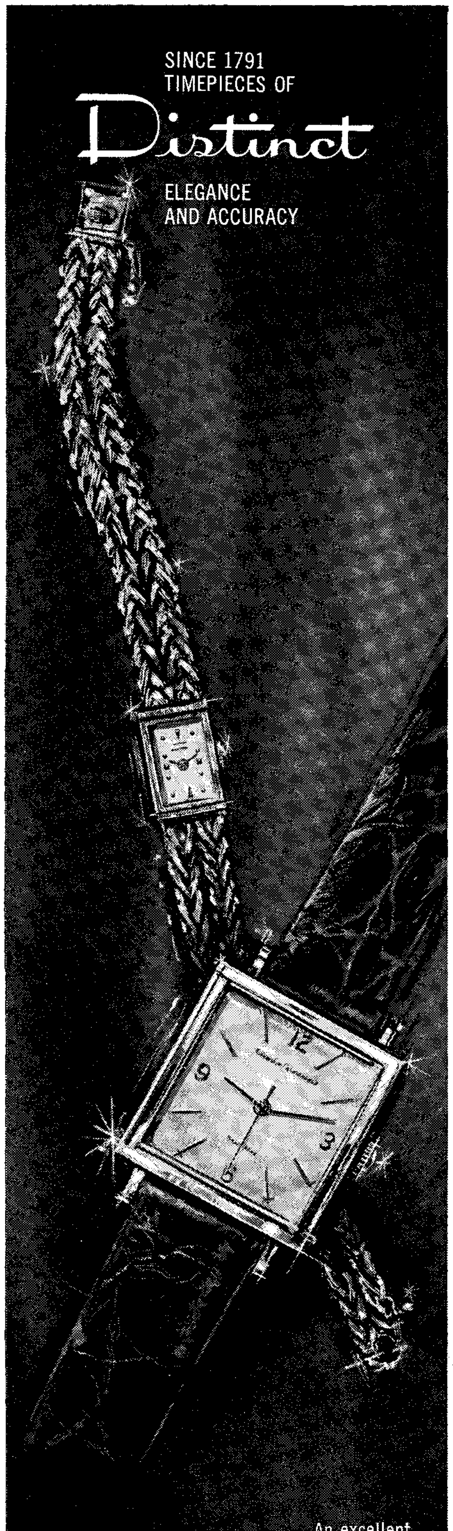
Bollinger proudly presents the magnificent Bollinger Brut 1955


1955
BOLLINGER
EXTRA
1955
Julius WILE SONS & Co Inc ESTABLISHED 1877
NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
CONTENTS 1 PINT 10 FLUID OZS
PRODUCED BOTTLED AND IMPORTERS SHIPPED BY BOLLINGER
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 13 PER CENT BY VOLUME
CHAMPAGNE
BOLLINGER
Extra Quality
BRUT
Renaudin Bollinger & Co
Ay Champagne
FRANCE
CHAMPAGNE
1955 Vintage.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE, J. BOLLINGER

BOLLINGER®
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK



An excellent timekeeper—a magnificent piece of jewelry. Watch case and braided bracelet exquisitely crafted in 14K Gold. $325. FTI.

Gyromatic—a masculine, self-winding watch in modern, slim case of 14K Gold. 165. FTI. In gold filled $100; stainless steel $85.

GIRARD PERREGAUX

Fine watches for over a century and a half

All Girard Perregaux models are shock-protected. For illustrated brochure and name of nearest dealer, write Girard Perregaux, Dept. 27
610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

ple are much tougher; in the south they are more traditional, conservative—soft."

I mentioned his journalistic activities, and got an unexpected response.

"I don't know whether I am more a professional journalist or a historian," he said, and, perhaps realizing from my expression that I thought this a strange remark for one of the leading English historians to make, he said something even stranger. "If you look at my income, you will find I get more money out of journalism than I do out of history."

I asked him what he meant by "a professional journalist."

"A professional journalist is he who pleases his editor," Taylor said. He seemed to delight in my puzzlement. "I think the *Sunday Express* [most educated Englishmen consider it a rag] is a much better paper—I have a contract with it—than the *Times*. The *Times* is soft-headed. When you see the causes they have sponsored in the past, you can't help coming out on the side of the *Sunday Express*." All of a sudden, he made a concession to my growing bewilderment. "It is only fair to say," he added, pinching his nose, "that I was brought up in the Manchester *Guardian* tradition. We didn't take to the *Times* at all."

He turned to a discussion of his methods of writing. "I try not to write more than a thousand words a day. This is a negative principle, as I do not positively write a thousand words a day; it's just that I won't write anything more than that. Since I am writing for the papers all the time—besides teaching, though never more than ten hours a week—I never get more than two or three thousand words done on a book in a week. Much of my past work thus far I have written from intellectual capital, stored up from my earlier researches, but the book I am working on now is quite another matter." It was a major work for the fifteen-volume "The Oxford History of England" from Roman Britain to the present, he told me, and was to cover English history from 1914 to 1945. "Also," he went on, "some of my time is taken up with just getting hold of the books I need. I am not a book hoarder; I work out of the libraries, and although at Oxford I can get to books quite easily, the closest library here is about five miles away. But I am fast on the typewriter."

A car started somewhere down the street, and Taylor stopped talking until it had passed. I asked him whether he had been to America.

"Yes and no," he answered. "I went

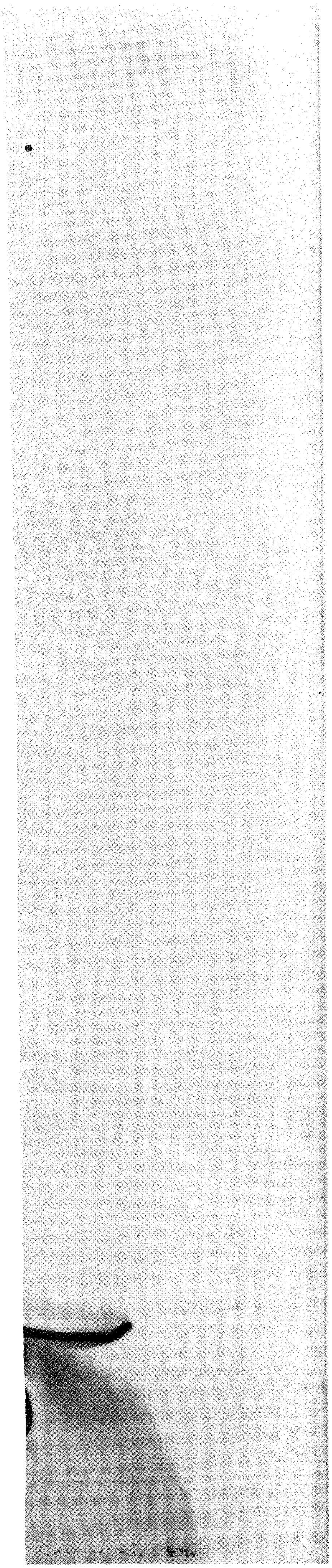
You will find a
wide collection
of Leather gift
shoes at stores
featuring these
famous brands:

A/G by American Gentleman
Bass Weejuns
Bates
A. S. Beck
Bostonian
British Walkers
City Club
Cushion-Flex by Leverenz
Douglas
Flagg Bros.
Florsheim
Fortune
Freeman
French Shriner
Hanover
Hardy Stores
House of Crosby Square
Jarman
Johnston & Murphy
Madison Square
Massagic
Montgomery Ward
Nettleton
Nunn-Bush
Porto-Ped
Rand
John C. Roberts
Sears Roebuck
Stetson
Taylor-Made
Thom McAn
Walk-Over
Wall Streeter
Ward Hill
Winthrop
Wolverine
Yorktown

this Christmas...put a shoe in his sock!
(and make sure it's Leather)

Remember: the best shoes have leather soles and leather linings.

Leather Industries of America



Ask your dentist.

New Squibb Broxodent® brushes the way he wants you to...thoroughly...because it does it automatically.

Know what causes as many dental problems as fudge and chocolate éclairs? Inadequate brushing. Your dentist will tell you most people simply don't bother to brush their teeth properly.

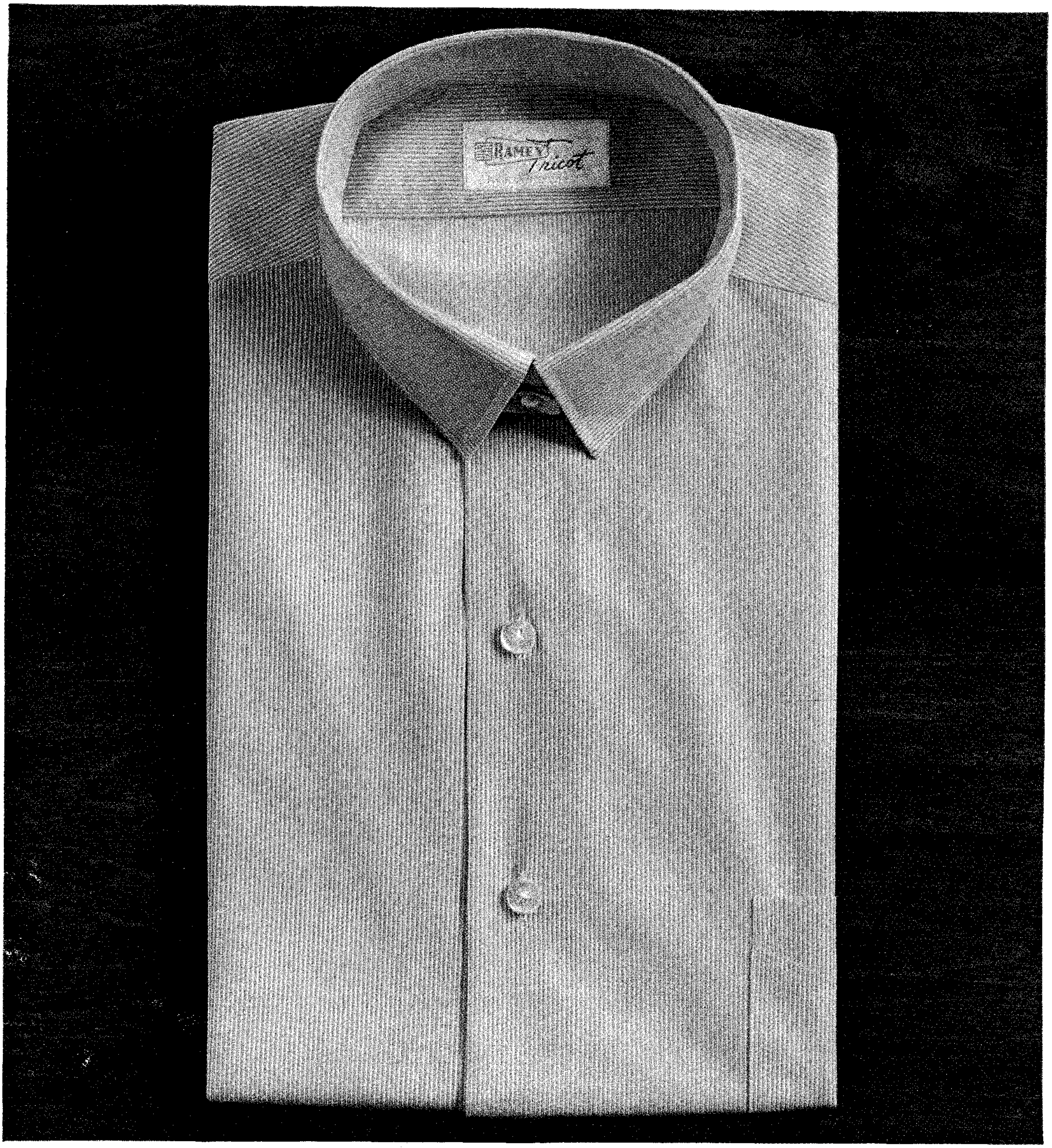
Broxodent, the automatic-action toothbrush introduced by the Squibb Division of Olin, is designed to change all this. Broxodent does the work *for* you. Used regularly, it helps care for your teeth and gums the way your dentist wants you to. With Broxodent, even children become better brushers. And they *enjoy* doing it.

The Broxodent brush cleans with a constant, up-and-down motion of 60 strokes per second. It's small enough to get at hard-to-reach surfaces, front, back, behind. And it leaves your gums with a tingling, refreshed sensation. Broxodent is safe, pleasant and easy to use. With Broxodent, it's not likely the family will neglect their teeth. In fact, it can help save millions of molars.

Ask your dentist.

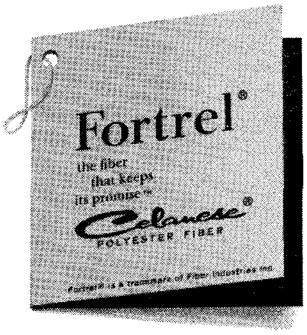
Olin

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 460 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK
CHEMICALS · INTERNATIONAL · METALS · ORGANICS · PACKAGING · SQUIBB · WINCHESTER-WESTERN


RAMEY Tricot

Wear it well, there's no other way.

The Ramey shirt has the look of the good life...the feel of it, too. That's why it makes handsome and versatile wearing—weekdays at the office and weekends on the town. Made of Fortrel polyester and nylon, this superbly styled shirt is lightweight, textured with an elegant rib and tailored to a "T" for taste. Fortrel keeps it fresh, comfortable and wrinkle-free, even after machine washing. Oriental-like luxury and occidental ease of care combine to make the Ramey shirt your perfect choice. In white: regular or tab collar, single or French cuffs. In blue, tan and gray stripes: regular or tab collar, French cuffs. About $11. At Weber & Heilbroner, New York & branches; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; The White House, San Francisco & Oakland. Celanese Corporation of America, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.


Fortrel®
the fiber that keeps its promise™
Celanese®
POLYESTER FIBER
Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries Inc.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

across to Canada—to New Brunswick, to get an honorary degree—and then I did look America full in the face. I leaned over"—he bent forward—"and had a good look at the hills of Maine. So in a way I have been and not been."

I asked him if he had a wish to visit America.

"I don't think so," he said. "I have two interests. One is buildings, and America doesn't have any buildings—I mean old buildings, like cathedrals. The other interest is food and wine. From my little experience of Canada, the Americans have neither good food nor good drink. In this interest I am an unconventional radical. You see, I have been corrupted by the good life; I now find even living in industrial cities depressing. I imagine, as societies, America and Russia have a lot in common."

"What do you think of Russia?" I asked.

"I think it's heading toward good," he said, "though Communism, like Catholicism, is by now top-heavy."

As a parting shot, I risked a question that had been itching at the back of my mind. I asked Taylor if his use of paradoxes in speech and in writing had any purpose behind it.

"I am not at all paradoxical," he said, brushing aside all the paradoxes of our conversation, not to mention the innumerable paradoxical sentences in his works. "The reason people think I am paradoxical, if they do think that, is that I have a clear and sharp style. And I can't see that there is any harm in having a clear and sharp style."

We went into the house, so that Taylor could ring for a taxi—his son was playing a vigorous waltz, but Taylor managed to make himself heard over the music—and then returned to the yard. As I was getting into the taxi, Taylor said, "After you have lived with books as long as I have, you start preferring them to people." That seemed to be a parting jab at me. Before the taxi pulled away, he was laughing.

As I sat in my room, the opening of the "profile" of Taylor that had appeared in the *Observer* following the publication of the "Origins"—perhaps the best single short piece ever written on the mercurial man—came back to me. The lines were unattributed, but they had the look of J. Douglas Pringle, an excellent leader writer and a close friend of both Namier and Taylor. "In the eighteenth century," the phrases rang out, "dons were indolent, obscure men who drank themselves to sleep each night with port and claret. In the nineteenth century, they were austere,

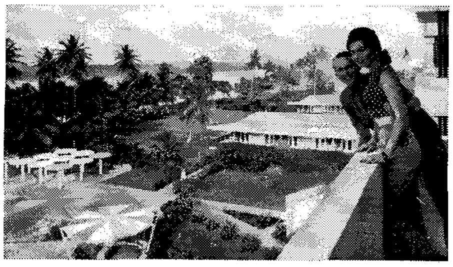
LORD CALVERT
LORD CALVERT

Something special
from one status seeker
to another.

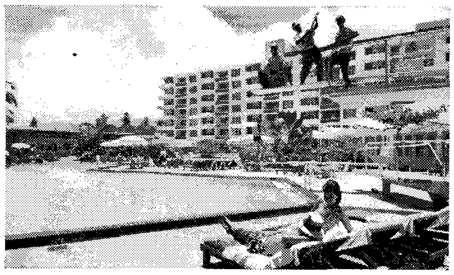
Lord Calvert
America's Whiskey of Distinction

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. HOUSE OF CALVERT, N.Y.C.

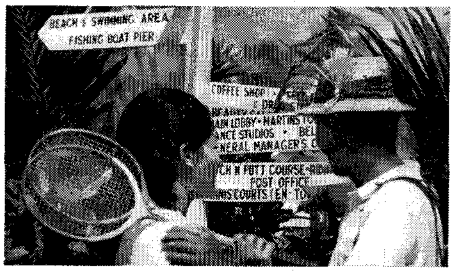
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERYTHING WONDERFUL



ABOUT JAMAICA



IS MORE SO

AT THE

ARAWAK
HOTEL

The Arawak — so magnificent, so friendly, so comfortable — so Jamaica! Perfect location — at the focal point of all sightseeing pleasures and activities — in mid-Northshore at OCHO RIOS.

- Pitch 'n Putt Course
- 700-ft. white sand beach
- 18-hole Country Club Course nearby
- Gourmet meals
- Completely air-conditioned
- Spectacular Limbo [illegible]
- Cocktail Lounge Coffee Shop
- Filtered fresh-water Swimming Pool
- Tennis Courts (hard and grass)
- Sparkling entertainment nightly
- 30 acres of landscaped splendour

JOHN K. KERNAN,
Resident Manager

FOR INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS, phone New York, MU 8-0123. See your Travel Agent or Leonard Hicks, Jr., Inc.: Chicago, Miami, Detroit, Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Toronto.
Richard Earl Assoc., San Francisco.

dedicated scholars, still celibate, often eccentric, whose only concession to the hurly-burly of life outside their college walls was an occasional review, vitriolic but anonymous, in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*. In the twentieth century, they advise governments, sit on Royal Commissions, fight elections, marry—and remarry—produce plays, write detective stories, and entertain us on the telly. None of them has enjoyed this minor revolution more than A. J. P. Taylor. . . ." Yet from under the deft ink Taylor emerged, as always, a jack-in-the-box. I now tried to put him together, but, like many before me, I simply saw the serious historian, the Manchester radical, the tutor, the journalist, the *bon vivant*, and the lover of music—all of them equally real. What Taylor undoubtedly achieved, often with unsurpassed brilliance, he seemed to mar with his antics, and for me the proportion of mischief to intelligence in his last and most controversial book remained a puzzle. There was, for example, an ambiguous passage in the "Origins" in which Taylor both defended his case and almost willfully delivered himself into the hands of his critics:

> Hitler was an extraordinary man. . . . But his policy is capable of rational explanation; and it is on these that history is built. The escape into irrationality is no doubt easier. The blame for war can be put on Hitler's Nihilism instead of on the faults and failures of European statesmen—faults and failures which their public shared. Human blunders, however, usually do more to shape history than human wickedness. At any rate, *this is a rival dogma which is worth developing, if only as an academic exercise* [my italics].

Once, during a lecture, I had heard Taylor say, "Error can often be fertile, but perfection is always sterile," and it seemed to me, upon a second reading of the "Origins," that this remark, if anything, might be the key to Taylor's strange but exciting book.

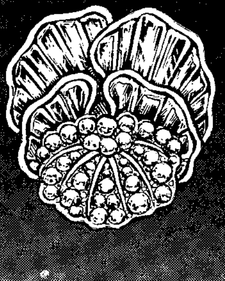
BOTH Taylor and Geyl, in their different ways, had argued that history was a debate. But if history was an argument or an academic exercise, could we *ever* discover what really happened? What was the truth about the past? How could we tell? If both Taylor and Geyl could be wrong, *who* could be right? Carr seemed to think that in his book "What Is History?" he had dealt with these and countless other historiographical questions. "In some respects," the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* had said of the book, "it is the best statement of its kind ever produced by a British historian." The reviewer noted, "Much though Mr. Carr

elastron
BY JODI CASUALS

"Elastron" stretch fabric, kissing cousin to lustrous Italian flat silk knit... with American knack for fit. Fabric by Stretch Fabrics, Inc. Sizes: 8-18. Black, white, scarlet, royal, emerald, hot pink. $8

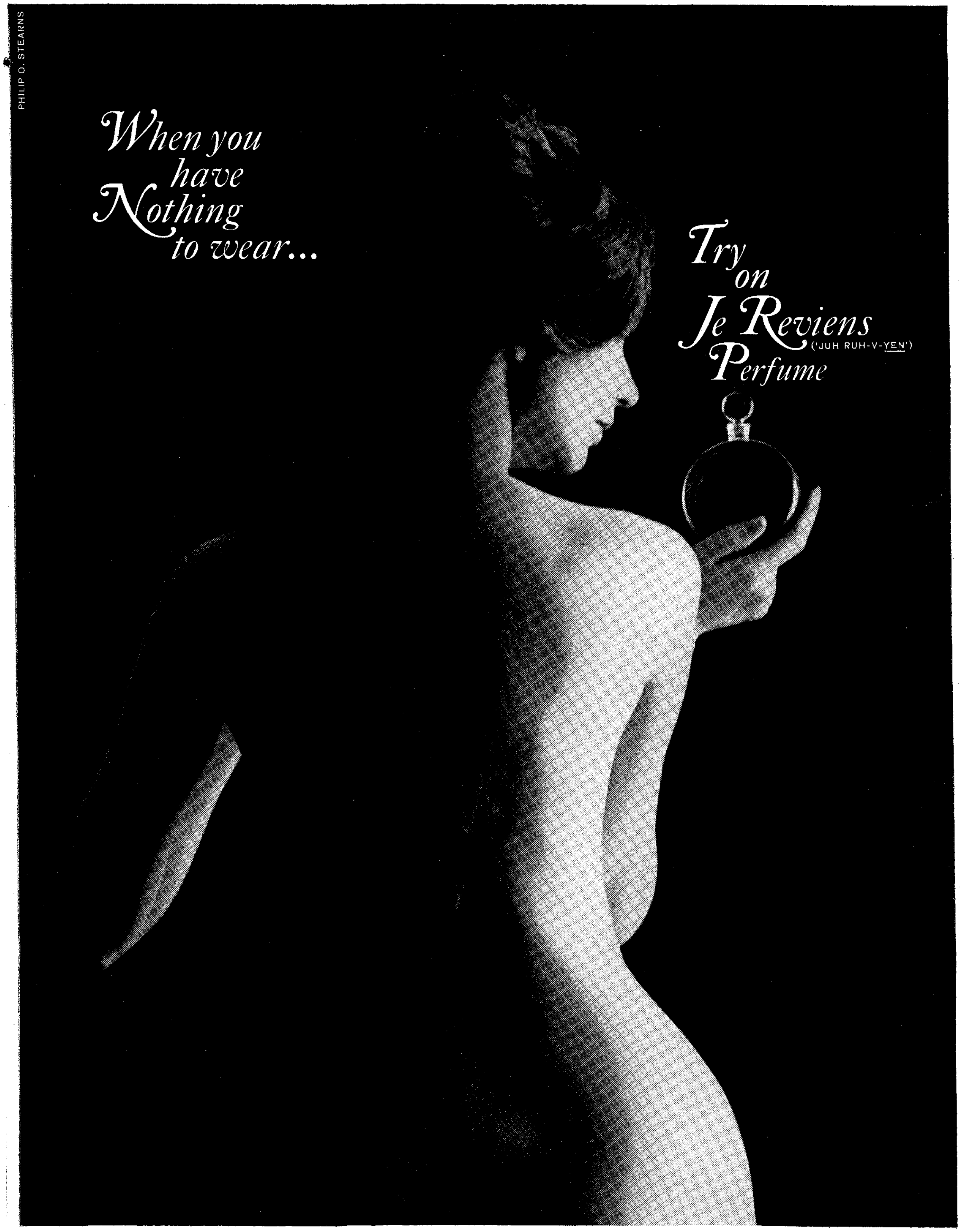
BONWIT TELLER
ALL BRANCHES
AND OTHER FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

DIGNIFIED HARMONY IN
RICH PASTEL COLORS



[illegible] TY IN
YOUR PLATINUM CLIP
BROOCH SET WITH
PINK TOURMALINES,
BLUE AQAMARINES
AND PAVED WITH FINE
FULL CUT DIAMONDS

BROCK AND CO.
515 WEST SEVENTH STREET
LOS ANGELES


PHILIP O. STEARNS
When you have Nothing to wear...
Try on Je Reviens ('JUH RUH-V-YEN') Perfume

YOU'LL SCARCELY NEED ANYTHING MORE. Je Reviens perfume is a unique concentration of the world's finest scented oils, blended with the care of the original House of Worth (circa 1859). Your wardrobe can contain Perfume, Cologne, Talc, Bath Oil, Soap and Powder, all made and sealed in France. From $45. to $4. plus tax. At stores of distinction.

© 1962 PARFUMS WORTH 5 EAST 57th ST. NEW YORK.

PARFUMS
WORTH
PARIS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TREEMCOAT® by CLIMATIC

THE
DOVER

You've never seen a coat like this before, because it never EXISTED before. Exceptionally rain-resistant Dacron-&-cotton gabardine with a worsted texture. The Dover, a TREEMCOAT at $42.50

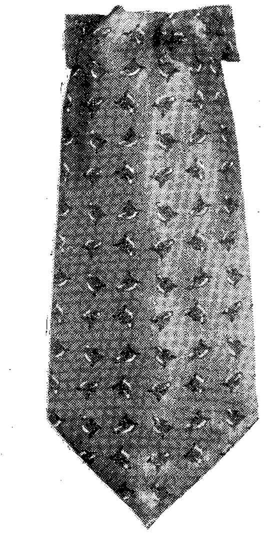
Climatic, Inc. 49 W 33, New York

has absorbed from the Marxist conception of history, he does not identify himself with it and maintains a certain reserve towards it; and in spite of his explicit criticisms of the British tradition, especially of its empiricist strand, he is of it, even if not quite in it. Indeed, he picks up the threads of British philosophy of history where R. G. Collingwood left them about a quarter of a century ago. . . . If he does not bring to his job Collingwood's philosophical sense and subtlety, he is greatly superior to his predecessor as both historian and political theorist."

I found Carr, who is seventy, in the living room of his Cambridge house. The room was lined with bookshelves, but they bulged with manila folders, and there wasn't a book in the room. Carr appeared to be a historian who, like Taylor, worked out of libraries. When I entered, Carr was reposing on an enormous brown sofa. His feet were bare, and there was a pair of rope-soled sandals on the floor beside him, suggesting that sandals were his regular footwear. He stood up to greet me. He was a hulking man, with white hair. His face was rather hawklike, and tapered from a prominent forehead to a pointed but also prominent chin. He was dressed in baggy, donnish trousers, an old gray-and-white tweed jacket, and a well-worn necktie. Having drawn up a chair for me next to his sofa, he lay back as before, the picture of a don, who has as little use for appearances and possessions and the other accoutrements of living as a high priest.

"To study the historian before his history, what in your background, would you say, explains your set of ideas?" I asked, borrowing a leaf from his book.

"Well, now"—his voice was as warm and comforting as eider down—"I grew up in a rather suburban atmosphere in North London, in a closed society of forty or fifty relatives. I went to day school and then to Trinity, Cambridge, which I chose because it was the *largest* and the *best* college in the university." After Cambridge, he continued, he had spent twenty years with the Foreign Office: in Riga, where he taught himself Russian; in Paris, where he improved his French; and in London, where he learned the proper use and importance of diplomatic documents and wrote a book on Dostoevski and one on Herzen and his circle. Then he left the Foreign Office to write history, and to take a chair at the University College of Wales, in Aberystwyth. On the way to being appointed a research fellow at his old college—his present position—he'd



The KENT *Scarf*
An easily adjusted ascot of English foulard silk for all sports attire
Fox Head: Olive, buff or red
Trout Fly: Olive, red or blue
Riding Crop and Horse Shoe: Buff, red or white
$7.50
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL
F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

English Leather®

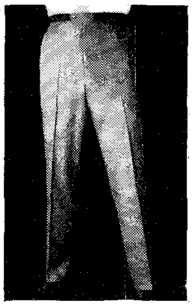
English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC

after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . . the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Inspector 29

d you ever put your hand in the pocket of a new suit or v pair of slacks and draw out a small slip of paper with egend: "Inspected by No. 4"? Well, meet Mary Tyson. s our inspector 29. Her keen eyes, her sensitive hands ine over 450 pairs of Jaymar Slacks every day—more 110,000 pairs every year, to make absolutely certain no slack of questionable quality leaves her charge.

ere is a small army of Mary Tysons in our 4 plants. can spot a loose thread, a missed stitch, a fabric flaw t away. Mary doesn't concern herself much about , or colors, or patterns. She spends each day, every day, guaranteeing you a clean, neat, quality slack.



Why such meticulous method in manufacture? To make absolutely certain that your JAYMAR slacks do not begin to lose their looks after three or four harsh, commercial cleanings. And that they do not start to sag after six or seven.

Jaymar exclusive Sansabelt† Slacks in fine Stevens Fabrics (of 50% Creslan*, 50% worsted) are available at fine men's stores everywhere . . . stores who care . . . who offer men's clothing made by people who care: Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Ind., makers of JAYMAR Slacks, YMM® Slacks, TMM® Slacks and JAYMAR Casual Walk Shorts.

Jaymar Slacks with Creslan®

R SANSABELT SLACKS ARE AVAILABLE AT: **ABRAHAM & STRAUS,** BROOKLYN, NEW YORK • **THALHIMER'S,** RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • **RICH'S,** ATLANTA, GEORGIA **BURDINE'S,** MIAMI, FLORIDA • OR FOR NAME OF DEALER NEAREST YOU WRITE TO JAYMAR-RUBY, INC., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

an is American Cyanamid's TM for its luxury Acrylic fiber.

†Sansabelt® is licensed by Y. Le Cottier & A. G. Trentesaux of France. U. S. Pat. 2,757,381.

YOU'LL WANT ONE TOO!!!!

Merry Christmas

THE ALL-NEW
DAISY $CO_2$100
SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL

For the sportsman. The DAISY $CO_2$100 is all fun...and all gun! Fires B•Bs with a wallop of 375 FPS. It's gas-operated. Patented CO_2 Jett® cartridge gives constant full power for 100 shots. The $CO_2$100 means year-round fun for ⅓ shooting costs of other gas guns. Great to take along when hunting, fishing, camping. Authentic heft and balance make it ideal for target practice. Fifteen dollars wherever guns are sold. (Two for thirty dollars...you'll want one too!)

Daisy
CO_2 GUN DIVISION
Daisy Manufacturing Company, Rogers, Arkansas
(In Canada...Preston, Ontario)

also written leaders for the London *Times* and taught at Balliol. "When I was younger," he said, "I found stimulation in teaching young minds, but now it would simply bore me. I have always been rather restless and on the move. Intellectually, like Toynbee—and perhaps Isaiah Berlin, too—I belonged to the pre-1914 liberal tradition, which had as its credo a belief in rational progress, a progress through compromise, and in History with a capital letter. Since 1914, all of us, in one way or another, have been reacting against our liberal environment—I have spent much of my time studying the Russian Revolution, which hardly represents a progress through compromise—but the faith in some sort of progress still clings to me, and is really the main issue between Berlin and Trevor-Roper and their followers, on one side, and me, on the other. I see the Golden Age looming ahead of us; Berlin probably sees it behind us, in the nineteenth century; Trevor-Roper may still be searching for it somewhere in the past—he hasn't written enough to give himself away even on that."

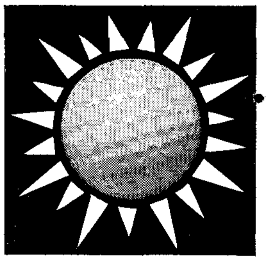
I asked him what he thought of his critics.

"It's not very difficult to answer them, or their self-appointed spokesman, Trevor-Roper," he said. "Actually, I feel insulted that he let me off so lightly. I thought I was at least as great a villain as Toynbee or Taylor. Why do you suppose Trevor-Roper didn't see me for what I really am?"

He exuded good cheer. If he seemed invulnerable, it was not because he was spiky or wore battle dress or talked against a thunderous background of battalions but because he came across as a sort of Greek god—one who might have many human failings but nevertheless *was* a god.

"My critics, on the whole," he said, raising himself a little on his sofa and wiggling his toes, "simply repeat the old charges that have been ringing in my ears for many years." They had said that for Carr history was a power and success story, and was not objective. He was a complete relativist. They carped. What about those failed men in history? What about the great Western tradition of trying always to know the facts? What about conservative and radical historians flowering in the same cultural milieu? "I've always said," Carr continued, answering them now, "that nobody can write about the winners without writing about the losers, without going over, step by step, the whole conflict—the entire game. About those facts—for me history is a river, and you cannot step in the same river twice. By

Sun! Golf!



this winter in the comfort and luxury of the
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL

Private, *uncrowded,* 18-hole championship course. Many, many other luxuries. This rare resort is a happy paradox . . . It is as if a complete, cosmopolitan hotel had been transferred to the desert and set down on a 1400-acre oasis of lawns, flowers, citrus groves...Here you enjoy the sunny Southwest to the fullest without having to go the least bit "Western" or giving up the comforts of home. For this great resort is staffed and operated as a fashionable, metropolitan, luxury hotel.

Modified Am. Plan (includes breakfast, dinner). For pictorial folder, contact John L. Love, Resident Manager.

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.

FAVORITE SCOTCH OF THE HOUSE

HOUSE OF LORDS
THE ORIGINAL
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
H•L
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
WILLIAM WHITELEY & Co
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND

HOUSE OF LORDS
IMPORTED BY GLENMORE
LOUISVILLE-OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY. 86 PROOF

history as a river, I mean that you can never have a twentieth-century Mozart; you may have a genius comparable to Mozart, but the musical idiom and style today are so different from those of the eighteenth century that a new Mozart would have to compose in a radically different way. And, finally, different types of historians, people with different shades of opinion, can emerge from the same society because of personal factors—their home environment, school and college, and so on."

I put myself in the place of his critics, and pressed him on a couple of points of this debate with his detractors. I said that if, according to his theory, the losers had a role in history that was equivalent to the role of the winners, why hadn't he given them more than a few pages in his six-volume "A History of Soviet Russia"?

"That is the fault of my 'History,' not of my theory of history," he replied. (Isaac Deutscher, a distinguished biographer of our times—he shared Carr's theory of conflict—had given space to the programs and aspirations of practically every splinter group when writing his book on Trotsky "The Prophet Unarmed.")

I took up another point. "When people complain that your theory would lead the historian to be cavalier with facts, aren't they saying more than you suppose?" I asked. "Aren't they saying that the function of a historian is to reconstruct, in all its complexity, what really happened? Aren't they saying that a historian should study fifth-century Athens for its own sake, rather than as just another link in the chain of history? You would have them study fifth-century Greece in relation to the importance it had for the fourth or third century B.C., or, indeed, the twentieth century A.D. Isn't there more value in *objectivity*—in trying to put ourselves, as far as possible, in the sandals of, say, a fifth-century Greek statesman and to view the landscape of problems as he did, considering the alternatives he had before his eyes when he made a particular decision?"

"Yes," he said. "This is the heart of the attack. But in my view it's not possible to study a period on its own, in isolation from what happened before and after it. History is a process, and you cannot isolate a bit of process and study it on its own. My theory is that the facts of the past are simply what human minds make of them, and what these minds make of them depends on the minds' place in the movement."

If one accepted Carr's contention that history was movement, a process, a

...and visions of birdies
will dance in his head

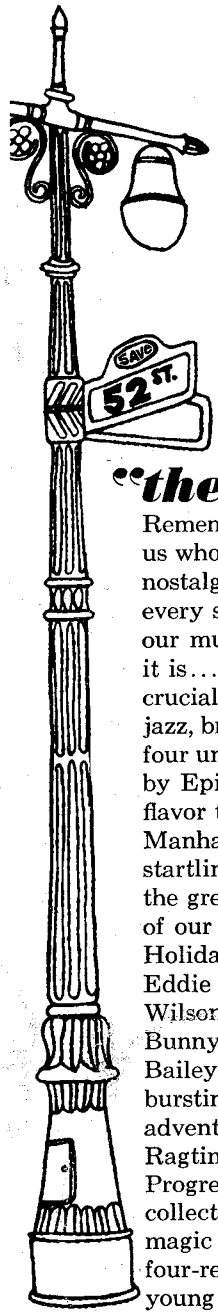
DOTS by the dozen. Twelve glossy little dynamos, tastefully gift-packaged.

He (or she) who golfs will think highly of the donor of this gift. No other ball can be propelled farther, no other ball promises more trustworthy performance than Spalding's Distance DOT®.

There is also a similar box of six Distance DOTS. Both sizes are perfect for harboring cuff links, tie clips, change and such. But when you buy the dozen box, you may have each DOT personalized free (up to 18 letters—spaces count).

DOTS are sold through golf professional shops only.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

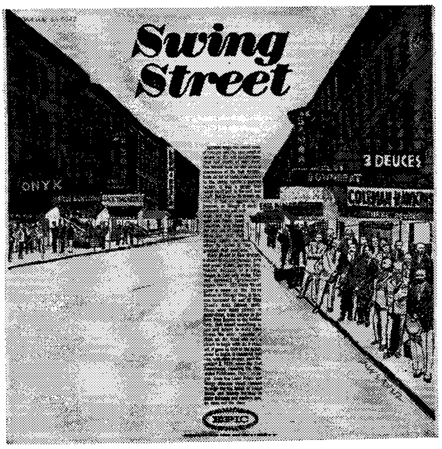


"the street"

Remember it? For those of us who do, who nostalgically sketch its every sight and sound in our musical memory, here it is... the sparkling, crucial era of 52nd Street jazz, brilliantly etched in four unsurpassable Lp's by Epic. Here is the jazz flavor that swept over Manhattan for two startling decades. Here are the greatest jazz talents of our time—Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Eddie Condon, Teddy Wilson, Count Basie, Bunny Berigan, Mildred Bailey (to name a few)—bursting with colorful adventures into Dixieland, Ragtime, Swing, Bop, and Progressive. Here is a collector's prize, a novice's magic primer, a unique four-record set to delight young and old—the pièce de resistance of jazz itself.

CHOOSE THE TIMELESS GIFT OF MUSIC ON

EPIC



®"EPIC," "CBS," MARCAS REG. T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

river, *if* one accepted his "faith in the future of society and in the future of history," I thought, then his conclusions did seem irresistible. "But isn't your faith perhaps naïve, incapable of logical proof?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," he said. "But then every faith is naïve. Faith is something you cannot prove. You just believe it. Actually, all those theoretical differences are really a smoke screen for the real difference between my critics and me. As I said before, basically we are just at odds about the position of the Golden Age."

"I got the impression from the rejoinder in the *Listener* to your attack on Berlin—your most persuasive critic—that the crux of your disagreement was determinism," I said.

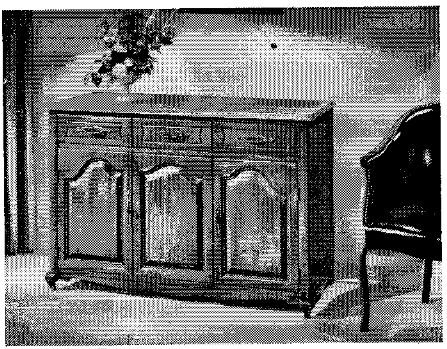
"If it is determinism to think that men are a product of their society, that their actions are conditioned by the society, then, as opposed to Berlin, I am a determinist," Carr said. "You see, I don't think there are such things as bad people. To us, Hitler, at the moment, seems a bad man, but will they think Hitler a bad man in a hundred years' time or will they think the German *society* of the thirties bad?"

"But the very fact that you aren't prepared to call people bad but are prepared to call *things* bad," I said, "shows that you are prejudiced against free will, that you have a bias in favor of putting the blame on things, on society, on environment."

"Yes, that's perfectly true," he said. "I think people are the result of their environment. Berlin thinks that because I don't believe each individual can modify the course of history, in some bad sense of the word I am a determinist. But if I say that without peasants there wouldn't have been any revolution, am I not saying something about the individual peasant—for what are peasants if not a collection of individuals? I don't deny the individual a role, I only give society a role equal to that of the individual. The reason all this rings as determinism in Berlin's ears, I insist, is that he tends to regard history as a succession of accidents; otherwise, why would he begin his 'Historical Inevitability' with a Bernard Berenson quotation?"

Berlin had opened his lecture with the following passage: "Writing some ten years ago in his place of refuge during the German occupation of Northern Italy, Mr. Bernard Berenson set down his thoughts on what he called the 'accidental view of History': 'It led me,' he declared, 'far from the doctrine lapped up in my youth about the inevitability of events and the Moloch still devouring us

"Liberty" presents
ELEGANCE
in STEREO — in FURNITURE



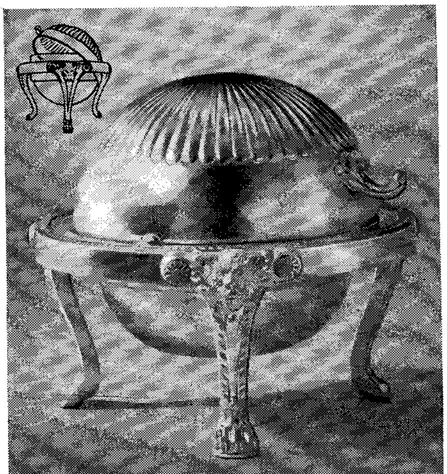
the Daringly Different
Ravenswood

ALL-STEREO PHONO-FM STEREO RADIO

The exclusive Reflection Coupler Speaker System, completely isolated **within the REAR of the ALL-HARDWOOD** Ravenswood cabinet, uses the wall to reflect evenly distributed sound, with NO HOLE IN THE MIDDLE. No Grill Cloths! No Visible Speakers! No Exposed Components! Provides space for record storage, objets d'art, TV or books. Stereo Phonos from $299.95, with FM STEREO from $399.95. Come in for a demonstration or write for free brochure.

LIBERTY Music Shops

450 Madison Ave., at 50th St., N.Y., N.Y.
and other stores in N.Y. and White Plains.



SMALL REVOLVING TUREEN

Attractive silverplated hostess dish has roll-top cover and removable glass lining. Hollow below for ice chips when serving cold tid-bits or butter. Use for nuts, candy, mints, jelly, pickles and so forth. 5" tall, 5" diameter.

6.50

federal tax included

JACCARD'S
SAINT LOUIS 1 MISSOURI
JEWELERS TO AMERICA SINCE 1829

Enjoy Life with Miller High Life
SAME GOOD TASTE EVERYWHERE
BECAUSE IT'S BREWED *ONLY* IN MILWAUKEE
...NATURALLY
Miller
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
Miller Brewing Co., Milw., Wis.

JAGUAR: THE HIGH-PERFORMANCE CAR WITH THREE DISTINCT PERSONALITIES

To many, the name Jaguar means the epitome of a dashing sports car—rakish, low-slung, capable of record speeds. This impression is correct, evidenced by the unique Jaguar XK-E (at top).

But that is only one facet. Jaguar also manifests itself in the 3.8 sedan, a matchless family tourer (middle below) . . . and the new Mark X, a handsome luxury sedan (foreground).

All three Jaguars are high-performance automobiles. Each has engineering advances, performance characteristics and luxurious appointments found only in a few of the world's other fine automobiles. Inspect and drive the Jaguar with the personality that matches yours, at your Jaguar dealer. Inquire about our money-saving Overseas Delivery Plan if you're going to Europe. JAGUAR CARS INC., 32 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

JAGUAR
JAGUAR

today, "historical inevitability." I believe less and less in these more than doubtful and certainly dangerous dogmas, which tend to make us accept whatever happens as irresistible and foolhardy to oppose.' "

"I have read Berenson's 'The Accidental View of History,' " Carr continued, lying back on his sofa, "and I think the natural consequence of his accidental view is that events are causeless—you can't say, for instance, that the depression caused Hitler."

That Berlin had begun "Historical Inevitability" with a Berenson remark was not sufficient evidence for me that he accepted Berenson's views on accidents. Indeed, in his rebuttal to Carr, Berlin had proved—to me, at least—that he believed events did have causes. "I think that in your book you misinterpret Berlin and Popper," I said. "When you say they don't believe in causes, I don't think that's quite fair. For example, what you call causes Popper, in his books, calls 'logic of situation,' and he and Berlin certainly believe in it. If they didn't believe that historians should study causes, they would have to believe in abolishing the study of history. It seems to me that the basic difference between you and your opponents is that you tend to take a much more sociological view of history; they don't see everything as a manifestation of an omnipotent society."

"I can't see a possible alternative to my sociological view of history," he said. "It seems to me that everything is completely interconnected. If I did misread some of these people, you must remember that I wasn't writing a treatise—I was writing lectures and polemics. I love writing polemics and love reading good polemics. That's why I was disappointed in Trevor-Roper's 'Success Story'—because it was a bad polemic."

Carr got up from the sofa and slipped his feet into the rope-soled sandals. "I'll ask my wife for some tea," he said, and walked toward the door.

—Ved Mehta

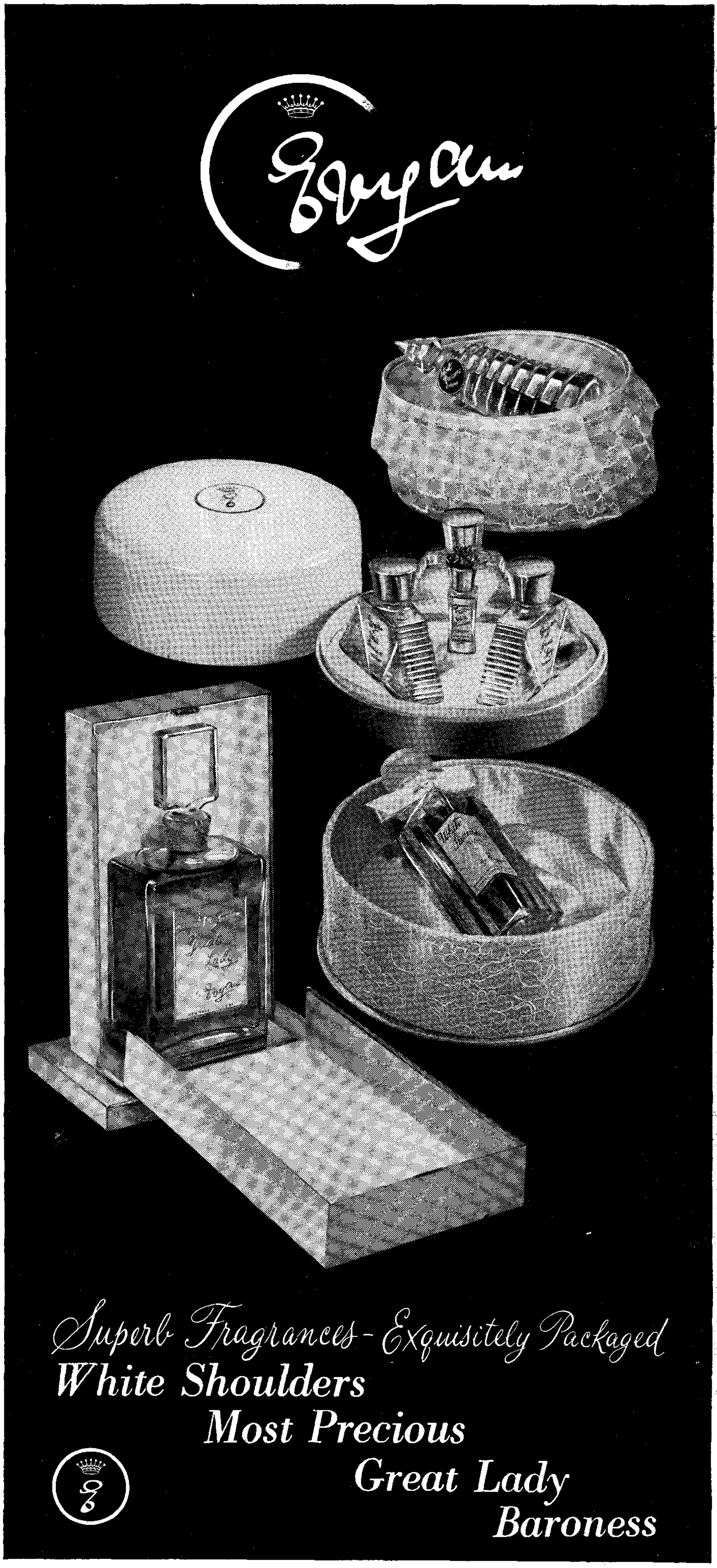
(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE SCHUYLKILL

[*From the Chamber of Commerce News of Greater Philadelphia*]

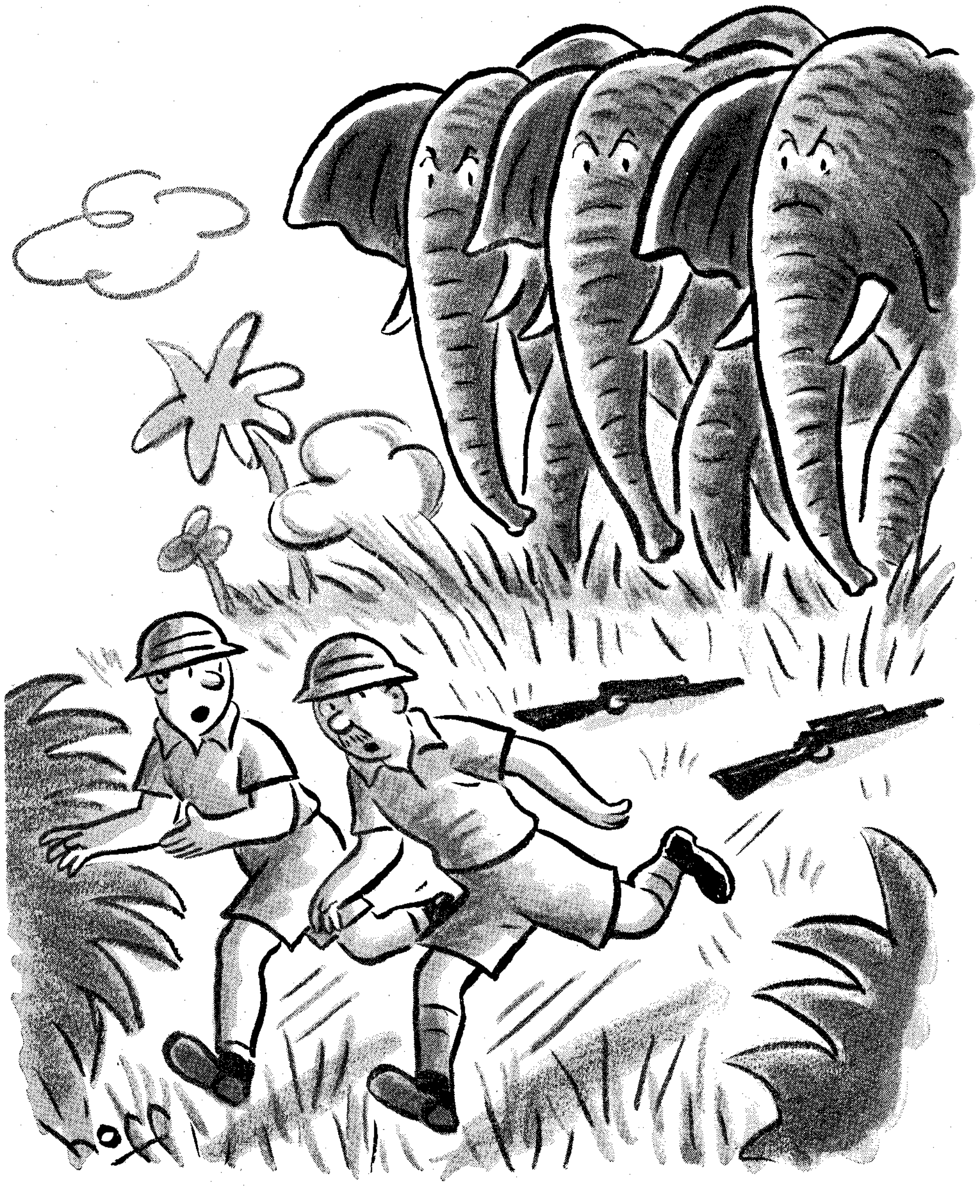
That is why the business community of this area, 'way back in 1800, formed what was then the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce and which since, consistent with the growth of the City and surrounding communities, has been renamed the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia.



THE THEATRE

LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY

THE late Alva Johnston once said of W. C. Fields that he could indicate indignation just by the movement of his hips as he walked away from a man or woman who offended him. In "Never Too Late," at the Playhouse, Paul Ford proves that he can achieve the same effect by stepping onstage with dewlaps swinging as nervously as a turkey's wattles; when that happens, we know we are in the presence of a sorely put-upon character. Mr. Ford hasn't yet attained quite the wonderful finesse of a Fields, but he is approaching it, and if we can give the boy (he's only in his sixties) a couple of decades, he'll assuredly be a comic genius. The play in which this great man does his stuff was written by Sumner Arthur Long, and it has to do with the reactions of an entrepreneur in the lumber line to the news that his wife (Maureen O'Sullivan), a very pretty fortyish sort, is about to bear a child. Having previously sired a daughter (Fran Sharon), who is now resident in his house with her husband (Orson Bean), our hero figures that he has had enough of fertility, particularly since Mr. Bean is about as helpful around a lumberyard as a termite. The ladies are both charming, but Mr. Ford and Mr. Bean dominate the proceedings, and even though Mr. Long has concentrated on one simple joke, he has, with the enormous assistance of George Abbott, who directed the piece, emerged with a comedy of considerable merit. It might be argued that a rich businessman would perhaps be happy rather than dismayed at the idea of having a child late in life, but the way Mr. Ford portrays the lumber magnate, you are compelled to believe that he must have been outraged even by the birth of his daughter, all those years ago. Mr. Bean, as always, struggles mightily and drolly to cope with the New England marbles in his mouth, and he and Mr. Ford put on a drunk scene that is really remarkable. The incidental music for "Never Too Late" was devised by John Kander. It is most helpful.



"One good thing—they're herbivorous."

"MOBY DICK," at the Ethel Barrymore, is Orson Welles' adaptation of the Herman Melville novel, and it includes a good deal of shouting, especially by Rod Steiger, who plays Captain Ahab. During much of the evening, all hands rock back and forth on an arrangement of boxes designed to give a dim, Surrealist notion of the whaler Pequod. While they rocked, I didn't roll, and eventually I decided that if just one more member of the cast said "Thar she blows," I would blow, too, and I did.

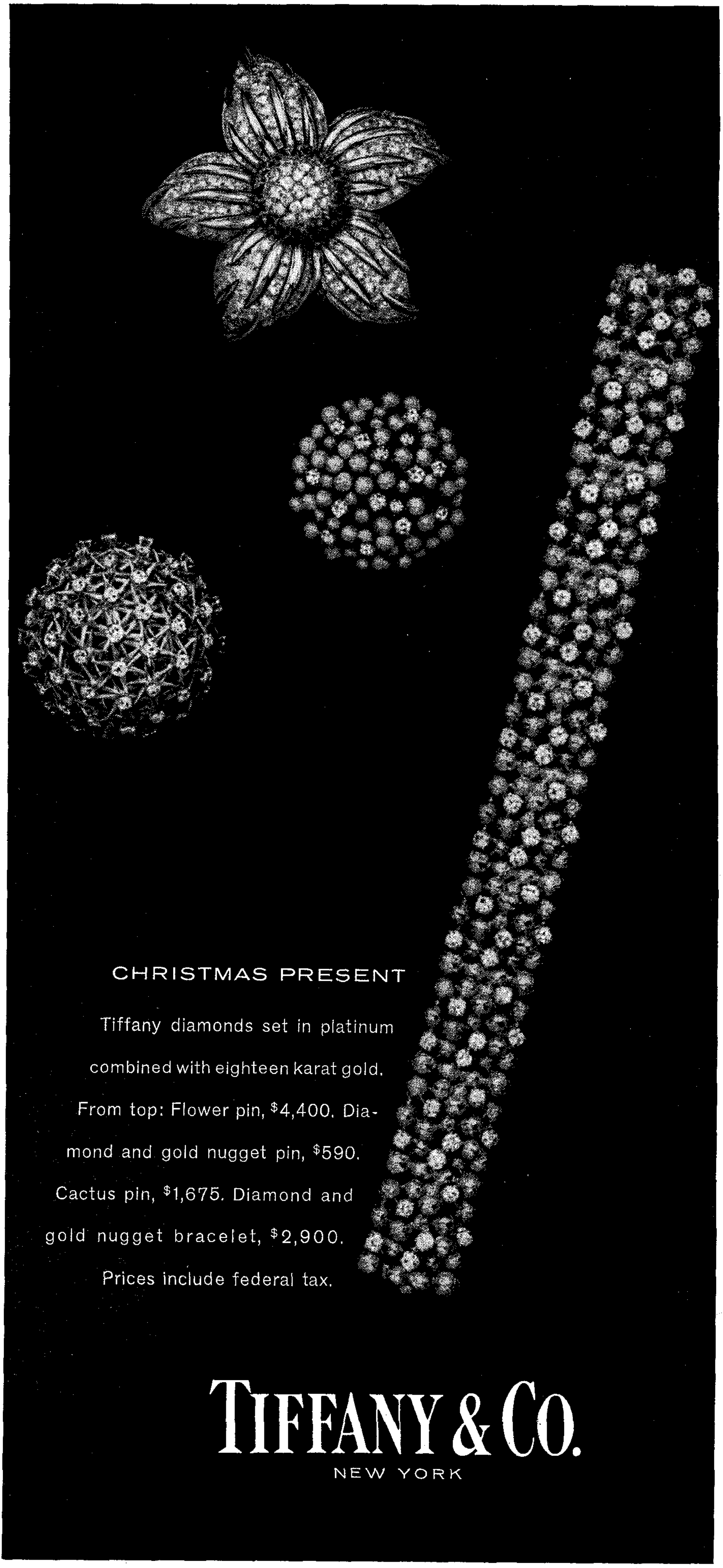
IN "Harold," at the Cort, Anthony Perkins plays a young fellow whom three warmhearted Bronx bachelors want to shine up so he can marry a rich girl in the Catskills. This variation on the Pygmalion theme, which was written by Herman Raucher and directed by Larry Blyden, is a very tiresome exercise. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Comedies of Terror

THE problem this week is to give you some idea of the brilliance and originality and wild humor of "The Dumbwaiter" and "The Collection," two one-acters by Harold Pinter at the Cherry Lane, without at the same time revealing too many of the surprises. "The Dumbwaiter" is one of his early plays; "The Collection" is his most recent. On the evidence of both, and of last year's "The Caretaker," it seems to me that Mr. Pinter, right from the start, has broken comedy into its components and taken for himself the element of cruelty to probe and explore and juggle around. All three plays are comedies about torture and menace—about, I guess, practical jokes. (That is not all they are, of course.) The victims in "The Dumbwaiter" are a pair of matter-of-fact Cockneys, Ben and Gus, who are waiting on a pair of sagging cots in the basement of a deserted building somewhere in Birmingham for a signal from their boss telling them that the time has come to do "the job." That "the job" is one they have done many times before becomes apparent in their sketchily reminiscent conversation, in their casual deportment, and in the offhand way they handle and examine their pistols. They are so matter-of-fact when we meet them that it takes some time to discover that their nerves are shot, but this becomes plain when they are subjected to a series of what appear to be nutty pranks, chief among them a dumbwaiter that repeatedly comes down to a hatch in the wall bearing orders for meals, which grow more and more elaborate. Frantically, Ben and Gus pile their own provisions—tea, biscuits, chocolate, potato chips—onto the dumbwaiter, and then get word through a speaking tube that their food is unsatisfactory. Their panic rises. They feel that they are being put to a test, but they can't figure out why. Toward the end, their conversation becomes a stencil of their conversation at the beginning—same form but no content. The ending is as surprising and loony as all that has gone before it.

"The Dumbwaiter" is a farce about cruelty in which the tricks are physical—the dumbwaiter and its freakish orders, offstage plumbing that doesn't work and then whooshes away on its own, a gas burner that doesn't light, mysterious envelopes under the door, and the mysterious voice over the speaking tube. "The Collection" is high comedy about cruelty in which the tricks are verbal. The action alternates between the two sides of the stage. At stage left is an elaborate house in Belgravia inhabited by a pair of homosexuals—an elegant, gray-haired man and a young man he once picked up in a slum and has trained to be a dress designer. At stage right is the modern and fashionable Chelsea flat of a husband and wife; the wife is also a dress designer, and the husband runs their shop. Except for the wife and the young man, who do not meet onstage but whose encounter at a fashion show at Leeds the week before sparks the plot (did he sleep with her or didn't he?), the characters combine and recombine in a series of lethal tête-à-têtes. These dialogues are duels, really, in which the playwright displays infinite and comic


CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Tiffany diamonds set in platinum combined with eighteen karat gold. From top: Flower pin, $4,400. Diamond and gold nugget pin, $590. Cactus pin, $1,675. Diamond and gold nugget bracelet, $2,900. Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Blue Grass
in the great romantic tradition

Blue Grass
PERFUME MIST

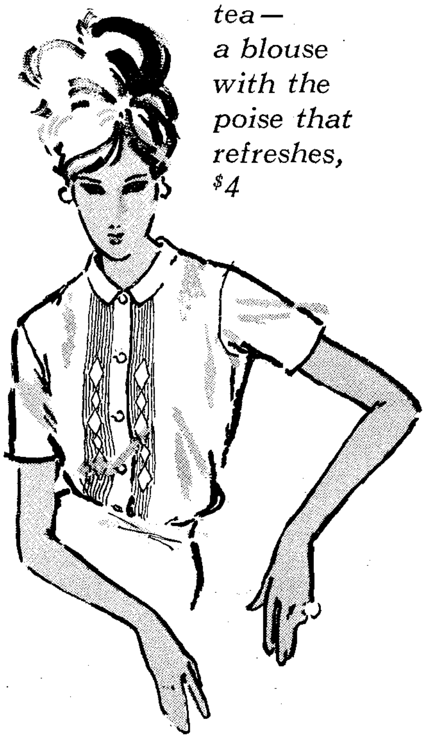
Blue Grass Perfume Mist 5.00
Blue Grass Perfume 6.00 to 50.00
Blue Grass Flower Mist 2.50, 4.25
Blue Grass Purse Atomizer 3.50
Blue Grass Bath Powder 2.50, 5.00
prices plus tax
Elizabeth Arden

variations on psychological torture—the unanswered question, the smile that goes dead, the surprise shift from camaraderie to menace, the false security that ends in fright, the purposely irrational behavior, the threat of physical violence that comes to nothing, the easy game that ends in pain. It is all civilized and funny on the surface and diabolic and funny underneath. Each of the characters becomes the victim of the hypnotic malice of one of the others, just as the audience becomes the victim of the hypnotic Mr. Pinter. His theatrical talent seems to me the strongest that has come along in years. Every prop, every movement, every word has meaning; nothing goes to waste. It is interesting to trace his path from "The Dumbwaiter" to "The Caretaker" to "The Collection." (I don't think progress comes into it much; they are all splendid plays.) In "The Dumbwaiter," the mischief is spooky and comes from offstage. In "The Collection," it is sane and concrete—no longer free-floating, as it was in "The Caretaker," but firmly anchored in the nature of the people involved. The play is absolutely tight; there are no chinks this time for the allegorical interpreters, and no mistakes. Also, Pinter seems to have sloughed off all trace of the influence of Samuel Beckett, a man with one-eighty-fifth of his ability.

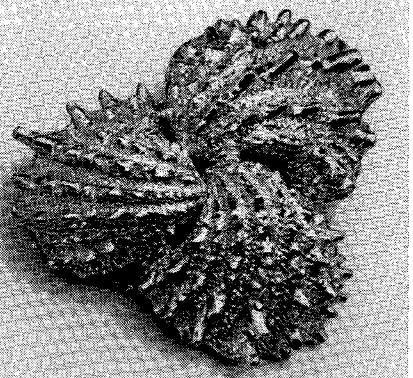
Dana Elcar and John C. Becher do beautifully as Ben and Gus in "The Dumbwaiter." For the first few minutes, their Cockney accent sounded a little off, but either it got better or I got used to it. In "The Collection," James Ray is the husband, Patricia Roe the wife, Henderson Forsythe the elderly homosexual, and James Patterson the young man. Their acting is flawless. Alan Schneider staged both plays, but the performance was so magnetic that I couldn't step back even far enough to notice his direction. William Ritman's settings are fine, too.

Jean Erdman, who has been a leading dancer with Martha Graham, is appearing at the Village South in "The Coach with Six Insides," a dramatization (it's *billed* as a dramatization, anyway) of "Finnegans Wake." She dances the role of Anna Livia, and four actors speak fragments of the text and act out scenes. It all seemed so precious and arty to me at the beginning that I almost left at the first intermission, which would have been a mistake. Things do pick up some in Act II. There is considerable inventiveness and humor in the staging, and the actors

just your cup of tea— a blouse with the poise that refreshes, $4



Ship'n Shore®



Castlecliff
COCKLE SHELL
. . . A MAGNIFICENT
TEXTURED PIN $6
EARCLIPS TO MATCH $4
PLUS FED. TAX
design copyrighted
shown actual size
PECK & PECK FIFTH AVE. AND BRANCHES
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

speak and pantomime fairly well. The music, by Teiji Ito, is made up of mock folk tunes and slightly askew jigs and reels, and it is quite lovely. Joyce's words—puns, jokes, bawdry, and lyric passages—are wonderful, and not all that hard to understand if you just listen and don't brood. —EDITH OLIVER

•

EVEN WITH HER RAILWAYS IN DECLINE, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Daily Telegraph*]

LOWER RAIL
FARES FOR
MICE URGED

TRAVEL DELAYS

DAILY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

Britain's prize mice fanciers may join forces with those of show rabbits and guinea-pigs. In a joint campaign for a square deal for pets who have to travel by rail to and from shows.

The National Mouse Club has decided to seek talks with the British Rabbit Council and with guinea-pig clubs throughout the country. The decision was taken at the annual meeting of the club at Shipley yesterday.

£1,000 A YEAR

Mr. Percy Ashley, 73, secretary of the club, said: "Travelling mice bring in at least £1,000 a year to British Railways but Dr. Beeching is in danger of losing it. Transport charges are so high that only two per cent. of exhibitors can hope to show a profit.

"On short distances he charges a mouse more than he charges a man. There are many anomalies on longer distances."

LATE FROM SHOWS

If the rabbit and guinea-pig fanciers decide to link up with the mouse men, Dr. Beeching can expect more criticism. It is also likely that he will hear complaints that mice and rabbits travelling on their own on the railway are returning late from shows.

Yesterday Mr. Ashley was anxiously trying to find where a prize rabbit had got to on a week-end journey from Coventry to Manchester.

"Eighteen hours on the way and so far no trace of it," he said. "Once the railways took pride in putting a rabbit on the first available train. Now they don't seem to care."

•

Mrs. Helen Slavinsky of 43 Susquehanna Avenue fared somewhat better last night. After checking the Township's map, the Board told Mrs. Slavinsky her property measures 100 by 96 feet, not 96 by 100 feet as she thought.

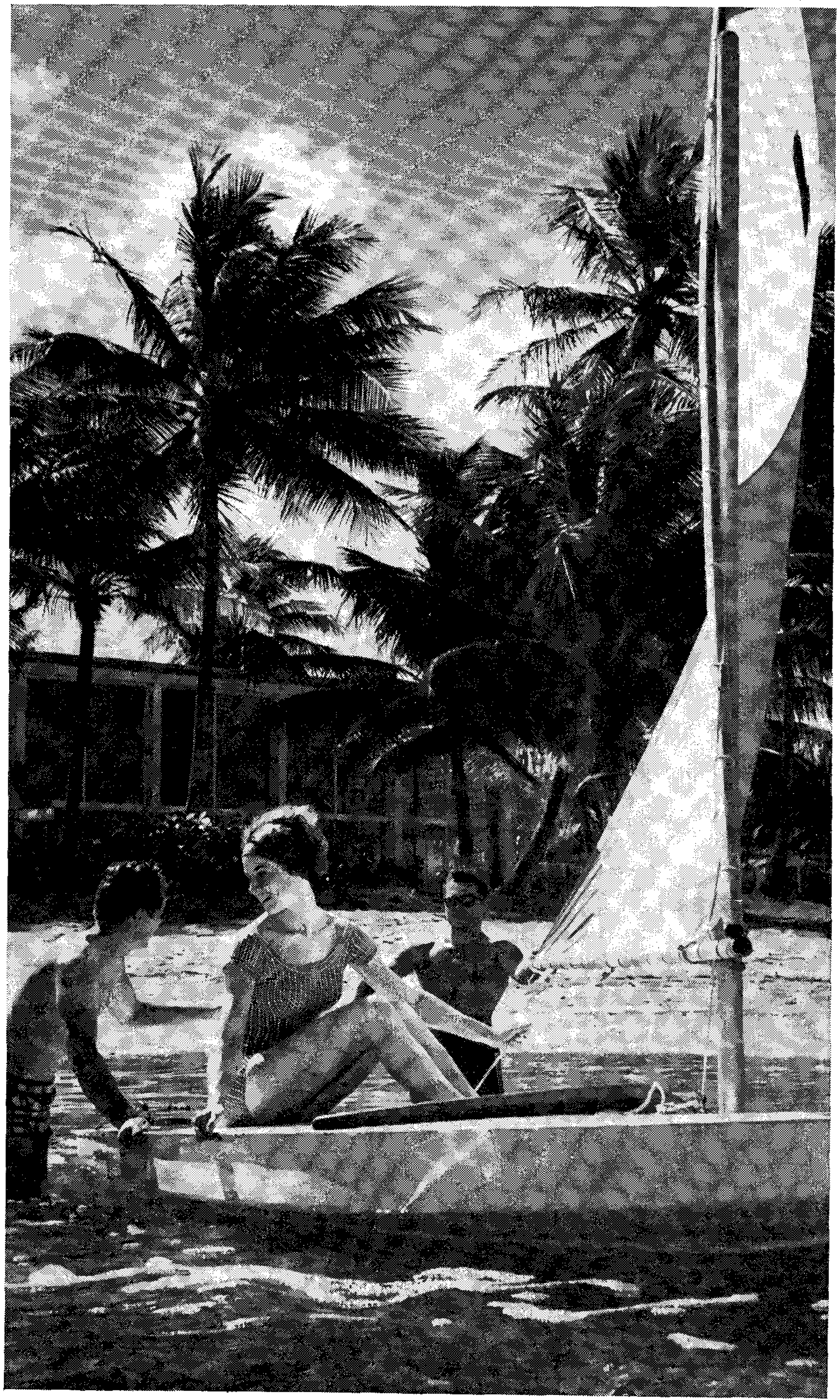
She said she is considering building a bungalow on the property adjacent to her house.

Upon receiving the news, Mrs. Slavinsky said:

"Oh, I'm so excited!"

She then dropped her handbag right in front of the Board.—*Hackensack (N.J.) Bergen Record.*

Women!

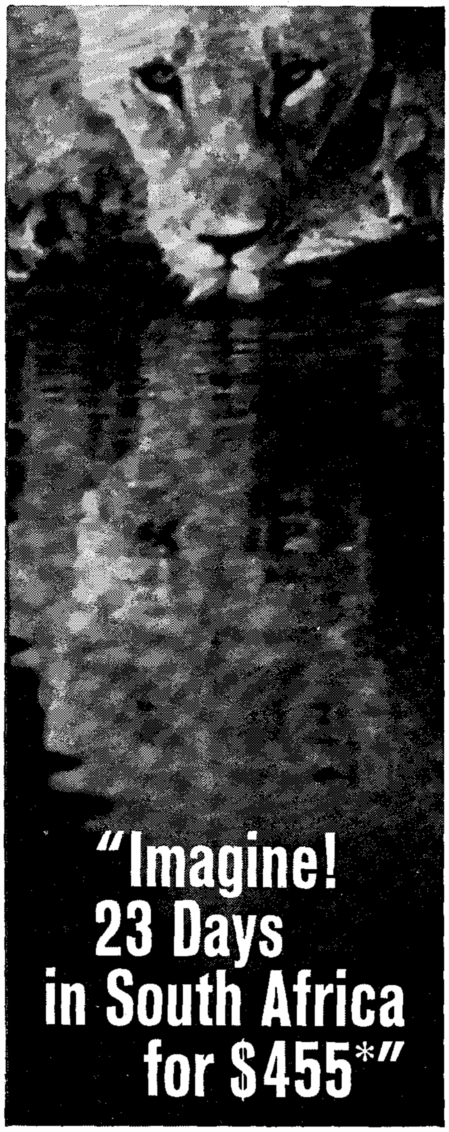


Winter Sports!

Enjoy sailing and swimming from 2½ miles of beaches; golf, tennis and the beauty of this 1500-acre resort. These are a few of *our* winter sports—Dorado style. (OFF-SEASON RATES TO DEC. 20TH)

DORADO
BEACH
HOTEL
DORADO • PUERTO RICO

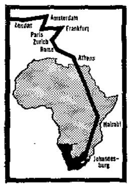
See your travel agent or New York Reservation Office, Suite 1705K, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, JUdson 6-1141.



Your 23-day South African adventure with SAR (by train and SARBUS Tour) takes you to gold and diamond mines, by cable car up Table Mountain, to ostrich farms, and along the lovely Garden Route to Indian Ocean resorts. You'll watch Bantu dances, and photograph wild animals in Kruger National Park.

The finest way to get there is by BOAC to London, then on to Johannesburg by SAA Stratojet on the famous Springbok route. It costs no more than a direct flight to South Africa, and you can stop off in any of 6 European cities for no extra fare. Between Oct. 1st and March 31st, you can save $150, Economy Class, on your wife's fare alone with the Family Fare Plan. See your Travel Agent soon, and send coupon for free SAR and SAA booklets.

*Includes all hotels and most meals for each of two. Air fare not included.



SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS RAILWAYS
Dept. AA, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
Please send me your free folders on the "Springbok" and "Sarbus" way of seeing South Africa.
Name__________
Street__________
City________ Zone____ State______

FOOTBALL

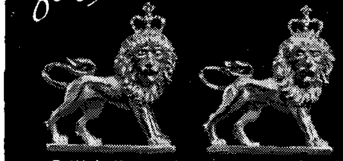
Rear-View Mirror

IT was a season (except for an occasional diehard team, the past tense is the right one) that will be remembered for the ascendancy of the running, passing quarterback (or roll-out quarterback, as the technicians designate him), for the ingenuity of the misdemeanors effected by the participants, and for one of the greatest military disasters of modern times. The disaster occurred in Philadelphia Stadium, where Army and Navy took their final exams last Saturday in weather that should have been dated June 1st instead of December 1st. Army, operating behind a stern and rock-bound defense to which only Michigan and Oklahoma State had been able to do serious damage this fall, began—as it usually did against a worthy foe—with caution. Punt on third down, and wait for a break—that was the Army game. But when, on Saturday, Army went into punt formation for the first time, the pass from center flew over the putative punter's head and right through the end zone, and the score was already Navy 2, Army 0. Long before the end, when it had risen to Navy 34, Army 14, the military had been thoroughly beaten, and even their most desperate stratagems—onside kicks, passes from the end zone—went relentlessly against them. A once-in-a-while pass, an occasional spectacular gallop by Army's fullback, who often stood far to one side of his line, like Army's lonely end of earlier years and an earlier coach—these were efficacious, but there were not nearly enough of them. Well, win or lose, there's one thing about Army and Navy teams—nothing can stop progress as suddenly as the three-man tackling jobs that they apply to ballcarriers.

As for roll-out quarterbacks, at Philadelphia we had Roger Staubach, Navy's prize sophomore, who came into full blossom in midseason and just about arrived at perfection against Army. He throws without effort but with accuracy, even at top speed (not one Army finger was laid on a Staubach pass), and he is nearly impossible to pin down when he is searching enemy territory for someone to catch a pass. When he *is* pinned down, he sensibly holds on to the ball instead of giving in to the panic instinct, common among sophomores, to throw the ball anywhere, even to the foe. His

Striped Oxford
TAPERED BODY BUTTON-DOWN.
DEFTLY TAILORED IN SOFT OXFORD.
FLARED COLLAR. BOX PLEAT BACK.
BLUE, RED OR OLIVE STRIPES
—ALL ON WHITE GROUNDS.
14½-16½, SLEEVES 32-35, $6.50
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR PARCEL POST
at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CUFFLINKS
for the Collector



British lion and crown exquisitely molded. Antique gold finish . . $5
(Plus 10% tax)

3-dimensional sculptured head of a noble Roman soldier. Antique gold finish, black onyx base . . $10
(Plus 10% tax)

These individual, boldly masculine designs are a compliment to the wearer . . . and the gift-giver. Mail orders filled.

custom shirt makers
JOHN SHAW CO.
49TH & MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
17TH & WALNUT STS., PHILA., PA.

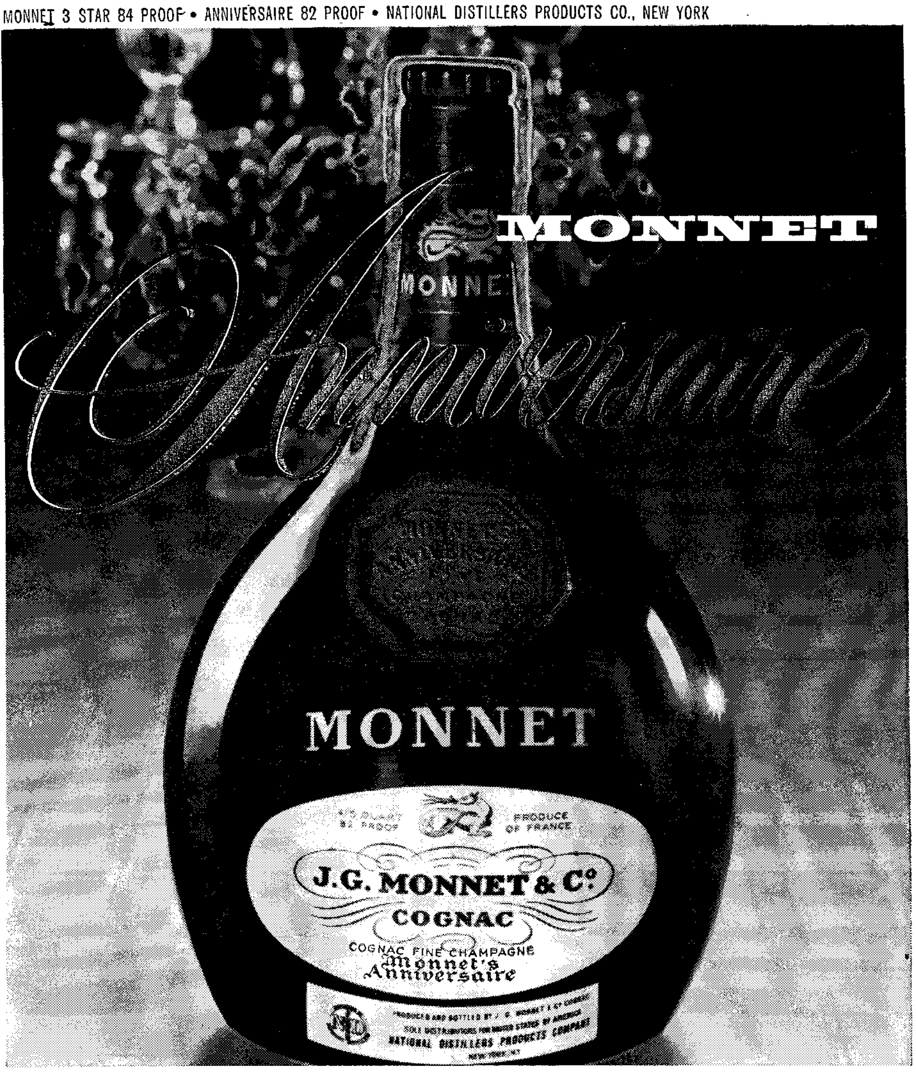
sole trespass against the rules—it was one of the most inventive misdemeanors of the year—went like this: having thrown a distinctly subgrade pass, he caught it himself and then threw a second, better, and naturally illegal one. This ranks in uniqueness with the now celebrated illegal pass that Yale used for a touchdown against Princeton, which for a long time seemed enough to win the game, and with the fifteen-yard penalty that a disciplinarian referee levied against Dartmouth for showing up late for the second half of another match.

It was, by the way, probably just as well that Staubach did not come into full blossom until midseason. The physical-fitness program imposed on Army and Navy men is a trying one, quite apart from all the barnstorming through the countryside that is involved. Last year, when Navy had almost as good a time of it in beating Army, the most noticeable members of its cast, it seems to me, were Ulrich and Sai. Ulrich and Sai were still about on Saturday, but they were so used up by the season's campaigning that they were in service much less frequently, even though effectively. Like farmers planting fields of corn two and three weeks apart to insure a steady crop later on, Navy should perhaps do some staggered sowing of its own. (Dragon's teeth, I guess, in this case.) Anyway, we'll have to wait twelve months before we know whether Staubach will again be in good enough condition to sweep all before him.

Oh, one thing more about Navy. Presumably in an attempt to put an end to the custom—a venerable one among patrons of Army-Navy games, many of whom must be two-dollar bettors at horse parks the rest of the year—of referring to the players by number instead of name, the Navy matrons (like all mothers sending their little boys off to camp) sewed name tapes, bearing vast block letters, on the jerseys of their small charges. To no avail; on the way home, in a parlor car that answered to the name of Big Walnut and that had been graciously lent to the Pennsylvania Railroad for the occasion by the Smithsonian Institution, the old refrain prevailed: "Gee, I thought 12 was great." . . . "Nah, 43 is *my* boy."

EVEN a close eye on the season's freshman teams, leaders of tomorrow, could not detect a great deal. "They just finished exams," "They've been scrimmaging the varsity for three days," "That bus ride to Ithaca killed them" were three of the coaches' extenuations, and the weather (freshman

MONNET 3 STAR 84 PROOF • ANNIVERSAIRE 82 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK



A fabulous cognac...fabulously packaged

Monnet Anniversaire is said by many to be the finest cognac available today. Of an unusual softness and rare bouquet, this fine champagne cognac is for royal welcomes and great occasions. It makes a princely gift. The fabulous gift case is of natural wood, lined with red velvet.

J.G. MONNET & Cº
COGNAC
MONNET

FOR ALL OCCASIONS TRY MONNET ★★★ STAR—DE LUXE QUALITY AT A 3 STAR PRICE

Avron* the fresh look in fashion!

"Madura" Fabric by Cohama

LOUISE SUGGS has a way of putting high style into casual fashions. This Dacron® polyester and Avron® rayon dress is guaranteed to gather compliments at home or at the golf course. Stitched patch pocket and sash belt add a touch of drama. And Avron rayon makes this the coolest, most comfortable dress in your wardrobe. Easy to care for, too! Sizes 10-20. Pin-point weave effect in Blue and Tan. About $23. Available at

Saks Fifth Avenue

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.
AVISCO

fields are not covered with tarpaulins against rain and snow) didn't help. Just one event, in the one stirring freshman match (Princeton 42, Yale 23) that I dovetailed into my travels, stays in mind, and that because it was an instance of playing by instinct instead of by rule—the sort of football Staubach plays. Draudt, a Princeton wingback, broke up a sequence of puissant Yale passes by nailing one three yards inside his end zone. Rule suggested touching the ball down, which would have given it to Princeton on its twenty-yard line; instinct suggested that two teammates standing on the five-yard line could provide a wedge to drive him past the flood of onrushing Yalies and set him free. Accordingly, he whipped between his two friends as they split a hole in the opposition, and then fled in lonely splendor the remaining ninety-five yards for a touchdown. —J. W. L.

•

One hundred thousand years ago, the mastery of fire separated slaves from masters simply by leaving it up to the individual as to whether or not he wished to cower in his cave or search for applications. Today we have that atom to contend with; and once again a split of monumental proportions will develop as individual investors, determine whether they should side with Bertrand Russell or swing with the developers of commercial applications.

Beginning late last year, enough propaganda was fed to the peasants to convince an overwhelming majority that the way to greet the advent of the atomic era was to dig a fallout shelter. But what about the fact that nuclear research has led to the development of methods for preserving perishables without the conventional aid of refrigeration? And what about the fact that an outfit called SUPERPACK VENDING has patent-plastered the ultimate method for vending sausage-shaped breakfasts, lunches and dinners composed of irradiated foodstuffs?—*From Dynamics, an industrial newsletter.*

Yes, sir, what about it?

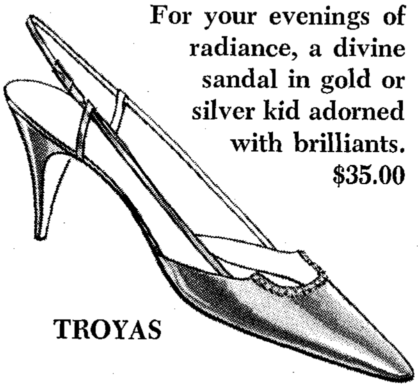
•

IF
(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING)

If you are first of all creative;
Can write copy with a selling punch
And the clear ring of a Shelley or a Ferlingetti;
If your layouts look like DeVinci sketches
And your finished art like Michelangelo's;
If you can keep your head while all those about you
Are piling work upon your desk;
Then, my son, you are the man we want!
Send detailed resume and salary requirement to:
Box 6047, ADVERTISING AGE
740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois
—*Adv. in Advertising Age.*

No need to apologize!

Bally of Switzerland
SHOE SALON



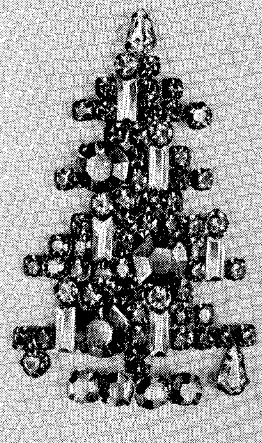
For your evenings of radiance, a divine sandal in gold or silver kid adorned with brilliants.
$35.00

TROYAS

Mail Orders:
Add 50¢ for P.P. & Ins.
Sorry, No C. O. D.

Bally
673 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.
At 61st Street

PIN NOËL



Since you can't wear the tree, wear this clever replica. Tree, candles, decorations handsomely blended in gay holiday colors. $5.00 plus tax.

Pin by Albert Weiss

For the store nearest you write: Albert Weiss & Co., 15 W. 37th St., N. Y. 18

Darling—
Because you're
the

Give her a bunch of long-stem tints—in Du Pont Nylon

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*
DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE HOSIERY SHOWN.

Shalimar Perfume
$6, $10, $12.50, $25, $50.
Prices plus tax.
SHALIMAR
...international symbol of elegance... memorable gift
GUERLAIN

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
NOVEMBER 28, 1962

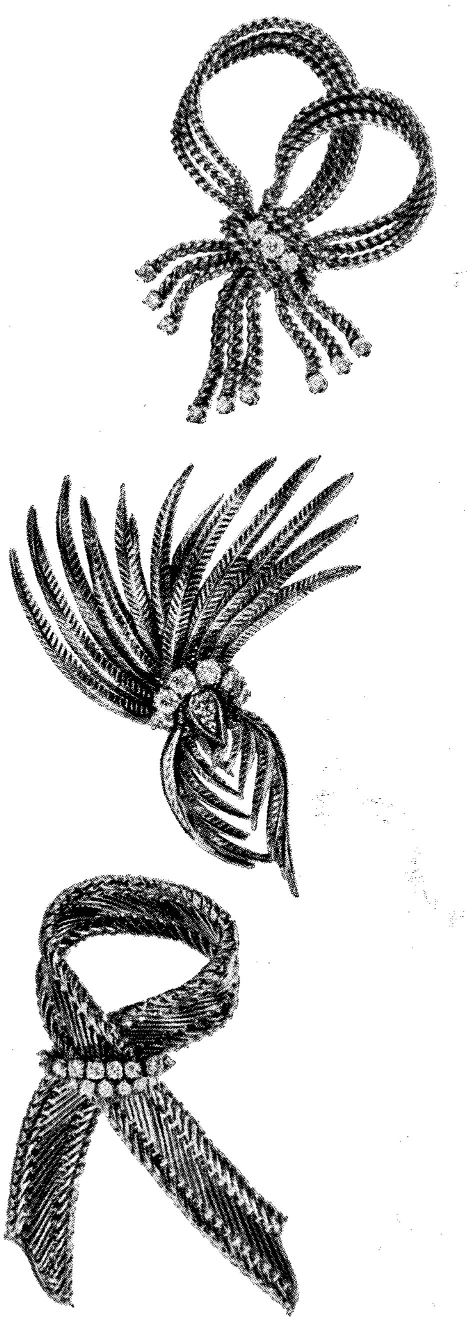
To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR recent lament over the doomed names of New York telephone exchanges, such as BUtterfield and BEekman, brought a sad smile to my lips. So did your theory that the decision to abandon them was made by a large computer somewhere, rather than by human officials of the Telephone Company. So, most of all, did your prophecy that presently human beings will abandon the use of telephones altogether, falling back on letters and messengers (and perhaps on actual visits to one another).

I live in a region now known to the New England Telephone Company as Vicinity 643 of Code Area 603, of which the pre-telephonic name was Hanover, New Hampshire. I wish to emphasize that for Hanover the change was shattering—even greater than your loss of exchange names will be, when it comes. New York is at least long used to mechanical communication; to New Yorkers a telephone number *means* seven finger thrusts in a little dial. It was not so with us. Until just over a year ago, we lived in a golden age. We had operators, and we had gloriously low numbers. Not only was it easy to recall the number of, say, Dartmouth College (Hanover 30), or of the Hanover bank (18), but it was possible to work out who the old-timers in town were just by flipping through the phone book. Rogers' Garage (7) was obviously an earlier telephone subscriber than Manchester's Garage (220), a conclusion I defy anyone to reach by comparing 643-3777 and 643-2615. Putnam's Drugstore (86) clearly existed as a pharmacy long before Mr. Putnam decided to add an autonomous Snack Bar (81397). Mr. Charles Batchelder (1) ranked ahead of me (219-M), and I, in turn, was ahead of the Henry E. Lewis Investment Company (850-W). The abrupt disappearance of all these historical strata into the grayness of seven-digit equality has been a blow.

But I digress. In the light of Hanover's experience, I want to talk about your theory and your prophecy. The theory, I think, is right. The seven-digit system *was* ordered into effect by a machine rather than a man. I have no more proof of this than you, but I do have a piece of corroborative evidence. Last year, at the time Hanover became 643, a slogan suddenly appeared on the envelopes that our monthly phone bills come in. It read (and still does), "Telephone numbers have a new look! All numbers." It is obvious to me that no man could have written that slogan; the dullest ear alive would reject it with some embarrassment. Only an earless computer, for which numbers are the interesting thing anyway, could have composed such a message, and only another computer could find it catchy. So far we agree. But when you go on to prophesy that the all-number system, invented by machines for machines, will eventually cause human beings to drop the telephone altogether, I have to report that the experience of Vicinity 643 is against you. New telephones are being installed at a steady clip in Hanover, and old ones are being used as much as ever. I haven't taken any polls, but my impression is that the number of telephone calls per subscriber has, if anything, gone up. And few people in Hanover go around inventing mythical exchanges for private use, such as NIncompoop 3, if only because we are hardheaded New Englanders and know that in a few years the alphabet will be taken off our dials, and there we'll be, alone in a forest of numbers.

What *has* happened—and this is really what I'm writing you about—is that a curious side effect has emerged. Words, banished from our telephones, have not simply gone to the nearest computer center and surrendered. Instead, they have gone out in fighting battalions and proceeded to start kicking the numbers off our automobile license plates. It has long been possible in New Hampshire to pay an extra five dollars and get what you want on your license plates. In general, only the very rich and the very vain have done so, and they have mostly ordered their own initials. But this year words have sprung up everywhere. One of our local doctors drives around in a car whose plates say AORTA. Someone who I presume is on the athletic staff at Dartmouth has COACH on his plates, and it may be a computer analyst, for all I know, who has LOGIC on his. When ART 1 and ART 2 appeared on the streets, some people jumped to the conclusion that one of



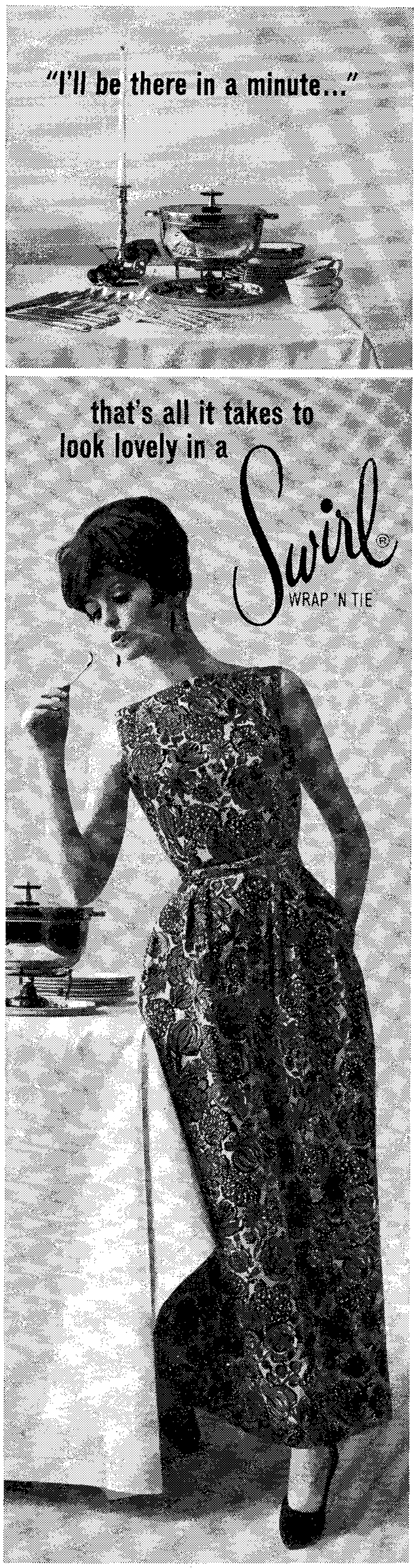
Gold and Glitter

Diamonds flash on three brooches of 18kt. gold; an airy bowknot, $500; a feathery spray, $470; a twist of ribbon, $650.

Actual size
Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Fifth Ave. & 52 St., New York 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0111
340 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida


"I'll be there in a minute..."
that's all it takes to look lovely in a
Swirl®
WRAP 'N TIE

Instant elegance...flowers from a Moorish garden on a sweeping Hostess Swirl. Just wrap and tie it. (And never muss your hair.) That's the beauty of a Swirl! Flamenco red or eventide blue on earth tones of combed cotton oxford, crease controlled for minimum care. Sizes 8 to 18. About $15. At fine stores listed, or write Swirl, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York.

B. Altman & Co., *New York*
Marshall Field & Co., *Chicago*
The J. L. Hudson Company, *Detroit*
J. W. Robinson, *Los Angeles*

the departments at the college was advertising its courses, but actually both cars belong to a local businessman whose first name is Arthur. The resemblance to the humane, or BUtterfield 8, type of telephone exchange is especially striking in this case.

This leads to my prophecy. I think that when you lose your exchange names in New York, all those dispossessed words are going to hunt the streets at night, looking for numbers to kill. One of three things will happen. It may be that one midnight not long after the changeover all the numbers will disappear from street signs, and instead of 42nd Street and 43rd Street, the passerby will see BUtterfield Street, REgent Street, and so on. Or it may be that the words will attack vertically (in which case the Americana Hotel, with its fifty floors named for states, is a prophet, too), and instead of elevator indicators' flashing 11, 12, 14, they will flash PLaza, RHinelander, TOmpkins. (I suppose that in those few buildings in New York with a floor between 12 and 14 the flash will come out SUperstition.) Or it may be that New York will have to split up into fifteen or twenty small states, each of which will allow its citizens to have word plates, as we have in our small state. For my part, I should be very pleased to see a New York car up here a few summers from now with some such license plate as MAn.

Yours,
NOEL PERRIN

•

RECKONING

The broccoli trees,
Which housed the screech owl
(unkempt; eyes indignant clocks),
The cicadas
(winged Sherman tanks),
And a hummingbird
(watch-me-tread-air, watch-me-tread-air),
These fervent Victorian trees,
Which shook green wind on us
And orchestrated the rain,
Are suddenly the bones of the sky
Unmercifully appraised by light,
Which, rushing through,
Alarms every corner of the house—
The yellow-toothed piano,
The bossy dust, the fat, asthmatic sofa
Catching its breath by the fire—
And then slaps our pale, snow-ready faces,
Hidden so long beneath the thick, safe canopy of summer.

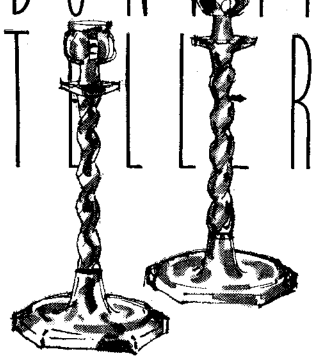
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

63

Contemporary Paintings of India / Gallery 63

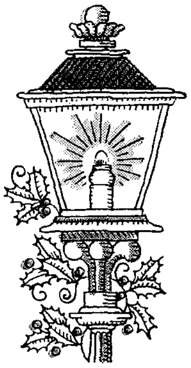
December 11 thru January 5
With the cooperation of the Council of Economic and Cultural Affairs and the Asia Society, Gallery 63 is able to proudly present an exceptional showing of the art of India. Paintings of seven artists, including the internationally famed Raza, will be shown.
All during December, a delightful Christmas gift selection by artists from all over the world.
Gallery 63, Inc, 721 Madison Ave.

BONWIT TELLER



Bonwit's Christmas Candlesticks

For your holiday table, for a handsome gift . . . our Danish import exclusives of gleaming solid brass. Graceful twist design with octagonal base, 8½" high. 30.00 the pair. Mail and phone.
Gifts and Antiques
BONWIT TELLER
All stores

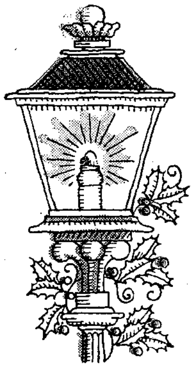


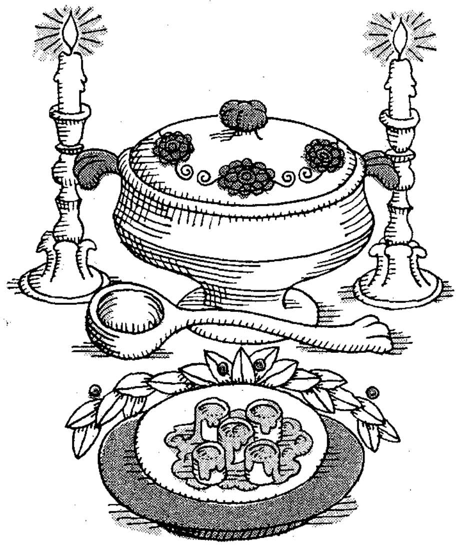
7 HEAVENLY HOLIDAY IDEAS

WITH

Stouffer's

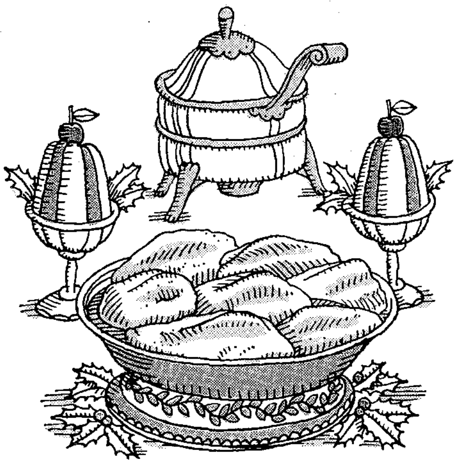
FROZEN PREPARED FOODS





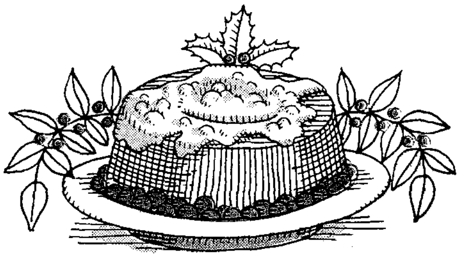
Stouffer's King Crab Imperial, solid chunks of Alaska crab in a mellow sauterne-sparked sauce.

Serving ideas: As hot hors d'oeuvres or appetizers, serve (on a small plate) over crisp miniature noodle rings. Or use to fill tiny cream puffs or patty shells. Makes a luscious hot-dip, plain or combined with Stouffer's Welsh Rarebit.



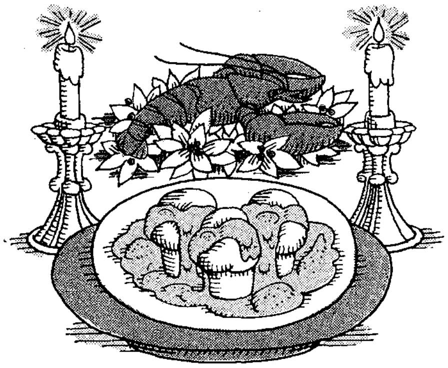
Stouffer's Baked Breasts of Chicken, tender white meat baked to bubbling perfection in a real-cream gravy. (One package serves two.)

Serving idea: Stouffer's Baked Breasts of Chicken over wild rice, with vegetable and cheery red-and-green jello-fruit salad.



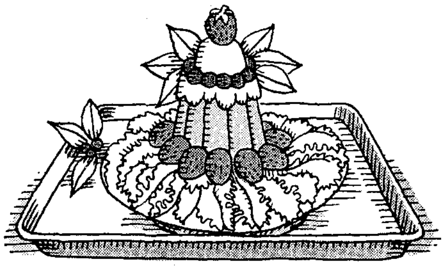
Stouffer's Spinach Souffle, tender leaf spinach, finely chopped and blended with rich ingredients.

Serving idea: Defrost 3 packages Stouffer's Spinach Souffle until soft enough to pour into a mold. Bake in 350° oven 1½ hours. Cool and fill with mushroom sauce. Garnish with fresh cranberries.



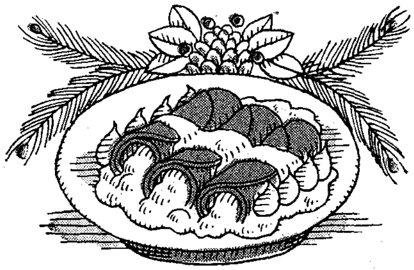
Stouffer's Lobster Newburg, fresh Nova Scotia lobster in a cream sauce that hints of sherry wine.

Serving idea: Use one-to-four packages, depending on size of your guest list. Split hot popovers across the top and fill with Lobster Newburg.



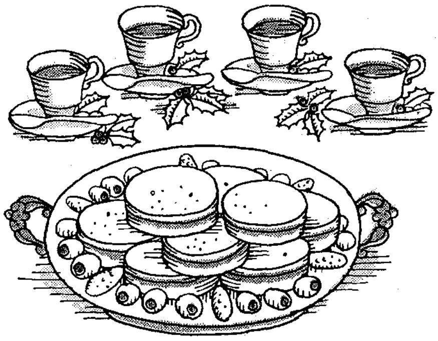
Stouffer's Frozen Fruit Delight, fruit-and-marshmallow laced with a creamy fruit dressing.

Serving idea: Defrost two or three packages, transfer to your favorite salad mold, and refreeze. Remove by applying hot cloths to mold. Decorate with curly endive and frozen strawberries for the prettiest centerpiece of the season.



Stouffer's Creamed Chicken, chunks of white and dark chicken meat, chicken broth and honest-to-goodness heavy cream for smooth, *smooth* flavor. Treat your friends to most unusual hors d'oeuvres of tantalizing Creamed Chicken.

Serving ideas: Serve in French Patty Shells, top with toasted almonds. For holiday color—add pimento, peas and *mushrooms to Creamed Chicken. Or try* two tablespoons of hot Creamed Chicken in the center of each Swedish (extra-thin) pancake. Roll 'em up! Serve rest *of chicken over pancakes.*



Stouffer's Welsh Rarebit, smooth and tangy, made with cheddar cheese, aged in Stouffer's own cold-room.

Serving ideas: For a wonderful hot-dip, defrost a package or two and add a good sprinkling of crisp bacon bits. For toasted cocktail sandwiches, spread between bread rounds; butter outsides and toast in broiler. Serve hot and fragrant.

For added zest with any holiday meal, try *Stouffer's New Green Tomato Pickles.*

Stouffer's
Frozen
Prepared
Foods

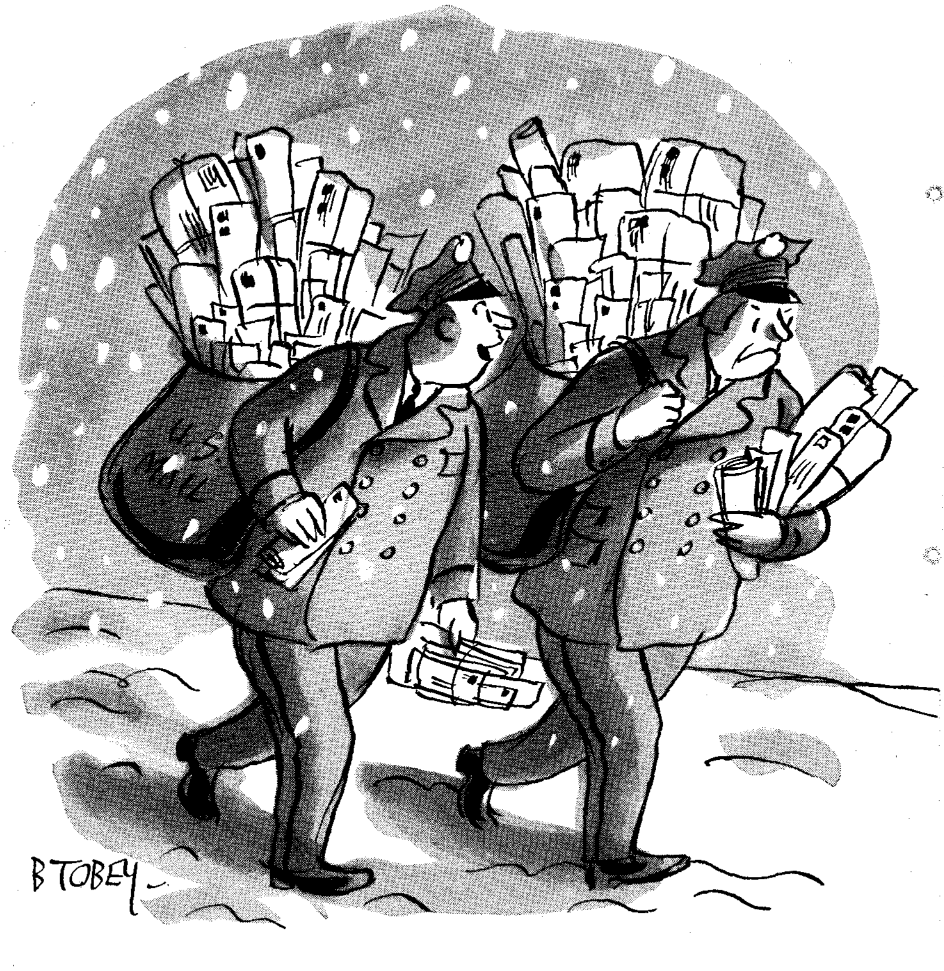
You'll find all these, and more wonderful Stouffer Foods in your grocer's freezer. Stock up soon.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

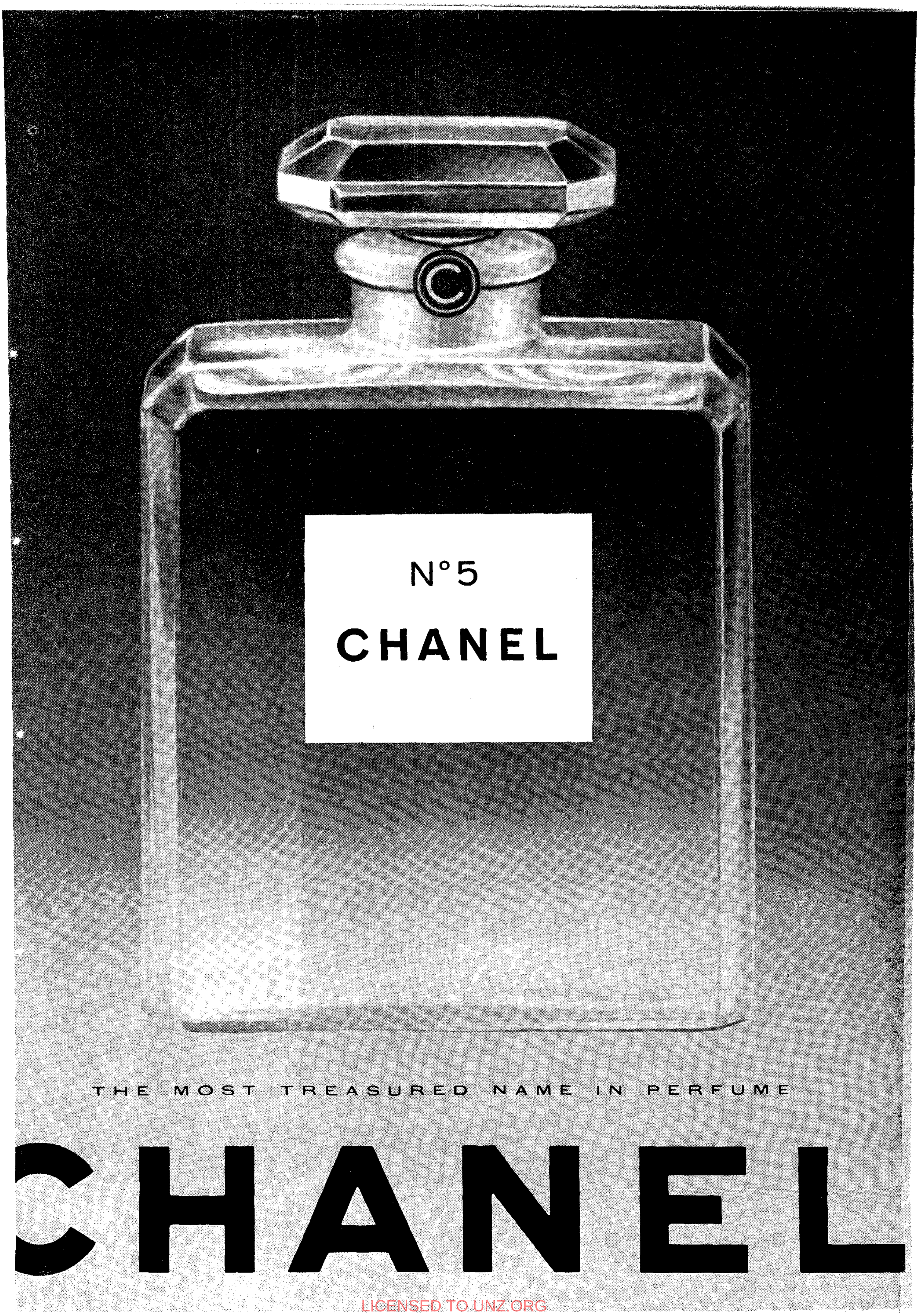
UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

THE pioneer father we all have firmly in mind—the one who could insure a merry Christmas at his house by hitching up the horses a few days beforehand, driving to the general store, and buying rag dolls for the girls, jackknives for the boys, and an orange for the baby—would probably regard as more a nightmare than a dream the array of thousands of toys that Santa's couriers have to choose from this year. Yet the curious fact is that, for all their outlandish numbers and (often) prices, the noticeable trend in gifts for children this December is back to the golden age before everything got so complicated. Parents who have been bracing themselves to meet requests for help with Sonny's Plutonium Reactor Kit will be happy to learn that in most toy departments there are sizable enclaves that seem eager to suggest that the industrial revolution never happened. Saks Fifth Avenue, for instance, is selling, for $8, a plastic spinning wheel seventeen inches high, complete with a hank of red wool that can be spun into braid suitable for making hats, pot holders, and even rugs, or so they assure us. Looms are everywhere. Childcraft Equipment Company, 155 East 23rd Street, has a hardwood one, for $9.95, that can weave swatches of cotton, wool, or raffia sixteen inches wide and almost any length. Gimbel and most other stores are selling Indian Beadcraft, a set consisting of a loom, vials of colored beads, spools of wire, a lump of beeswax, and other necessaries for turning out belts, headbands, and the like; $2.66. A decorated red canvas wigwam to wear them in stands four feet eight inches high, occupies about a square yard of floor space, and costs $16.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz. At Macy, $1.39 will get you a set of eight bright-colored, plastic Funny Faces, half human, half animal, with which a child can build up his own totem pole. Schwarz will be glad to sell you, for $4.75, a basketmaking kit—four cane basket frames, a supply of colored raffia, and, of course, instructions for young artisans more adept at putting satellites into orbit. Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), offers Genuine Mosaic Art, an Ancient Craft Made Easy, for $3.95. Enough tiles are provided to fit, according to a numbered chart, into a masonite panel measuring twelve inches by sixteen, and half a dozen non-ancient designs come along. Or a child with utilitarian instincts could take care of four adults on her own Christmas list by following the directions that come with a Mosaic Ash Tray Kit; $2.82 at Macy. Has there been a big hue and cry for homemade stained glass at your house—we mean lately? Ask for U-Stain Glass sets at, among other places, Polk's Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). A box containing a pattern (two cats, or two fish, or a rather Braquish still-life), a supply of clear glass, a bottle of stuff that will stain it, a set of brushes, some self-adhesive lead strips, and an eight-by-sixteen-inch frame for the resulting masterpiece sells for $5.95.

You can hop on this backward-moving bandwagon without committing handicraft, of course. Just how far back did you have in mind? Well, there's King Zor, the Dinosaur Game, in which four cave men are pitted against sixteen assorted monsters. (You be the cave man, I'll be the monster.) It's fixed, though, so that the cave men always win. For ages six through twelve, it's at Stern for $2.19. And we know a place (Gimbel) where, for $1.79, you can make someone happy with a half-pint-size game called Prehistoric Pinball. You pull the lever, sink the magic ball at appropriately illustrated stops labelled Iguanodon (one thousand points!), Tyrannosaurus, Pterodactylus, and so on, down to Mammoth. No missing link, though. To take a giant step down through history, Roman soldiers' gear is in especially good supply this year at Altman; a starter set of armor (helmet, breastplate, and sword) is $7. For dedicated young medievalists, castles with siege towers, catapults, and moats are widely available. Bloomingdale has an ornate plywood one nineteen inches high on a twenty-one-inch-square base, with a dungeon below, for $29.95. A simpler and slightly smaller version—fewer turrets and no dungeon—is $14.95, and a



"It helps if you try to think of it as sixty-five pounds of good cheer and joyful tidings."

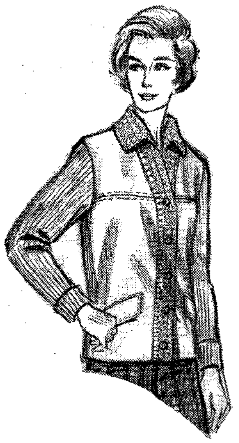


N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

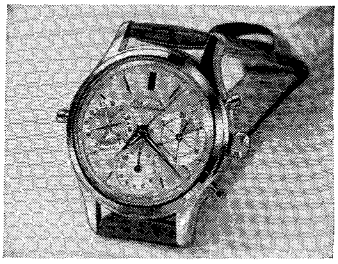
A&F

Gift-wise

A&F is famed for the way it solves the most difficult gift giving problem with "just the right thing."



For a sportswoman. From Austria; the softest, most luxurious sport jacket. A smooth-fitting combination of finest suede and wool knit. Beige suede front with brown knit or muted green suede with green knit. 10-18. . . **70.00**



For a yachtsman. Developed under our own patents, the A&F Seafarer® Chronograph has a tide dial, 12-hour running time dial with time-out feature, race dial for 5-minute starting intervals, and a 1/5 second stop watch. 17-jewel Swiss movement, stainless-steel waterproof case. . **110.00***

**Federal tax included*

Mail and phone orders accepted

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS
PALM BEACH SARASOTA

very small plastic castle, about a foot square and seven inches high, with four knights, is $3.98. Schwarz has a separate plastic catapult, six inches high, with a counterweighted propelling arm that hurls marbles or small stones (but not very hard and for only about three feet), for $8.95, which includes a catapult crew of four. For the same price, Schwarz also enables you to conscript a small army of plastic knights in full battle dress, four of them mounted, twenty-four on foot, and Altman has a variety of resplendent plastic Crusaders on horseback for $2 apiece. If a siege out of our own country's middle ages is more the style at your house, a plastic and metal model of Fort Apache, with enough plastic Indians and settlers to make things interesting for each other, can be bought for $5.98 almost everywhere, including Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd). Bloomingdale also has a small plastic model of the Alamo, for $5.98. Suitable recruits for this or almost any other armed encounter, from Troy to the Yalu River, are to be found at Polk. For instance, six of Santa Anna's men and six early Texans, each two and a quarter inches high and all of metal, are $2.25 the half dozen, and the same price holds if it's the Yanks and the Rebels that interest the master strategist on your list. In the latter case, Rappaport can oblige with a ninety-piece plastic layout of a Civil War battle, dramatically fought on the front lawn of a pillared Southern mansion. Called the Blue and the Gray, it sells for $5.95.

Inevitably, there are historical games tailored for almost every special-interest group. For instance, there's Camelot, for the medievalists ($2.39 at Bloomingdale), and Waterloo, for the Napoleon buffs ($5.98 at Brentano). Broadside, a game involving naval battles of the War of 1812—currently the subject of the most thoroughly upstaged sesquicentennial celebration in history—is $5 at Schwarz, and, of course, there is a raft of games in honor of the upstaging centennial, among them Gettysburg and Chancellorsville ($4.95 apiece nearly everywhere, including Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street), and the Civil War Game ($2.95 at Brentano). Incidentally, we've been troubled by a small subversive thought about such games. Since the side that lost the actual battle can often confound history by overwhelming its opponent on the dining-room table, is there any chance that the players will become permanently confused about who *did* win at Gettysburg? We breathed easier when we saw that most such games bear the seal of approval of

WORCESTER

Clocks designed by experts, built by craftsmen

Elliott OF LONDON

Style 5452. An authentic Queen Anne mantle clock in walnut or mahogany, with 8-day jeweled lever movement. Full quarter-hour Whittington/Westminster chimes. 12¾" high. $275. Also available without chimes, 9" high, style 2825, in walnut or mahogany $110, or red, black or white lacquer, $155. Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
NEW YORK LONDON
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

You've never had it so dry!

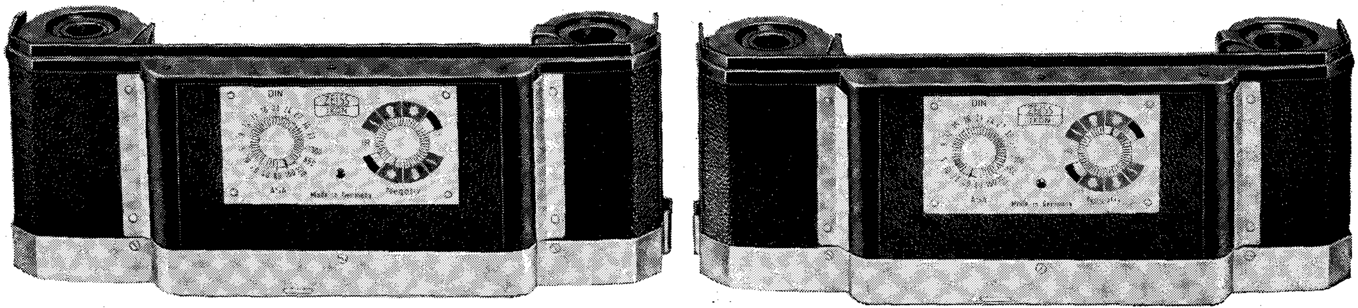
Gancia
DRY VERMOUTH
Gancia

Gancia Extra Dry Vermouth—bony dry, assures the world's driest cocktail. Gancia Sweet—less sweet than other sweets, endows the Manhattan with a dash of dryness. Call it the Mona Lisa of the Vermouth world.

Gancia IMPORTED ITALIAN VERMOUTHS
©1962 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.

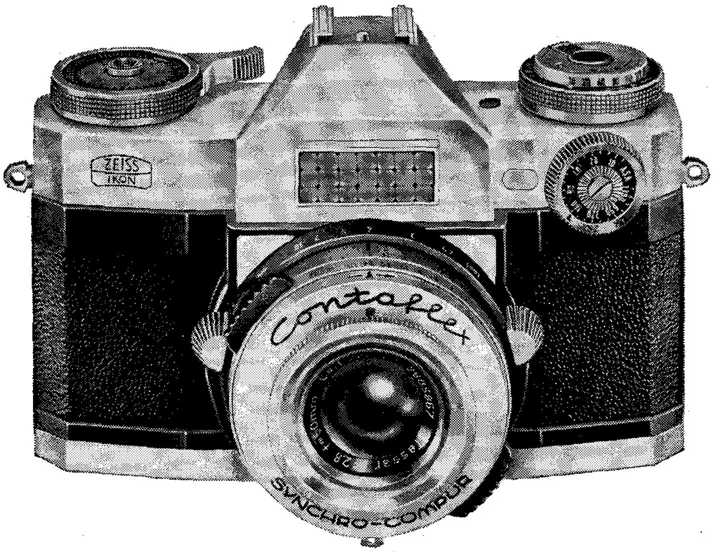
in front

A great camera system starts with versatility of lenses. Interchange five Zeiss Pro-Tessar lens systems, renowned for outstanding performance—M 1:1 for scale reproduction, 35mm wide angle, 50mm standard, and 85mm or new 115mm telephoto. Closeups of distant objects? Zeiss Monocular 8x30B designed specially for camera use, equals lens of 400mm focal length.



in back

No matter how many accessories are available, a truly great camera system is not complete without interchangeable film backs. Loaded with black-and-white or color film, the backs let you switch instantly . . . in mid-roll if you wish . . . just for one shot . . . without losing a frame. It's like carrying two or more cameras along. Now your camera system is complete.



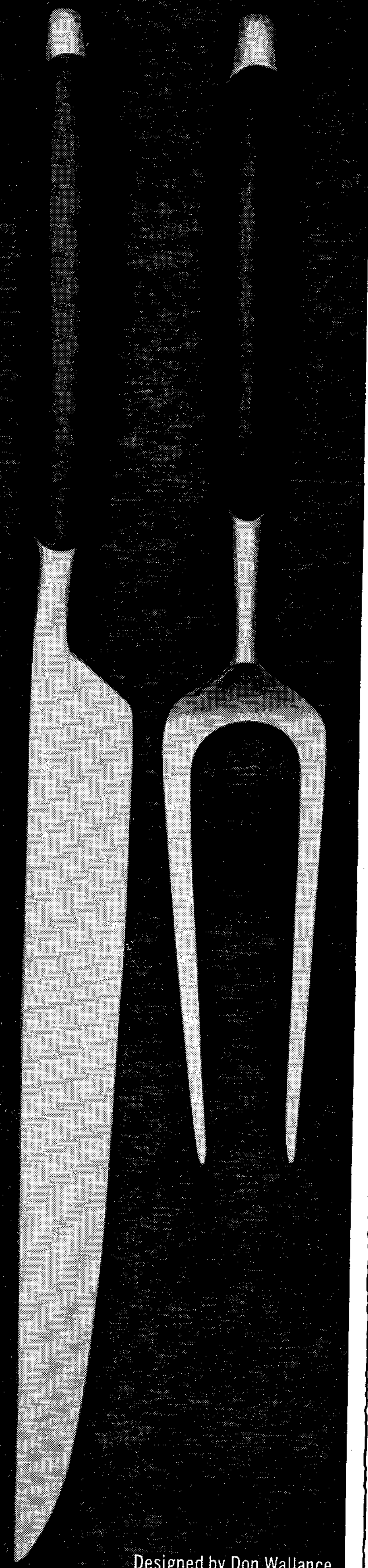
together

With famous Zeiss lenses up front and new interchangeable backs you own the most versatile camera system in the world! See the Contaflex Super 35 with Tessar f/2.8, 50mm lens. Learn how exciting and easy it is to add interchangeable backs and lenses, plus other accessories. At your specialty photo store, or write to Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

Beauty and Function in perfect balance—a superb high carbon stainless steel, forged, finely balanced, precision ground. Sets in walnut chests from $20. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc., 11 East 26th Street, N.Y.C.

LAUFFER CARVINGWARE

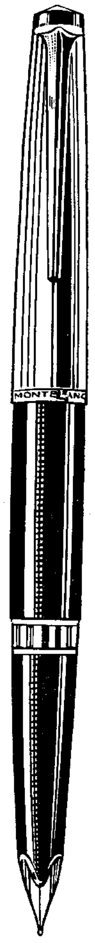


Designed by Don Wallance

various historians—surely not the sort of folk who would collaborate in spreading intellectual chaos among the young. But just lately we were shaken up again, by coming across the Betsy Ross Flag Kit, an embroidery set that sells for $2.49 at Reiss Brothers and is hailed on its cover as having been "prepared in coöperation with the editors of *American Heritage*, the Magazine of History." The certificate within, however, turns out, on careful reading, to amount to a general disclaimer that Betsy Ross had anything to do with designing the first flag. We're letting it go this time, but next year anybody bringing out an authenticated Parson Weems Hatchet and Cherry Tree Kit is in for an argument.

RATHER more reliable summoners-up of things past, perhaps, are the scale-model-car makers. Schwarz has, at $2.50 apiece, metal replicas of four very early French designs, each two and a half inches long, which include a 1901 Vis-à-Vis Decauville with a parasol top and an 1899 Peugeot Victoria. The Matchbox Series, whose metal models are two and a quarter inches long, has come up this year with a set of five familiar vehicles of Edwardian times: a double-decker tramcar, a steam roller, a locomotive, a horse-drawn fire engine, and a bus. These are $5 a set all over town—at Rappaport, for instance—and for fifty cents more you can help some child vicariously live it up with a Matchbox set of five tiny luxury autos of the same period: a Rolls, a Mercedes, a Spyker, a Mercer Runabout, and a Bugatti racing car. The Gingerbread House, 13 Christopher Street (near Greenwich Avenue), has a six-inch Parisian taxi of 1908 or so, which any young historian would be delighted to commandeer for a trip to the Marne; it is friction-powered and made of metal and sells for a dollar. At the same store, you'll find a more elaborate vehicle, nine inches long, with side lamps that light and a motor that smokes when cranked and wheezes hideously when in motion. It is called merely the Grand-Pa Car That Smokes, but a knowledgeable friend of ours says it looks very much like a 1903 French Reigel. All this realism for $4.20—a price that, like all the prices that follow, includes the cost of batteries and/or transistors where these are called for.

Q. With nostalgia around as thick as mushroom soup, where is our own Model T? A. Schwarz has a put-together plastic Bobtail model sixteen inches long, which, they point out,



The mark of excellence

Give MONT BLANC the world honored Fountain Pen with lifetime guarantee and smooth writing 18 kt. gold points.

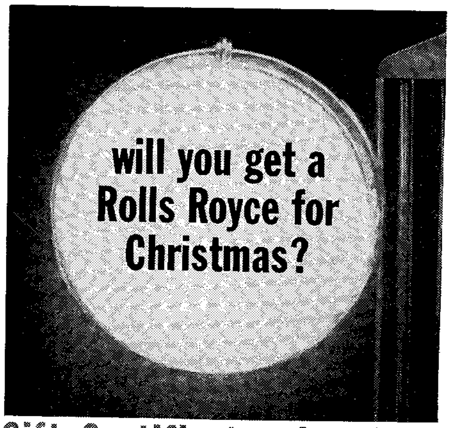
A MONT BLANC Pen is one of those rare possessions which offers' beauty, quality, utility, and true pride of ownership.

See the superb MONT BLANC line, now at selected fine stores where pens are sold. A treasured gift for Christmas.

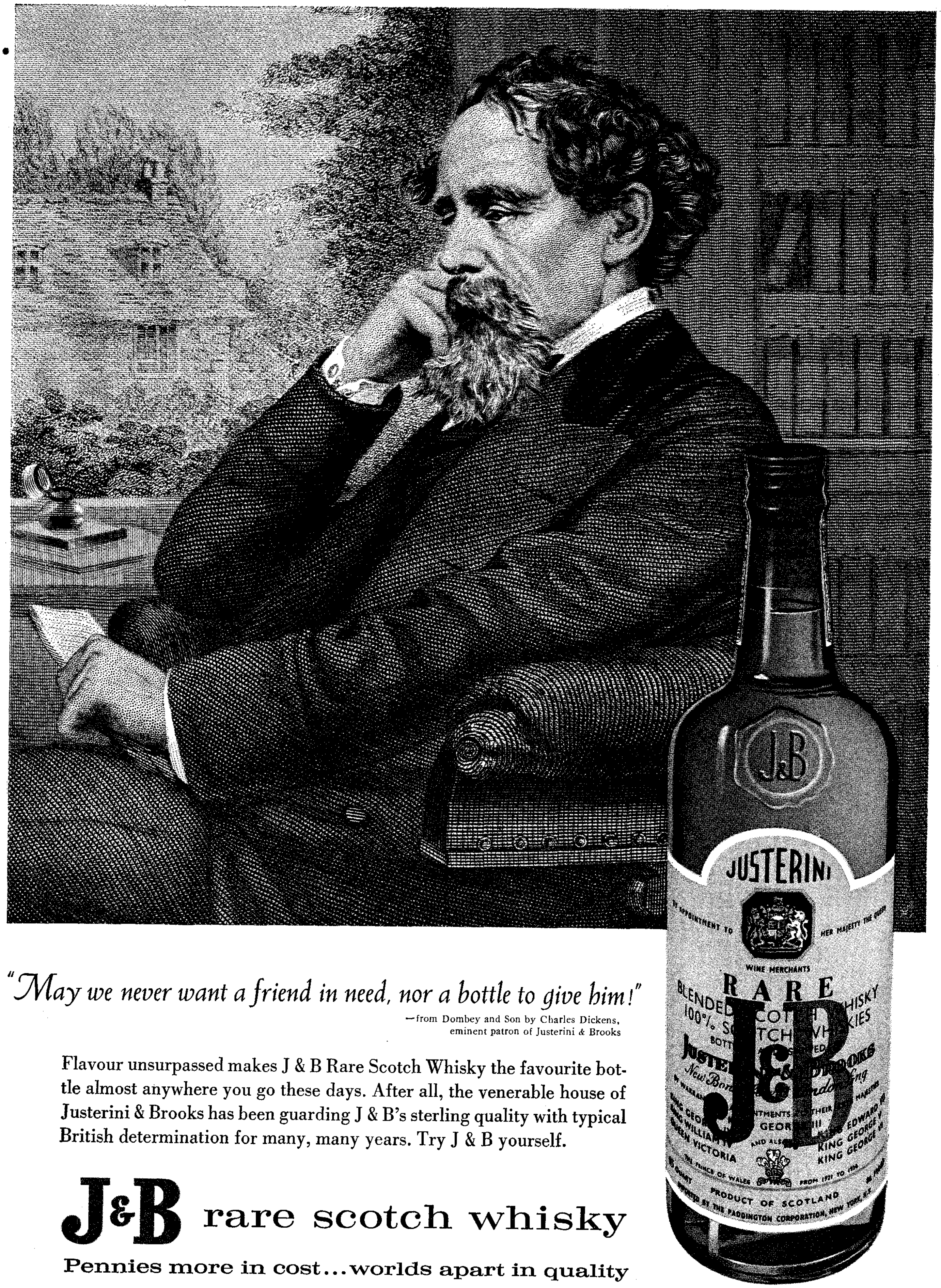
For brochure and store listing, write Dept. N, KOH-I-NOOR, Inc., Bloomsbury, N. J.

The Jewel of Fountain Pens

MONT BLANC



Gift Certificates for Rolls Royce rentals start at $9. for one hour, including liveried chauffeur. The most elegant, yet inexpensive, gift you can give. Makes a memorable business remembrance, too! Buckingham Livery, 349 E. 76th St., New York 21, New York YUkon 8-2200


JUSTERINI
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WINE MERCHANTS
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

"May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!"

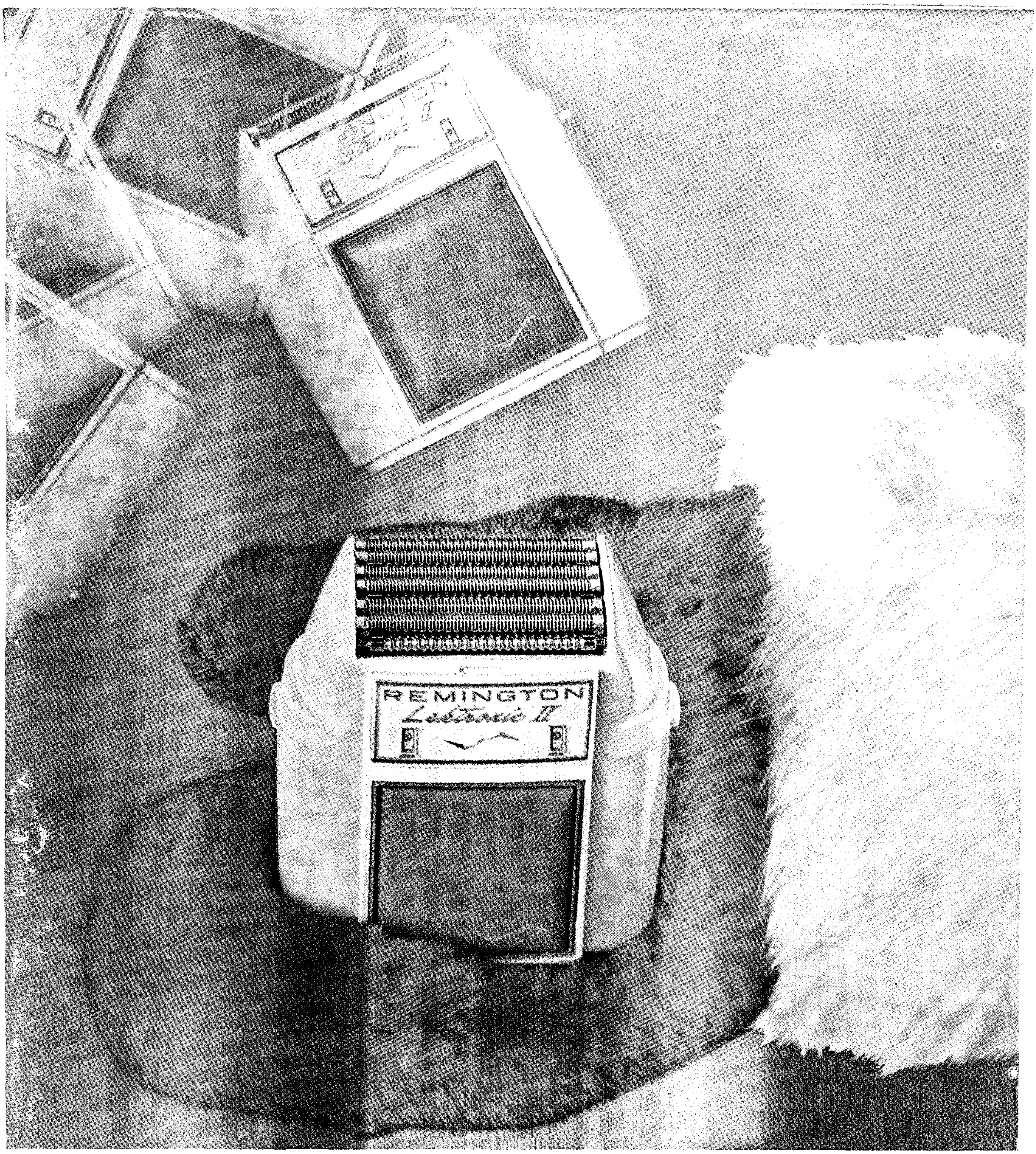
—from Dombey and Son by Charles Dickens,
eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

Flavour unsurpassed makes J & B Rare Scotch Whisky the favourite bottle almost anywhere you go these days. After all, the venerable house of Justerini & Brooks has been guarding J & B's sterling quality with typical British determination for many, many years. Try J & B yourself.

J&B rare scotch whisky

Pennies more in cost...worlds apart in quality

"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY • 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



The gift with no strings attached

It's cord-free! Exclusive self-powered Remington® Lektronic II runs anywhere —also works with a cord like other electrics.

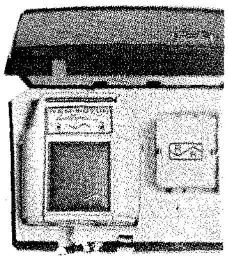
No sinks. No sockets. No cords. Sealed into the Lektronic II are rechargeable energy cells. You shave wherever you please.

Simply plug in the cord (if you forget to recharge), flick the switch, and run it from any 110-volt AC outlet.

Stop "shaving," start rolling your whiskers off. Exclusive Remington roller combs roll your skin down away from the shaver head, roll your whiskers up to be cut off close. It's almost like *rolling* your whiskers off. And now there are four roller combs—twice as many for twice the comfort on the new '62 Remington Shavers.

Start dropping hints now, for the only electric with no strings attached.

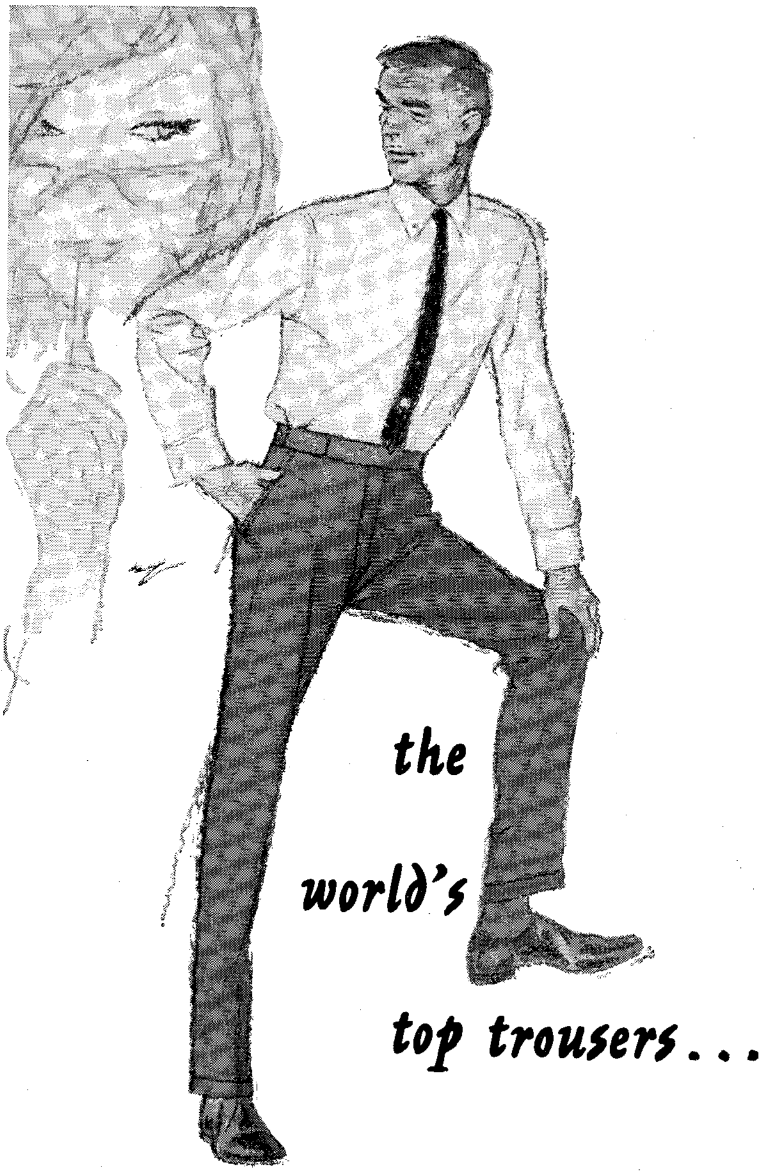
LEKTRONIC is a Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation



is one-eighth the size of the original. When the Bobtail is assembled, the motor and the clutch work on batteries. Price: $10.35. The Hubley Manufacturing Company, on the other hand, favors the 1930 Model A, which is far from being a museum piece. Thousands of such veterans are still on the roads, we are told. For members of the latest generation who have never happened to see a rumble seat plain, however, the scale models will have to do. In Hubley's Model A line, available at Macy, kits for making a roadster, a phaeton, a coupé, a pickup truck, and a town sedan, all nine inches long, cost $2.95 apiece. As is only fitting, a Packard sport phaeton or roadster of the same year will set you back a little more—$4.69. These miniatures are meticulously detailed: each Model A has at least sixty parts, and the Packard count is nearly a hundred and fifty. Under their hoods, the motors look like the real thing, and the fans actually turn; furthermore, the Packard roadster has a special niche in back for a golf bag, in case a young sportsman you know is wondering what to do with a two-inch golf bag. But what we admire most about the Hubley models is that, except for the plastic frame and windshields, and a few minor accessories, they are entirely of metal, rather than plastic, and are put together not with that infernal glue but with tiny screws and a screwdriver. This means that they don't lose another of their fenders every time a door slams, and, what's more, that on a dull day a dedicated young mechanic can take them apart and put them together all over again. Our single complaint is that they come unpainted, but the manufacturer assures us that any boy or girl who has contentedly tightened the screws on a hundred and thirty-five parts (and no matter what the saleslady says, we wouldn't waste these uncommon carriers on anyone a day under thirteen) feels such a proprietary interest in the result that he wouldn't tolerate anything but his own color scheme. In that case, any standard brush or spray enamel will serve.

Are you ready now for our two final entries in the Antique Classic Car Stakes? These are the kind a child can get into and actually drive around in. The Gingerbread House has an early British tin Lizzie—formally known as a Veteran Motor Car—that works by pedal power and costs $39.50. Three feet long and painted green and yellow, it has a high wooden seat, a running board, flying mudguards, lantern-type side lamps, and a ratchety-sounding crank that may transport Grandpa

DAKS®



The man who wears Daks is always impeccably dressed. He has a special air of elegance that comes with every pair of Daks. There are no trousers quite like Daks. Their flawless fit, their meticulous London tailoring are known the world over. You will find these famous beltless trousers in the slim young plain front and the comfortable single pleat styles. The fabrics are handsome, dependable British worsteds, chosen to suit the American way of life. The colors are smart and subdued. From $31.50—slightly higher in the Western States. At fine stores throughout the world, or write Simpson Imports Inc., 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Dept.NY-3.

- Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England.

"UNDER THE TISSUE OF THE BIGGEST BOX I HOPE I FIND A NEW ALYSSA DRESS THIS CHRISTMAS MORNING"

Alyssa dresses, sizes 1-14 at the nicest stores everywhere

Alyssa

1333 Broadway, New York

farther back than he cares to be transported. Possibly he'd rather his grandchildren associated him with the Stutz Bearcat, which is on sale at most large stores. It is bright red with gold striping, it is three and a half feet long, and, with the assistance of a twelve-volt hot-shot battery, it barrels along at a tidy two miles an hour. The price at Schwarz is $37.90.

If you are on the lookout for a toy *train* that dates back before the Age of Anxiety, Schwarz is ready for you with a fine HO-gauge Nineteenth-Century Express, imported from Germany, which has a locomotive complete with towering smokestack, high driving wheels, and a swinging bell, and three passenger carriages of the old-fashioned kind that look like stagecoaches. The Express costs $24.95, and a set of HO-gauge track and the requisite power pack cost $13.45. An assemblage of twelve figures appropriately dressed circa 1850 is also available, for $2, to wave at the iron wonder as it chugs by. If it's a taste for nostalgia on the high seas that you'd like to pass along, that can also be arranged. We don't say you won't find plenty of assembly models of the Polaris (the Toy Mart, 630 Fifth Avenue, in Radio City, has a plastic one, for $2.49, that is fifteen inches long), but you'll also run across a good many kits like the one that produces a sixteen-inch plastic model of the Santa Maria ($2.98 at Reiss Brothers), or like the one that produces a three-*foot* and exceptionally handsome plastic model of the old clipper ship Cutty Sark ($12 at Saks Fifth Avenue). And Polk will sell you a handbook ($3.50) on "Building a Galleon." At Macy, and also at most other stores, you'll find a two-and-a-half-foot pink plastic version of a Mississippi showboat, for $7.39, all assembled. More show than boat, it has a middle section that opens up to form a stage sixteen inches long and eight inches deep. With it come backdrops, props, cardboard characters, and working scripts for four familiar dramas—"Heidi," "Pinocchio," "Cinderella," and "The Wizard of Oz." The whole thing is colorful, diverting, and quite insubstantial—but then that's show business.

A sturdier and somewhat larger puppet stage—landlocked, this time—can be had at Childcraft for $10. Twenty-three inches long and made of masonite and wood, it comes complete with a scenic backdrop, sliding curtain panels, and four electric footlights (battery-powered). For marionettes, Schwarz has a wooden stage thirty-five and a half inches wide and three and a half

FIRST DOLL

We're a doll paradise. We've an unbelievable collection. Dolls of every description! Walking, talking and crying dolls. Dolls that drink and wiggle and wet. Dolls you can feed and dolls that kiss. We have entire families! We've stylized dolls chic as can be. Lovely French dolls and plenty of plain old fashioned cuddly dolls for little girls to love. We've wardrobes galore—a miniature fashion parade! The choice is endless! And—if it's your favorite little girl's *first doll* we guarantee you'll find one she will love and cherish and want to keep forever! Come see.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892

Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

caught...
by the camera of
Josef Schneider
America's top child photographer
Appointments now being taken
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223

SPEND THE HOLIDAYS AT
BUCK HILL
ONLY THREE HOURS AWAY
Come gather 'round The Inn's congenial hearth. Enjoy cocktails in our new Lounge, delicious meals and Yuletide merriment. Good skiing: snow-maker and new Poma lift. Holiday program. Advance reservation necessary.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

*N. Y. Res. Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza
CIrcle 5-5620*

Magnificent stereo hi-fi for hard-to-please people
MOTOROLA
new leader in the lively art of electronics

Introducing Dynamic Sound Focus...the latest refinement in Motorola stereo sound reproduction—with a difference you can hear

Dynamic Sound Focus electro-acoustically sharpens stereo sound reproduction enabling you to more readily distinguish individual instruments and voices.

And because intermixing of sound frequencies in Motorola's three separate amplifiers and three separate speaker systems is minimized, the sound is amazingly pure and crisp, orchestral instruments distinct and sharp. You enjoy experiences and tonal qualities you never thought your stereo records could produce.

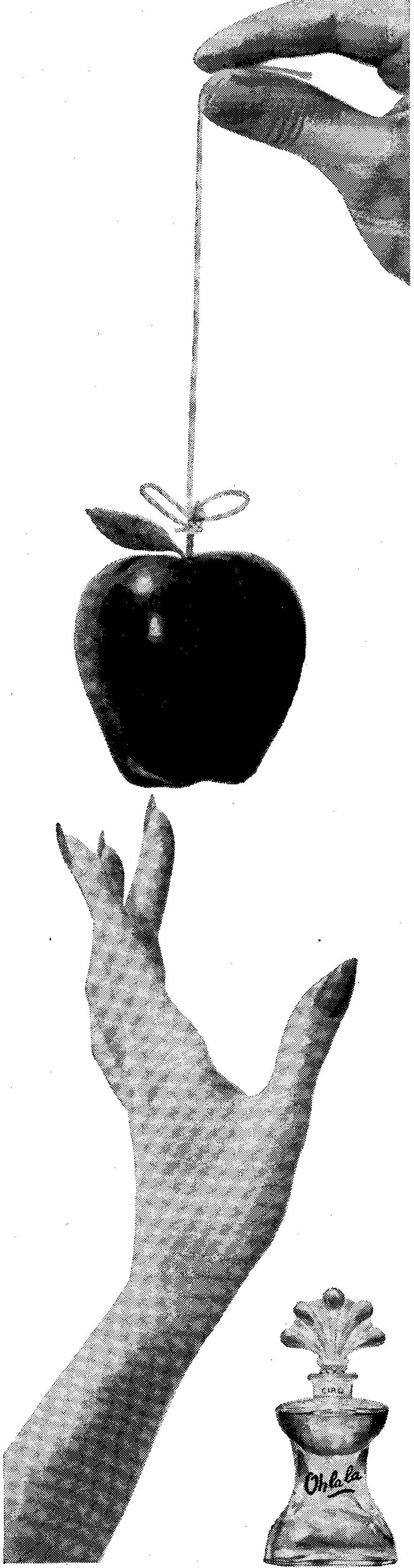
Motorola's Dynamic Sound Focus and three channels of sound output system is available in the Early American Model SK112 pictured above; also in our Contemporary-styled Model SK111 and all of the stereo hi-fi models in the exclusive Motorola-Drexel collection.

Listening to the real thing is better than reading about it. Stop by your Motorola dealer's and let your ears tell you the lively difference Dynamic Sound Focus brings to stereo high fidelity.

MOTOROLA

Specifications subject to change without notice.

Oh la la

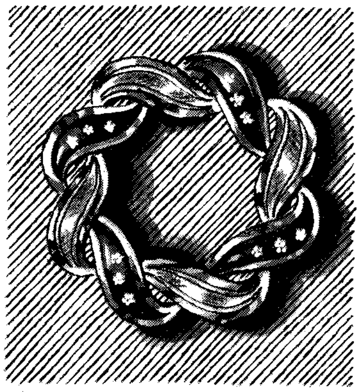


Oh la la
PARFUMS CIRO
PARIS • NEW YORK

feet high. With royal-blue draw curtains and two cloth backdrops, it costs $16.95. Before you start casting, hear now that the most lavish display of both puppets and marionettes we found anywhere in the city was at 45 Christopher Street (near Sheridan Square), in a place that calls itself The Zoo, in honor of its equally impressive menagerie of stuffed animals (mostly by Steiff). Among the puppets, whose origins are likely to be either Spanish or German, The Zoo displays such plot-thickening characters as kind old grandmothers, wicked witches, glowering pedagogues, pirates, cannibals, and (of course) missionaries. A fine red Devil, eight inches high and sporting horns and a terrible leer, can be had—to give you an idea—for $3.49. Most of the marionettes, who run a similar dramatic gamut, have been imported from England. Carved of wood, they are intricately jointed and stand about a foot tall beneath their nylon strings, which untangle with magical ease. Among them, a little peasant girl, suitable as the heroine of almost any fairy tale, is $6.98, and for $11.98 you may have a marvellously agile Indian snake charmer, complete with snake.

If it's snakes you're after, The Zoo can oblige with a stuffed one who is twenty-one feet long and a mottled green-and-black in color, for $19.98, and a three-foot spotted number, for $5.98, who, when wound up, shimmies and rolls his eyes idiotically to his own music. For that matter, the roster of plush livestock at Schwarz this year includes a stuffed weasel, seven and a half inches long, for $3.50, and a stuffed bat with a thirteen-inch wingspread, for $4, in case stuffed weasels or stuffed bats happened to be mentioned in the letters forwarded to you from the North Pole. If, after the toy-stuffers have gone to all this trouble, you're brave enough to admit that what you're really looking for is a Teddy bear, Schwarz also has an especially endearing one, of tawny mohair and eleven and a half inches tall, for $6.50. All three bears—Papa, Mama, and Baby—can be ordered for $3.95 from Creative Playthings, Princeton, New Jersey; they're of plush and dressed in corduroy, and Papa, to give you an idea of size, is twenty inches tall. A fine, gloomy eighteen-inch stuffed basset hound is $7 at Bergdorf Goodman. Opting for zoological fantasy, Saks has a twenty-four-inch vermilion ladybug on wheels, with a steering handle, for $30; Stern will be glad to sell you a two-foot red-ruffed wooden hippopotamus who is really a small

B Altman & Co



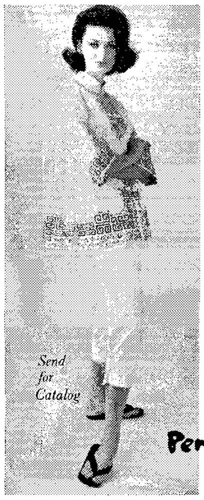
Variation on a theme . . .
Brilliant blue enamel on classic circle pin in 18-karat gold. Altman fine jewelry, main floor, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue and a selection at suburban stores. **70.00**

price plus 10% Federal tax

HAIGHT

The definitive portrait is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.



"AINU"
Jacket
Made in the Orient
Red
White
Black
Sea Blue
Turquoise
Chinese Blue
Fine Cotton $6.95
S-M-L
House Boy Pants
White or Black Cotton
10-18 $5.00
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St. N. Y., Y-186

NO
STANDING
7-10AM 4-7PM
MON THRU FRI
AREFULLY
0027

"All right, then—have a good trip, and I'll see you in London next week!"

"Right! By the way, how are you flying?"

"AIR-INDIA. Always do."

"What? You mean from New York to London?"

"Of course."

"Funny, I'd never think of taking AIR-INDIA for a transatlantic flight."

"Well, then it's time you did."

"Really make you feel like a maharajah, do they?"

"Seems they can't do enough for you. I never saw a more efficient, friendly crew . . . every one of them makes you feel like a guest of honor. And this is economy class I'm talking about, mind you."

"I suppose they fly jets?"

"Oh, yes—Boeing 707's with Rolls-Royce engines."

"Well, you can't get much smoother than that."

"What's more, you can count on being on time practically to the minute. Not only does AIR-INDIA have some of the finest pilots aloft, they've got one of the world's outstanding records for dependability."

"You're really a walking testimonial, aren't you?"

"Nope—a *flying* one. But don't take my word for it. Take AIR-INDIA this trip."

"I'm sold. See you in London."

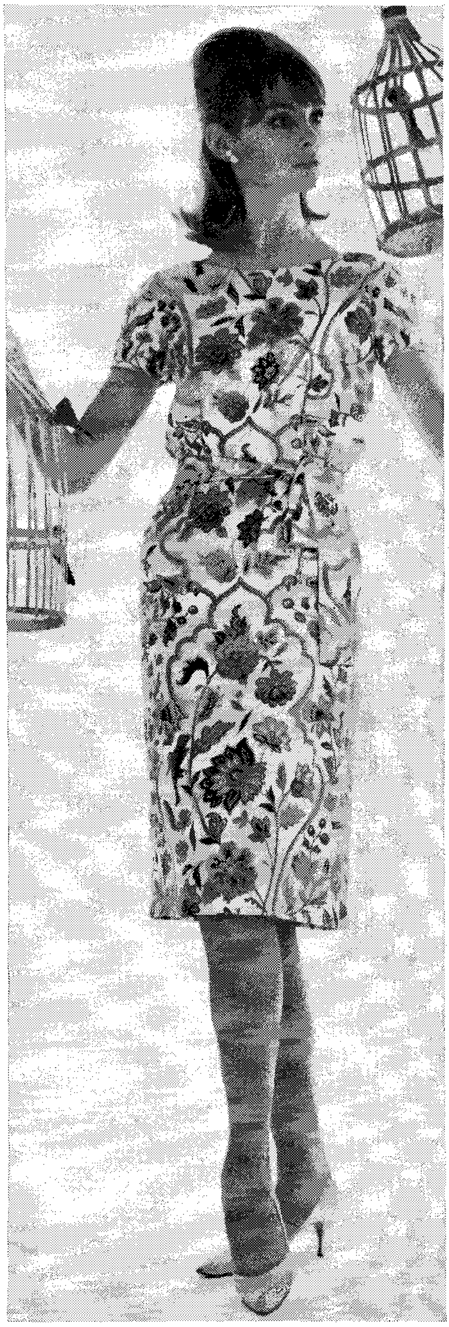
AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

30 Years of Dependable Service

For group or individual reservations, see your travel agent, or your local AIR-INDIA office

TANNER
OF NORTH CAROLINA
by DOROTHY COX



Celestial, a divine print, multi-floral on white silk surah. From antique crewel embroidery. All silk lined. About $50.

TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA
530 Seventh Avenue New York 18, N. Y.

B. Forman, Rochester
Edgar A. Stevens, Evanston
Frances Brewster, Palm Beach
and branches

Price slightly higher on the West Coast

hassock, for $7.98; and at Bloomingdale, among other places, you can buy a plush camel who is also a small hassock, for $9.98. Camel-colored, except for an orange head, he wears a rather startled expression, as camel expressions go, possibly on account of finding himself not only without his hump but *with* a lace collar.

You may be saying to yourself that nothing will ever replace the rocking horse, and you may be right. (Childcraft, anyway, has, for $6, a simple wooden rocking horse for very young children. Its seat is only nine and a half inches from the floor, and it has broad runners that keep it from tipping over.) However, the Marx toy-manufacturing people have come up this year with an elaborate alternative—a battery-powered plastic horse named Tony, the Pony. Three feet long, he gallops around a room at five miles per hour, and this is odd, because, you know, he hasn't any feet. Or, rather, he may have them, but, with the rest of his extremities, they're folded beneath him, so that he can travel in a crouching position on concealed wheels, an unlikely and uncomfortable-looking arrangement that will very likely not bother his young riders at all. With a twelve-volt battery, Tony, the Pony is $27.85 at, among other places, Gimbel. For $135, Schwarz will sell you a horse with four visible feet. This one, which comes affixed to a wooden glider-type stand four and a half feet long, has a coat of natural calfskin that can be brushed and curried like that of a real animal. "All children, at one time or another, should own a skin horse" is the slogan with which Schwarz is pushing this item.

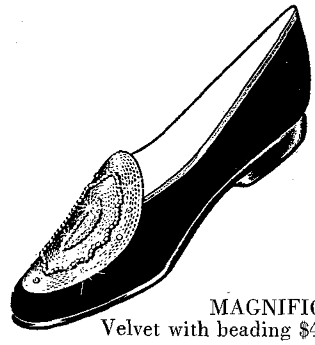
TAKING leave of our four-footed (or non-four-footed) friends of the toy world, we jog along now to the doll department. As you are probably aware, dolls have been getting above themselves for some years now, talking back and all that. We take exception to this trend on several counts, one being the simpering, television-commercial voice that usually issues from those plastic rosebud lips. Also, the various feats that such dolls perform require the awkward, even repellent presence of a small electronics laboratory in their mid-sections. When the novelty wears off or the equipment finally breaks down—and it will—the poor things have to be drawn and quartered if they are to be converted into the kind of soft, pliant objects that can be real comforts to their owners in times of stress. But Christmas is probably no time for grumbling, and the

IN THE EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



MAGNIFIQUE
Velvet with beading $49.50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

IN THE WEST AT I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

One-of-a-kind
furs for the
individual woman...

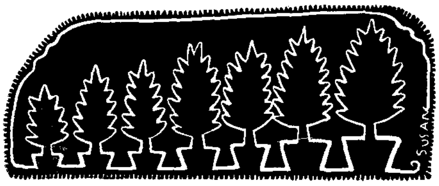
Roberts Brothers

231 Post Street
130 Maiden Lane
San Francisco

ARIADNE®
The Goddess of
Exquisite Hosiery

Exclusive with
LORD & TAYLOR

truth is that for showing-off purposes on that fabled morning the ambitious young mothers of today are apparently partial to dolls more accomplished than those that have just arrived across the street or down the hall. Very well, then. A "doll of the year"—or so her manufacturers proclaim her—is Little Miss Echo, who costs $31.95, comes dressed in a pink corduroy dress, and is all over the place. Thirty inches tall, weighing a hulking eight pounds, and equipped with the usual dimples, curly, rooted hair, and eyes that shut, she is fitted out inside her plastic body with a transistor circuit and a roll of magnetic tape. Give a small red bow at her collarbone a twist and she will record anything that is said to her during the next twenty-eight seconds. Give it another twist and she plays the message back with all the original inflections. This slavish mimicry makes her, according to her sponsors, "the ultimate . . . companion"—a statement that may provide Webster's Fourth Revised Edition with a variant definition of "companionship." Since the tape erases automatically, the ventriloquist act can go on all day, or at least until the nine-volt transistor battery and the two D-size flashlight batteries give out. (They can be replaced.) A rival "doll of the year" (and a garrulous twelvemonth it promises to be) is called Saranade. Twenty-three inches tall, she comes with a four-speed phonograph, which is tuned to the frequency of a transistor receiver stashed away beneath her ribs. Play the seven-inch record that comes with the set and she seems to be telling bedtime stories. With the help of other special records, which will soon be available, she'll give instructions in manners, ballroom dancing, and the Lord knows what. With one record and all the necessary machinery, Saranade costs $30 at Altman and elsewhere. And then there's Suzy Smart, who, like a number of other oversize toys, can be bought only in supermarkets, this exclusiveness being a recently developed quirk of the toy-distribution industry. Two and a half feet tall, she sits at a school desk and, by means of the usual battery of batteries (which brings her price up to around $13.25), spells words, recites "Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star," and solves a limited number of problems in addition. If the problems happen to be the kind that stump her new mother,



For Christmas Giving
MUSIC IN THE EUROPEAN TRADITION

Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft

SUPERB RECORDINGS / BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED
DIRECT IMPORT / FACTORY SEALED

TEATRO ALLA SCALA
GIUSEPPE VERDI
DON CARLOS

Verdi: DON CARLOS Complete opera, La Scala production, with Stella, Cossotto, Christoff, Labo, Bastianini, Vinco. (4-12", boxed, 4-language libretto)
LPM 18 760/3 stereo: SLPM 138 760/3

PUCCINI OPERA ARIAS
SANDOR KONYA, Tenor

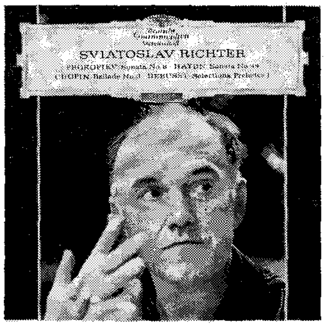
Puccini: OPERA ARIAS Sandor Konya, Tenor, in arias from "Tosca," "La Bohème," "Turandot," "Manon Lescaut," others.
LPEM 19 370 stereo: SLPEM 136 370

EUROPEAN CHRISTMAS SONGS
MARIA STADER

From Eight Nations: EUROPEAN CHRISTMAS SONGS Maria Stader, Soprano; Munich Boys' Choir; organ & instrumental accompaniment. With leaflet of song texts.
LPEM 19 266 stereo: SLPEM 136 266

BARTOK · 6 STREICHQUARTETTE

Bartok: THE COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS Six masterworks brilliantly played by The Hungarian Quartet. (3-12", boxed, with booklet inc. musical examples)
LPM 18 650/2 stereo: SLPM 138 650/2

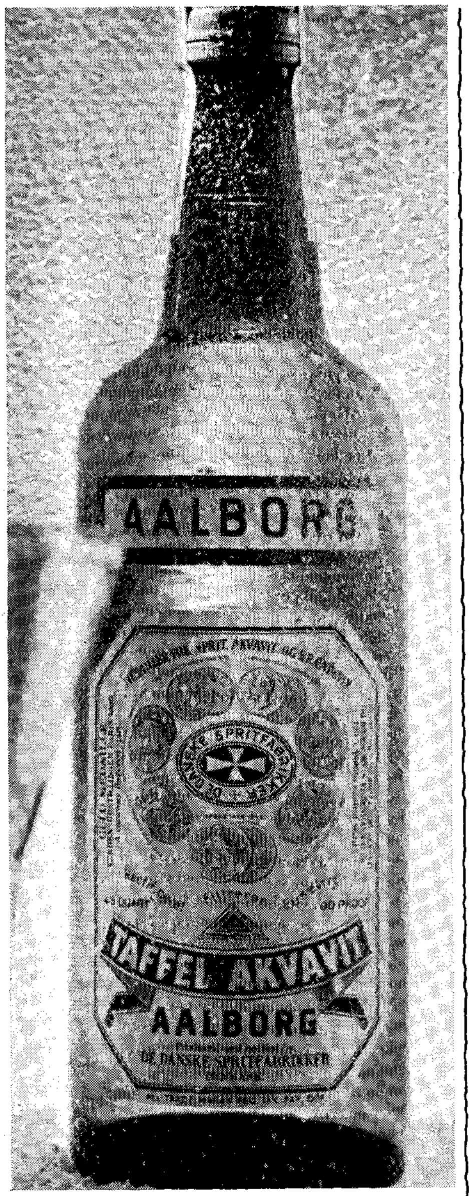


Piano Recital: SVIATOSLAV RICHTER The great Russian master in a London-recorded program of Haydn, Chopin, Debussy, and Prokofiev's Sonata No. 8.
LPM 18 766 stereo: SLPM 138 766

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Fünf Klavierkonzerte
BERLINER PHILHARMONIKER
FERDINAND LEITNER
WILHELM KEMPFF

Beethoven: THE COMPLETE PIANO CONCERTOS Superb new recordings by Wilhelm Kempff with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. (4-12", boxed, with booklet)
LPM 18 770/3 stereo: SLPM 138 770/3

For a list of other fine Deutsche Grammophon albums, write:
MGM RECORDS, CLASSICAL DIVISION, 550 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.



AALBORG AKVAVIT

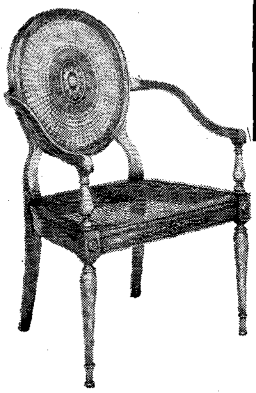
"There's nothing like a Dane"

Great new cocktails are being made with this great Danish favorite. (Danish Mary, Danish Boilermaker, Great Dane, to name a few!) Aalborg Akvavit goes well with many popular mixers. Delicious, too, neat and ice cold; or on the rocks with a dash of soda. The dry hint of caraway improves with the cold. Tonight, try deliciously different Aalborg Akvavit, national drink of Denmark. Imported by National Distillers Products Company, New York. 90 proof, 100% grain neutral spirits.

the doll-and-owner relationship could result in some psychic bruising, but this may be a risk you're prepared to take.

Early indoctrination in the tyranny of infants is also on little girls' curricula this season. A twenty-inch wind-up doll named Thumbelina tosses her head about and cries until she is picked up. Then she gurgles smugly. She costs $16.95, at Rappaport and elsewhere. Thirstee Cry Baby, twenty-two inches tall, gives a piercing wail (batteries this time) until she is fed out of a plastic bottle. In the process, the milk seems to vanish gradually, but it magically reappears when the bottle is set upright. Gimbel has this one for $15.16. (A similar bottle, sold separately, is a dollar at Reiss Brothers and practically everywhere else.) A meeker sort is the latest model of Tiny Tears, sixteen inches tall, who doesn't make a sound but can be induced to weep copious tears at a cross word from her mother, and, in her dry-eyed moments, to blow soap bubbles. With pacifier, rattle, nursing bottle, and, of course, bubble pipe, she costs $7.98 at, to name one place, Modern Age Books & Toys, 1311 Lexington Avenue (88th).

If your preference is for dolls that don't mewl, bubble, guzzle, or enlarge on logarithms, Lord & Taylor has the Little Women and their mother, eight inches high and $7 apiece. Each is dressed in her own version of the style of a century ago, and if you need to know their names, you probably aren't interested. You won't need to be told the names of two dolls at Schwarz, either, but we'll waste our time and introduce them: This one is Jacqueline, and that's Caroline. The former, twenty inches tall, is $23, in an evening outfit, and the latter, five inches shorter, is $10, in a riding habit. And no fair buying them for your hard-shell Republican friends to stick pins in. Were you on the lookout for a red-headed doll? We didn't know we were until we saw this one. Her name is Smarty, she is fourteen inches tall, and she comes in a bright-blue smock with a crayon in the pocket; $6 at Saks. A possibility for a little boy who prefers toy people to toy animals but doesn't care to cope with Thirstee Cry Babies is the Emmett Kelly doll. Dressed in the raggle-taggle style of the famous circus clown, he is fourteen inches tall, made of plastic, and costs $6.95 at Schwarz. The Gingerbread House has a rag-doll Alice in Wonderland, two feet high, for $4. And our final tidings from the doll corner are that the Kewpie doll is back. She can be had with or without quanti-



CLIMAX IN CANE

From Our Exciting Collection of Dining and Occasional Chairs

Graceful, distinguished, and above all, comfortable . . . is this cane armchair glowing with the patina of rich old fruitwood or mellow Adam mahogany. A perfect dining chair . . . a handsome occasional chair . . . a compliment to your good taste in any room.

Armchair $150 Matching Side Chair $125

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 per chair for crating beyond normal delivery area.

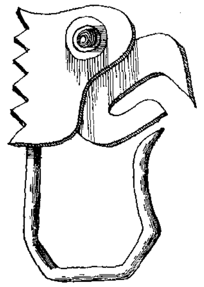
Browsing through LLOYDS is a wonderful experience . . . for here, without fuss and commotion, you can leisurely examine an extensive collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and unusual estate pieces. Find the things that you, yourself would like to live with . . . the things that reflect your own sense of good taste. Stop in soon . . . there's no other shop like it in New York.

WRITE FOR OUR LATEST ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

LLOYDS

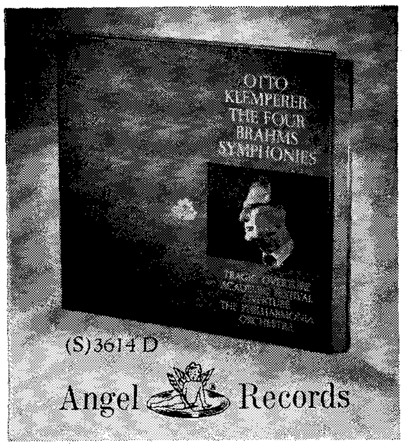
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

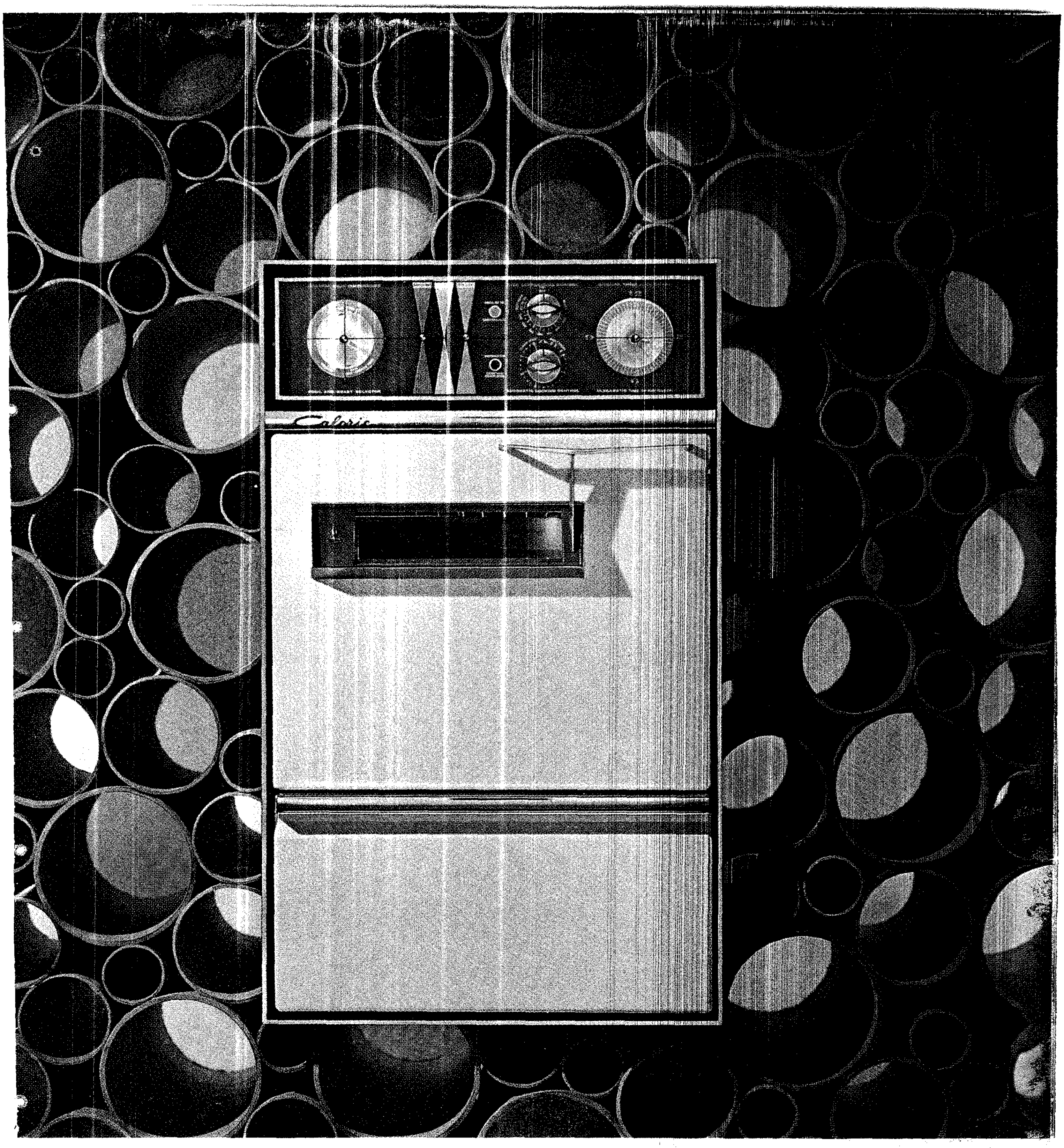
YOU NEED A
PARROT KEY RING
FROM THE PHOENIX



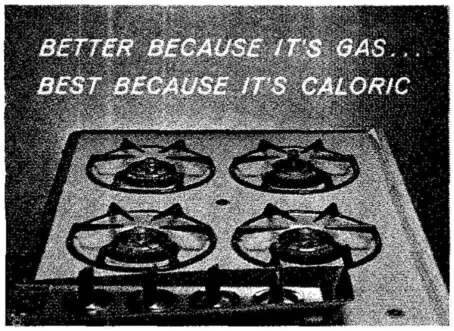
Our parrot face key ring is crafted in Mexico from sterling silver and has a bright amethyst eye. 8.50 plus 10% Fed. tax and 75c for posting. Write for our catalogue. THE PHOENIX, 793 Lexington Ave., N. Y. / 1514 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington.

A Munificent Gift . . .





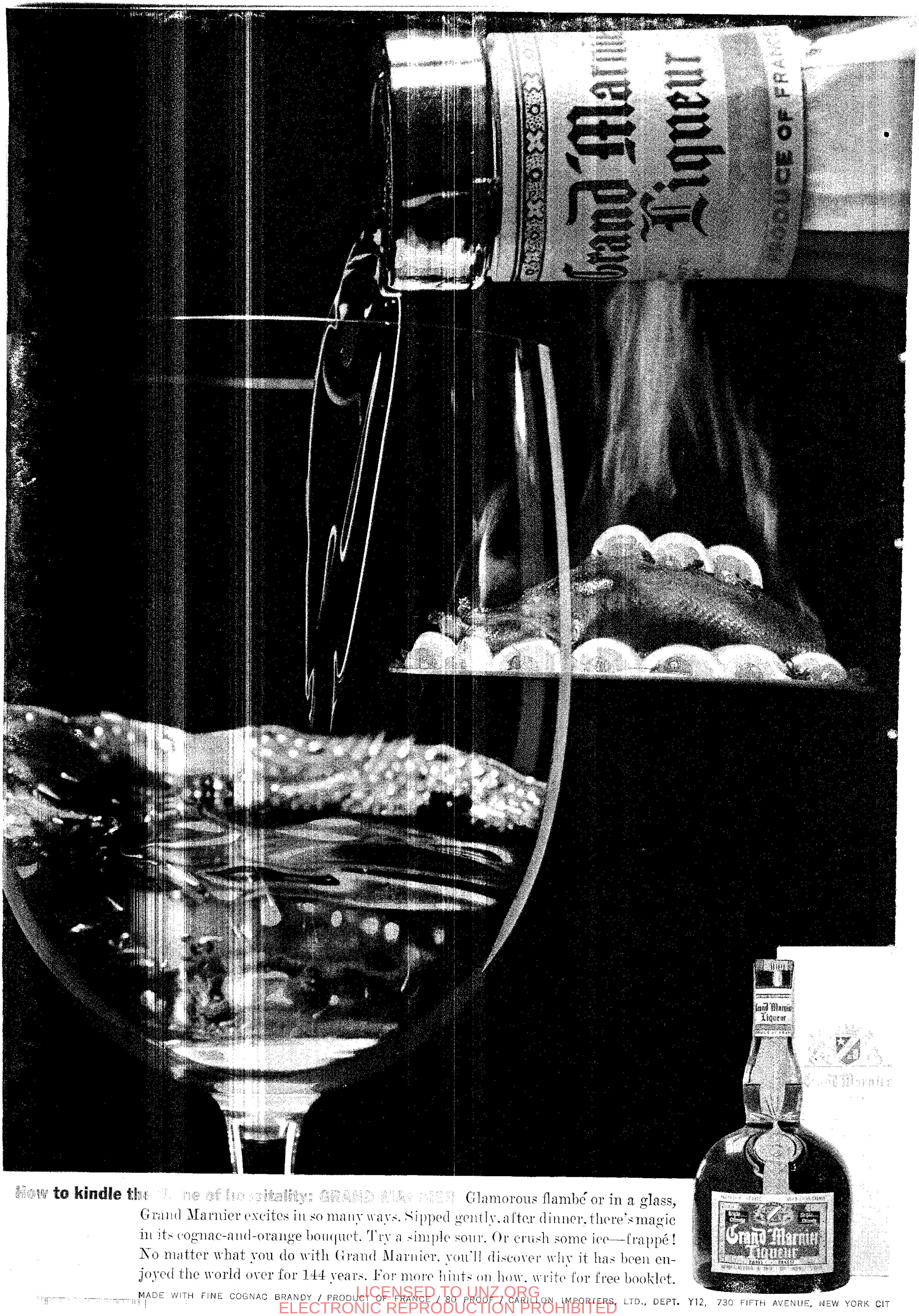
ttiest good cook (next to you)



Lovely as a Caloric Built-in is, its finest features show up when you put them to work. Take the new Automatic Keep-Warm oven system. With its exclusive meat thermometer measuring the internal temperatures of meats, this system cooks precisely to your taste. Then, perfectly cooked, food is held table-ready till you serve, even if that's hours later. This gives just an inkling of what gas can do. Have them show you how wonderfully versatile Caloric Built-ins are . . . at better dealers. Where you can also get sinks and splashplates in color-matching harmonies . . . and rich-gleaming range hoods as well.

Caloric®

Caloric Corporation, Topton, Pa.


Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Grand Marnier

How to kindle the flame of hospitality: GRAND MARNIER Glamorous flambé or in a glass, Grand Marnier excites in so many ways. Sipped gently, after dinner, there's magic in its cognac-and-orange bouquet. Try a simple sour. Or crush some ice—frappé! No matter what you do with Grand Marnier, you'll discover why it has been enjoyed the world over for 144 years. For more hints on how, write for free booklet.

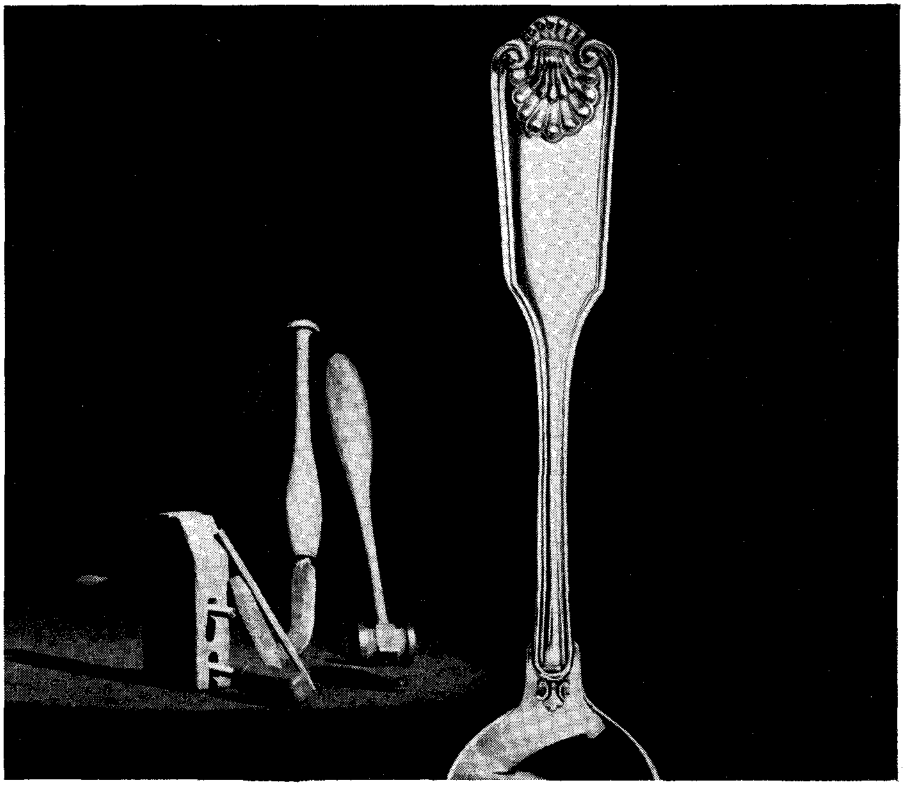
MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. Y12, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CIT

ties of blond hair, these days, but she wears that same old mad, roguish expression; $9.98 at Gimbel for the nineteen-inch size with hair.

IN keeping with a great American tradition, a good many of the toy displays follow the vagaries of the picture tube again this year. The recent partial eclipse of the television cowboy has shunted chaps, lariats, and holster sets from front and center to make room for paraphernalia more appropriate to the emergency ward at Bellevue. In fact, a company called Western Play Clothes is now reduced to putting out "An Official Outfit for the Very Young Medic." Complete with side-buttoned white jacket (approximately size 8), stethoscope, reflex tester, and other equipment indispensable to the juvenile performer of prefrontal lobotomies, it is $2.27 at Polk. A proper doll for the very, *very* young medic—and, incidentally, another doll for a boy, if that interests you—is $5.99 at Gimbel. All plastic, he stands twenty inches tall and is decked out to fill his professional role of TeeVee Doctor, even to a streamer across his chest that reads "I've Got a Case on Ben Casey." (This is just to give you an idea of the kind of thing that's going on all over town.) We even found an ideal patient for this clown—an angular lady doll of rubbery plastic, eighteen inches long, who wears pajamas and a grandmotherly cap with a knob on top. Beneath the cap, her face is contorted in horrible anguish, but give the knob a turn and she has a new face—all smiles. Twist the knob again, and she's sleeping like a baby. The three faces are known as Sick Hedda, Happy Hedda, and Sleepy Hedda; the whole shebang is named Hedda Get Bedda; and the price is $4.99 at Macy. On second thought, TeeVee Doctor can't have her; we're keeping her around to play Prehistoric Pinball with.

As you might have guessed, materia medica has also invaded the game room. In the Dr. Kildare Medical Game, $2 at Saks, the players follow a patient from laboratory to laboratory, and the player who comes up with the proper diagnosis first is high man. Fitted doctors' and nurses' bags for these experts to carry with them on their rounds are $5 apiece at Schwarz, which also has a hospital cart hung about with even deadlier-looking implements, for $10. (Next year, we expect to see Autopsy Kits in our choice of pink or blue.) Undersized nurses' outfits are everywhere. One, with an apron, a red-lined navy-blue cape, and a

FRANK SMITH STERLING



For those families whose traditions have always included the quiet authority of unimpeachable possessions: Fiddle Shell.

Service for 12, $537. At Herschede's, Cincinnati; Hudson's, Minneapolis; Schwarzchild's, Richmond; Bromberg's, Birmingham; Howes, Pasadena; Taylor's, Corpus Christi; Caldwell's, Phila.; Galt's, Wash. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.*

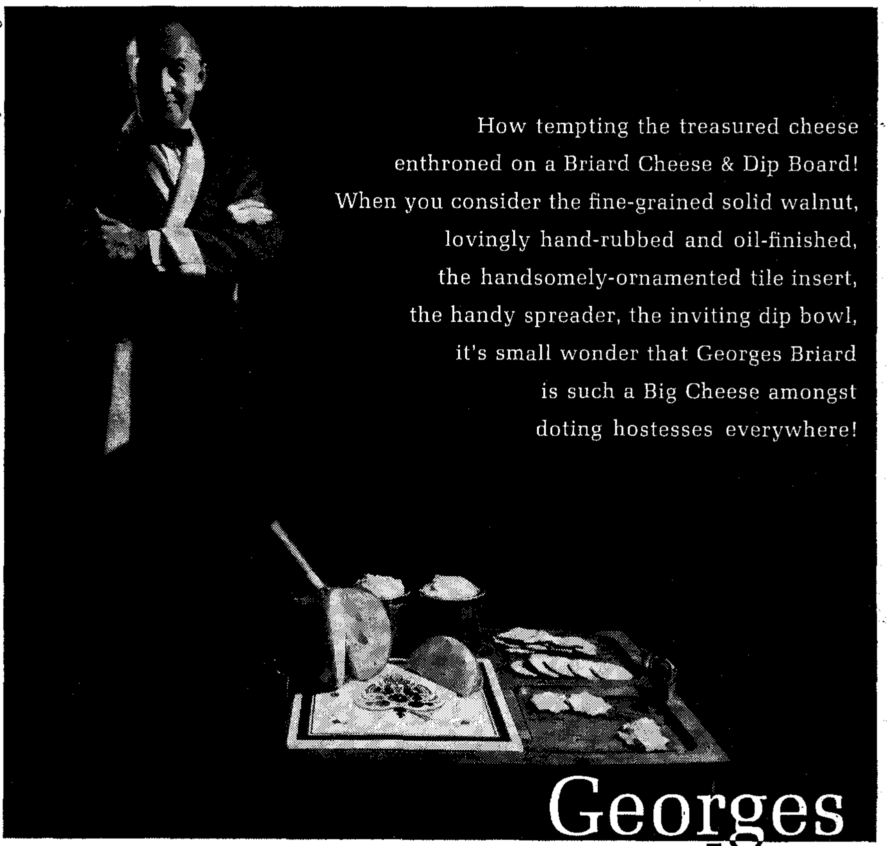


photo series by Ormond Gigli

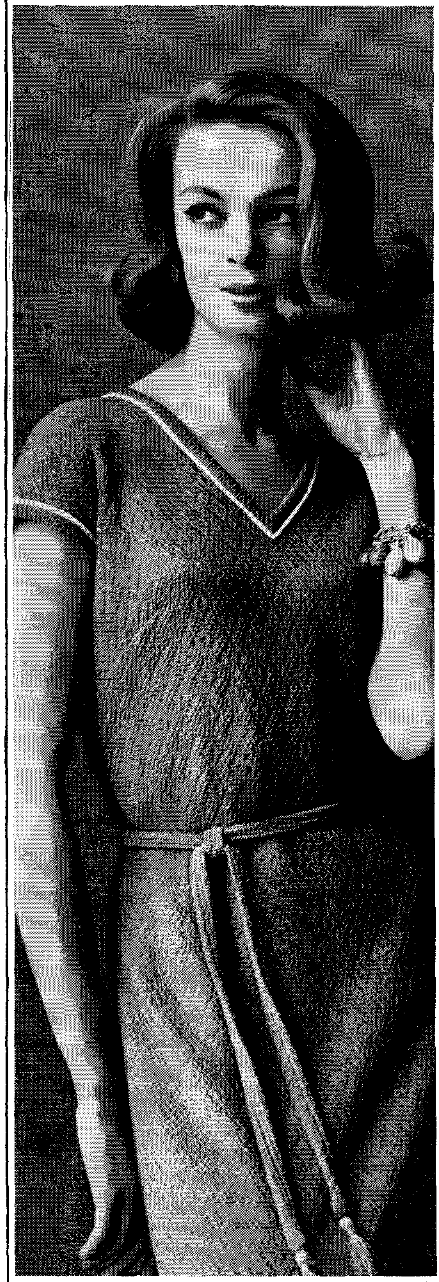
How tempting the treasured cheese
enthroned on a Briard Cheese & Dip Board!
When you consider the fine-grained solid walnut,
lovingly hand-rubbed and oil-finished,
the handsomely-ornamented tile insert,
the handy spreader, the inviting dip bowl,
it's small wonder that Georges Briard
is such a Big Cheese amongst
doting hostesses everywhere!

From WOODLAND CO.'s Walnut collection:
Handled Cheese & Double Dip Tray, 15.00
At fine stores like Gimbels, Phila. & N. Y.
Hutzler's, Baltimore • Shillito's, Cincinnati
Lazarus, Columbus • Denver Dry Gds., Den.
Georges Briard Designs, 225 5th Ave., N.Y.

Georges
Briard

loves the abundant board

Only the look is priceless



See it at resorts this winter—the look of easy elegance. Beautiful example—this slimming shift that achieves interesting texture by use of an intricate diamond pattern. Designed by Tannel in a knit of *linen and Arnel triacetate.* Because it's made with Arnel, you can actually wash it. Raspberry, navy, brown, beige, or yellow. 8-18. About $35 at Peck & Peck, Fifth Avenue and all branches; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond.

ARNEL

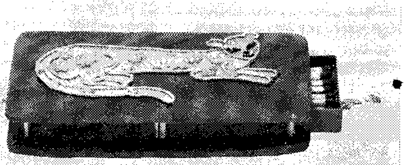
This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®.

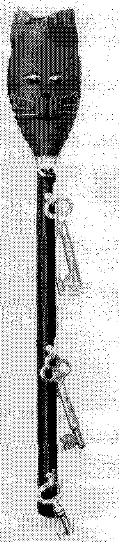
Celanese
contemporary fibers

shoulder bag, comes in sizes small, medium, and large (the large will fit an eleven-year-old); $5 at Altman. Once in uniform, the young angel of mercy might be interested in a doll named Pittie Pat, who has a thumping battery-operated heartbeat and brings her own stethoscope: $16.95 at Macy and elsewhere. Probably even more the angel's style would be Marybel, whose sobriquet is "The Doll That Gets Well." She is nothing of the sort. She's the doll that gets terribly sick and then is the victim of hideous accidents after a dear little girl's heart. Eighteen inches tall, she comes with an assortment of spots, for measles and chicken pox; an imposing array of bandages and gauze, for making slings and eye patches; a pair of crutches; and a cast for each arm and leg. The price for all this agony and ecstasy is $13 at Macy.

In spite of the TV epidemic of omniscient members of the bar, no toy designer seems to have been successful in arguing the sales possibilities of a Lawyer Kit—say, a battered briefcase fitted out with Prosser on Torts and an assortment of Supreme Court advance sheets—but television's preoccupation with the gangster era has left its mark. Guns these days tend to be snub-nosed revolvers and to come with shoulder holsters. The Official Untouchables Detective Set ($2.98 at Reiss Brothers) adds a Junior Federal Agent Identification Card, just in case the kids forget which side they're supposed to be on. A few vestiges of the era of hero as private eye are still around. For $3.50, Creative Playthings has a Disguises Kit, a fifteen-piece collection of false noses, eyes, beards, cheeks, ears, and teeth, the better to confound Professor Moriarty or whatever other villain a boy or girl has in mind. And, for that matter, either a game called Lie Detector, for eight-year-olds and upward, or our old friend Clue, for slightly more advanced criminologists, should make it possible for the young of the family to while away Christmas afternoon in wholesome togetherness, figuring out who bashed whose head in all over the library rug. A. Epstein, 1286 Madison Avenue (92nd), is one of the stores that have both Lie Detector ($5) and Clue ($4).

If you happen to know a child who is preoccupied with suburban-real-estate problems, you are in astonishingly good luck this year. In a game called Square Mile, $2.98 at Polk, the players—"modern age pioneers," as the instructions describe them—start with $100,000 and compete to increase their assets by building roads, filling in





Household Pets.
Put these kittens
on the tree:
Velvet Pussy Cat
Double Match Box.
Satin Pussy Cat
Key Holder.
Both Italian imports.
Both in red, blue,
green or lavender,
$6.00 each.
Mail orders welcome.
Our Gift Boutique
at 461 Park Ave.,
New York 22, N. Y.

Charles of the Ritz

Shirley Bassey
will intrigue you in the
PERSIAN ROOM
December 5 through January 1
Performances at 9:00 and 12:15
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000

THE PLAZA

ARIADNE®
The Goddess of
Exquisite Hosiery

Exclusive with
LEVY'S
Memphis

"This is the most exciting recording we've ever made!"

Alfred Drake & Roberta Peters agree...

"This is the most exciting recording we've ever made."

Unusual praise from two world-famous artists . . . Why? Because the new Command recording of "CAROUSEL" deserves only superlatives.

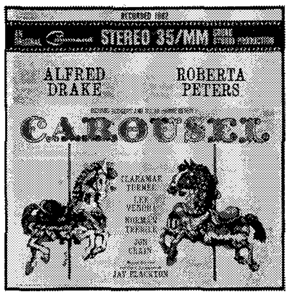
Not just because of the music — Rodgers and Hammerstein's unforgettable score, breathtaking in its melodic brilliance . . .

Not just because of the performances of a magnificent all star cast, which are sheer magic in their rich perfection . . .

Not just because of the reproduction on 35mm magnetic film which achieves full realism almost beyond belief.

But, most of all, because this is a *COMMAND* record — produced under the perfectionist, time-consuming standards of quality that have become the hallmark of *COMMAND* records.

In this production of "CAROUSEL" *Command* recreates the musical atmosphere of a Broadway show in a Broadway theatre, reaching a new summit of sound in a magnificent, spine-tingling performance that has an overpowering emotional immediacy that puts you, the listener, in the "best seat in the house."



Command Records invites you to attend a "most exciting" performance of "CAROUSEL" - starring Alfred Drake and Roberta Peters, and featuring Claramae Turner, Lee Venora, Norman Treigle and Jon Crain. Musical direction and choral arrangements by Jay Blackton. Produced by Enoch Light

CAROUSEL — Album No. 843
Available in Monaural, Stereo and 4 Track Tape
at your dealer, now.

Send for FREE full color brochure of all COMMAND releases.

World Leader In Recorded Sound
Command RECORDS
1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

Mrs. Joseph A. Neff, prominent New York socialite, active in numerous charitable organizations, believes L'Aimant de Coty is the most refined, feminine fragrance ever created.

L'AIMANT
DE COTY
Parfum 20.00 the ounce—other sizes 3.50 to 100.00 (plus tax) Imported from France
©Coty, Inc., 1962—Also Available in Canada

swamps, subdividing tracts, and putting up houses and shopping centers. If the child you have in mind favors a less theoretical approach to the construction industry, you can invest in Kenner's Girder-and-Panel Build-a-Home and Subdivision Set; $10 at Saks. It provides three hundred and ninety-eight plastic pieces, which, when snapped together, turn out a six-house subdivision, each of the houses with its own television aerial and most of them with heart-shaped swimming pools, patios, barbecue pits, and other *sine qua nons* of our civilization. Once the subdivisions are open for inspection, an appropriate leisure activity for the new landlord might be Park and Shop, $1.98 at Polk, the object of which is "to drive your car from your home to the nearest park-and-shop parking lot, park your car, then move . . . to all the stops on your shopping list." If this should ever pall, there is the Diners' Club Credit Card Game; $3.66 at Macy. "As an executive," the instructions begin, "you have to travel, entertain, dress well, give attractive gifts. At the same time you want to own a house, a car, and have a comfortable bank account. You're starting with $5,000 in cash. Can you create the fortune you need out of this $5,000? Object of the game: To become a member of the Diners' Club." If you'd rather your children engaged in less specialized contests, whose object is simply to accumulate the largest possible fortune in paper money, dozens are available, including Wall Street, Tycoon, Investment Club, Ticker Tape, Finance, *High* Finance, Stock Exchange, Rich Uncle, and Easy Money. In Easy Money, which is $1.69 at Stern, for instance, the player learns about life by getting involved with compound-interest mortgages and having to "pay $50 to the owner of the Black Kat Night Club." We had planned to recommend as an antidote for all this gold fever a game we'd seen at Schwarz called Gare aux Trous, ou Jeu de Chemin Difficile, in which the player follows the Route de la Vie, attempting in the course of it to avoid la Gourmandise, l'Egoïsme, la Paresse, la Colère, l'Orgueil, la Vanité, l'Envie, and l'Avarice. But we found that Schwarz no longer carries it. "There was no interest," they told us. (Q. What ever happened to games like Authors, anyhow? A. The Woolworth at 33 West 42nd Street has Authors for nineteen cents, with all the same dear, familiar bearded faces—Tennyson, Longfellow, and the like—and not a royalty statement in the lot.)

If the familiar faces you are looking

dangggles
handwrought earrings
sterling $5. $5.50 and $6.
14 karat $18. $20. and $22.
available pierced or regular
50 cents postage; add 10% tax
harmonizing pin or bracelet
sterling $6.50. 14 karat $30.
phyllis
175 west 4th street new york city

COLONIAL Inn 1716
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
"Lobsta" in New England
Country Lobster Pie
Comfortable Rooms, TV, Air Conditioned
18 Miles from Boston in the Interesting Atmosphere of
Concord, Mass. Tel. EM 9-4600

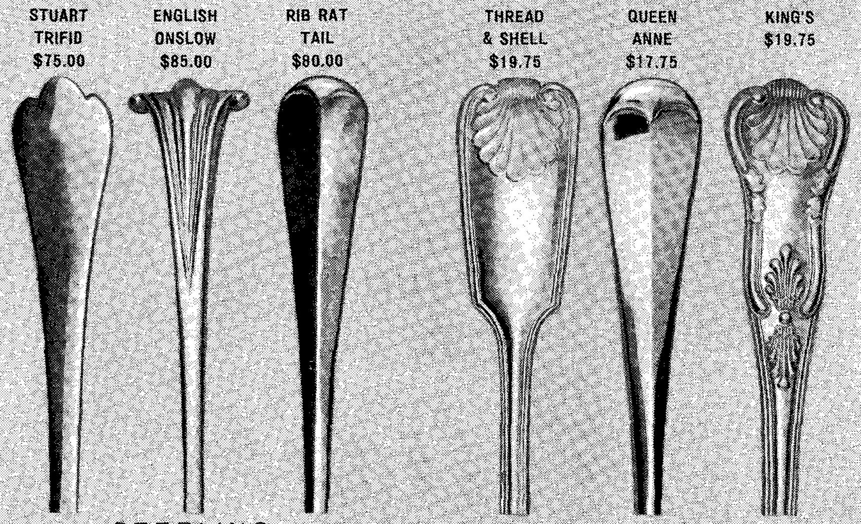
A Munificent Gift . . .

Beethoven Nine Symphonies Klemperer
Stereo

(S)3619 H
Angel Records

forward to seeing on Christmas morning are far more recently arrived than those we've been prescribing for, Best has a mobile called Nursery Birds, which can be hung either from the crib or from the ceiling. There are seven of the birds—a scarlet tanager, a yellow warbler, a nuthatch, and so on—made of sponge rubber and vinyl plastic. This is $3. Inevitably, for three dollars more you can get it with a wind-up Swiss music box attached (it's concealed in a birdhouse), and, inevitably, what it plays is Brahms' Lullaby. A similar set of five butterflies, without accompaniment, is $1.49 at Stern. Polk also endorses butterflies—two large, glittering ones in what they call a Flutter Ball, of clear plastic and ten inches in diameter. It either spins along the floor or floats in water; $1.77. Schwarz has a fine, baroque gingerbread house, about fourteen inches square, to fasten on the side of a crib or playpen. Windows and doors open to show a cow jumping over the moon, a muffin man running away, a mouse racing up a clock, and other cheerful sights. Actually, though, it's not gingerbread but sturdy plastic; $5.95. Reiss Brothers has a xylophone pull-toy with colored keys, for $2.98. When it's pulled, it jangles. When it's stationary, an older child can play tunes on it (the handle at the end of the pull-string is a padded hammer) by following the colors in a music book that is included. The wooden Tick Tock Clock, at Modern Age, ticks as advertised and also plays a tune called "Grandfather's Clock" while the face revolves, showing through a window a familiar scene for each period of a child's day. All this simultaneous activity for $4.98. The jack-in-the-box toy of the year is a musical doghouse. Turn the crank, and out pops Fido at the appropriate point in guess which nursery song. This is $3 almost everywhere—Saks, for one example. Wooden trains are in especially good supply this year. The Gingerbread House has four cars and a locomotive that hitch together with magnets, bless their hearts; six inches of train, ninety-eight cents. At the same shop, for $4.50, you can have a wooden circus train about sixteen inches long. Pulled by a tractor, it has eight cars, in-

WORCESTER



For over 200 years, Worcester tableware has given its individual importance to both traditional and contemporary homes. Beauty, precision and durability are qualities guaranteed in every pattern...every piece, wrought in London Hall Marked Sterling or Silver Plate. All prices are quoted for 6-piece place settings. Federal tax included. All patterns shown are open stock at leading stores. Ask for our illustrated folder or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
LONDON 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. NEW YORK

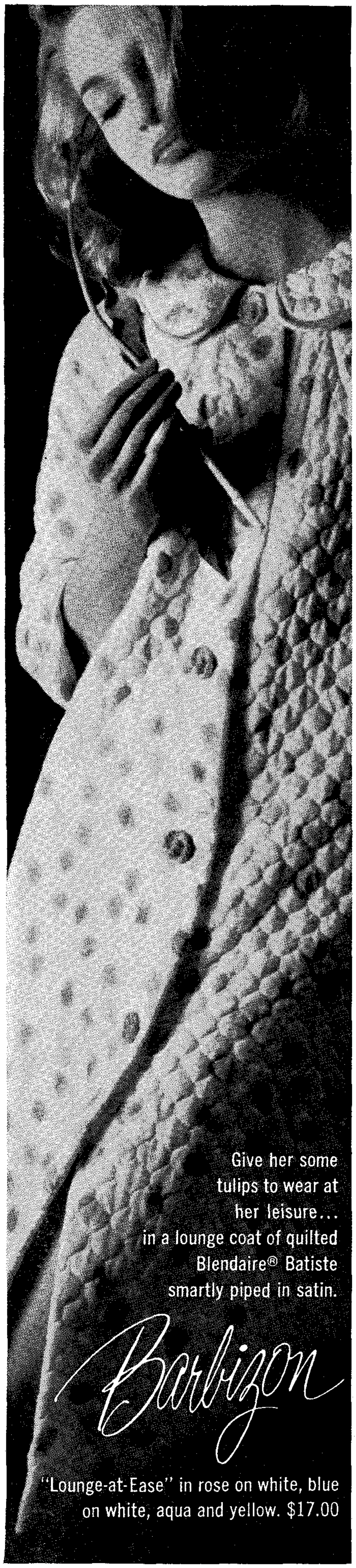
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND . . . BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

the scotch that tastes the way more people want their scotch to taste

HAIG HAIG
FIVE STAR
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR

DON'T BE VAGUE . . . ASK FOR
HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.


Give her some tulips to wear at her leisure... in a lounge coat of quilted Blendaire® Batiste smartly piped in satin.

Barbizon

"Lounge-at-Ease" in rose on white, blue on white, aqua and yellow. $17.00

cluding three cages of animals and an elephant who has to walk.

A really handsome present for a three- or four-year-old would be a sit-on freight train. Made of lacquered hard maple, it consists of locomotive, gondola, flatcar, and a caboose. The roofs come off, the wheels are of rubber, and the whole thing is just over eight feet long; $34 at Childcraft. Another large wooden toy worth a gold star on our list is the Rocking Boat, which Schwarz sells for $28.75. Four feet long, it has a seat at either end, and each seat is spacious enough to hold a couple of four-year-olds. Inverted, it becomes a bridge over a tunnel, or a set of steps, or even a stage for a play with a cast of one. Solid, well-made wooden toys like these run into money but (speaking of investments) last almost indefinitely, or so we have found. At D/R International, 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), they call some of them Heirloom Toys, which is probably fair enough. A sternwheeler Heirloom river boat nine inches long and made of plain sanded wood except for the paddle, which is painted red or blue and can be wound up (there's an elastic band), costs $3.50. In the steel-truck line, suitable for slightly more sophisticated engineers (wood, after all, has its limitations when it comes to simulating heavy-duty machinery that looks as if it could really do the job), the highway-construction men seem to be the favored operators this year. Maybe it has something to do with all that interest in real-estate developments. If you really want to set your road expert up in business, Polk will sell you a whole Paving Department Set, for $20. There are four pieces, each about sixteen inches long—a dump truck, a ready-mix concrete truck, a road grader, and a high-lift bulldozer with a flat trailer. And if the engineer's little sister tries to set up a roadblock, we know just the four-wheeled distraction for her—a fourteen-inch jeep with white fringe on its pink-and-white striped surrey top and Shocking-pink seats. It's $2.79 at Stern, and don't say we haven't thought of everything.

NOW that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is threatening to catch up with Buck Rogers and the twenty-fifth century, the toymakers are apparently convinced that the challenge of space is last year's kind of thing. At any rate, there is a remarkably low incidence of space helmets and other cosmic accessories on their lists this year. However, if you know of a quaint child who is still playing Cape Canaveral, he has a friend at

BONWIT TELLER

Marquise of the Chandelier Chic

Enchanting clip-on earring, 2½" long, to give or glory in...Trifari's dazzling fall of marquise rhinestones.
20.00 plus fed. tax
Mail and phone orders.
Jewelry
BONWIT TELLER
All stores

parfums
Fabergé
from France

Cerutti

Fashionable black velveteen pants worn with black and white make-believe pony tunic, lined in red, over a red combed cotton sweater

TUNIC or PANTS
Size 4-6x, $8. each
Size 7-14, $10. each

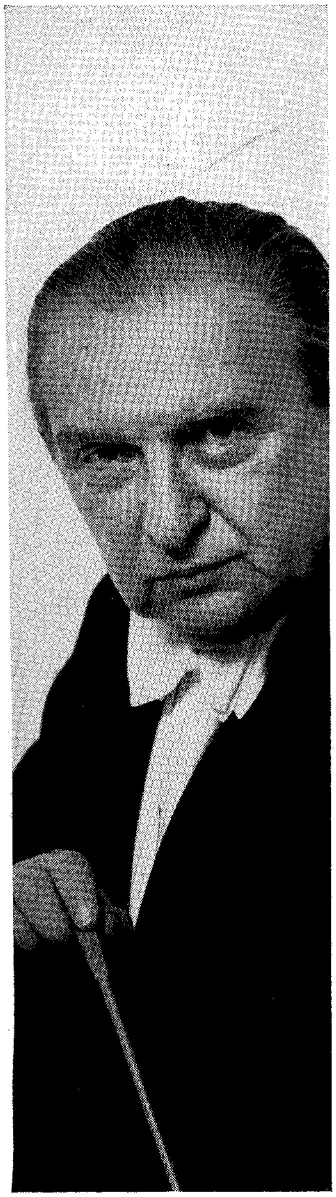
SWEATER
Size 4-6x, $3.50
Size 7-14, $4.50

add 45¢ for mail orders

807 MADISON AVE. (68 ST.)
NYC 21. RE 7-7540

HEAR! HEAR! GIFT IDEAS OF THE YEAR... FROM THE STARS ON RCA VICTOR

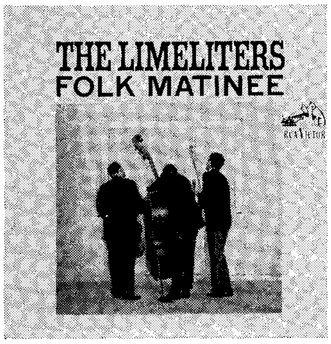
RCA The most trusted name in sound TMK(S)®



FRITZ REINER/CHICAGO SYMPHONY A thrilling gift! This new Red Seal "sound spectacular," matches to perfection the brilliance and power of a live performance of "Zarathustra," which the Chicago Tribune called "...intoxicating opulence ...close to matchless music."

RCA Victor
RACHMANINOFF
CONCERTO No. 2
VAN CLIBURN
FRITZ REINER
Chicago Symphony

THE LIMELITERS "Folk Matinee." A frolic through delightful Lime-enlightened melodies zestfully emoted to accompanying bass, banjo and guitar. Among the delights: "Sweet Water Rolling," "Uncle Benny's Celebration" and an inspired roundelay, they call it "Funk."


THE LIMELITERS
FOLK MATINEE
RCA Victor

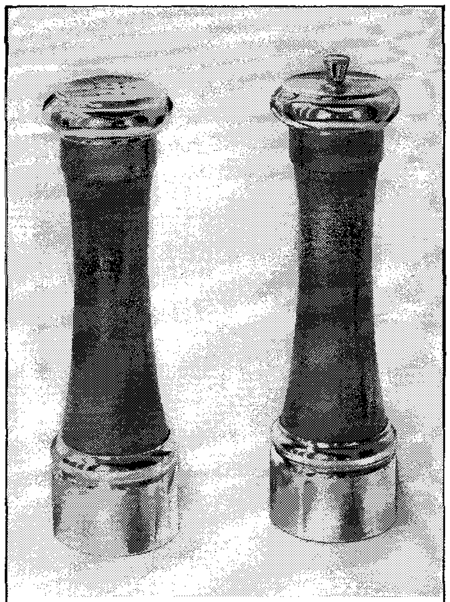
SACHA DISTEL "From Paris with Love." A dynamic French import with a spell-binding voice and personality to match! With 7 big hit records behind him in France...Sacha is all ready to captivate the American scene. Hear: "Let's Fall in Love." "All of You," ten romantic others!

RCA Victor
FROM
PARIS
WITH
LOVE
SACHA
DISTEL

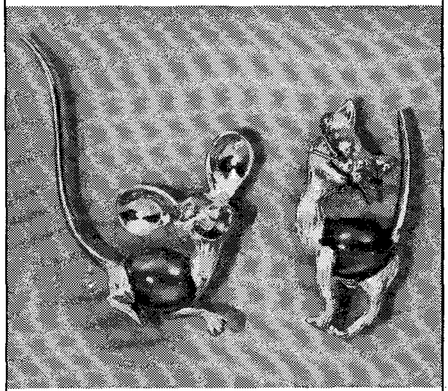
HEIFETZ The master's virtuosity and poetry find expression in the Bruch "Scottish Fantasy." He handles the ultimate devilment of the violin in the finale with an absolute blaze of excitement. Including also the lovely Vieuxtemps "Concerto No. 5," a gift to treasure always.

HEIFETZ
Bruch
SCOTTISH FANTASY
Vieuxtemps
CONCERTO No. 5
New Symphony
Orchestra of London
Sir Malcolm Sargent,
Conductor
RCA Victor

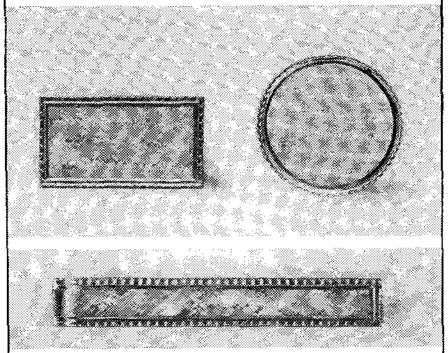
AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO, MONAURAL AND TAPE



Handsome Salt Shaker/Pepper Mill in American pewter and walnut. 8½ inches high. The set $19.00. Add 75c for postage



Cat pin—onyx body, textured 14K gold $32. Mouse pin—turquoise body, textured 14K gold $36. (Both shown actual size.)
Federal tax included.



Cuff links in textured 14K gold, round or rectangular $24 a pair. Matching 14K gold tie bar $15.00. (Both shown actual size.)
Federal tax included.

M. GEESIE Inc.
630 5th Ave., Rm. 623 • JU 2-7335

Altman. An astronaut's suit there, available in the customary small, medium, and large sizes, comes with a vast padded helmet, just like the helmets worn by the Friendly Seven, and costs a friendly $7. After your eighth astronaut has been ejected from the capsule half a dozen times, a fine way to celebrate his recurrent safe recovery would be to launch on the phonograph a record called "Space Songs." Sung by Tom Glazer and Dottie Evans, these scientific seminars on such subjects as "Longitude and Latitude," "Why Do Stars Twinkle?," and "What Is Gravity?" are set to highly antic music ("Longitude and Latitude," for instance, is "Ach, Du Lieber Augustin," more or less), and they made a good many of the riddles of space seem less enigmatic to us than they were before we heard them, and furthermore we're confident that even some haughty eight-year-olds we know would admit the same. The record is $3.95 at Brentano. For a boy who is used to the idea that his contributions to the space program are likely to be limited to ground duty, at least for some years to come, Lionel has a five-car Astronaut Rescue Special Train. It includes an inch-and-a-half astronaut in his missile; a launching pad to blast off from; a helicopter to spot his position when his parachute brings him down; and a Cherry Picker, which swings out to pick him up and put him back in the missile for another go-round. With transformer, sixteen sections of 027-gauge track, and a heliport, it costs $39.95 at Schwarz.

Our philosophy about the ubiquitous (and expensive) laboratory sets—Microcraft, Chemcraft, and such, in assorted sizes and degrees of advancement—is that it's best to consult the prospective scientist, who will probably be able not only to describe for you the apparatus that would please him most but to give you its name, price, and serial number. However, if he hasn't yet narrowed down his field of interest, and you think he owes it to his country to do so, the Science Material Research Center has on the market a series of what it calls Book-Lab kits, for children of seven and up. These contain explanations of, and materials for, experiments in chemistry, magnetic force, jets and rockets, aerodynamics, mathematics, and seed germination. Brentano has them, for $3.95 apiece. A possibility for the child less interested in basic research than in what somebody has done with it in the past would be one of the Lionel Famous Inventor sets, a series demonstrating that this year even the

D R INTERNATIONAL
866 Lexington Ave. at 65th
N.Y. 22
RH 4 8995

DESIGN RESEARCH
57 Brattle Street
Cambridge 38, Mass.
UN 4 5550

D R

MARIMEKKO from Finland

SUTJAKKA
handwoven wool
fully lined
purple, royal blue, magenta
8-12 $100
one of many new Marimekko woolens available at our stores

ANTIGUA, W.I.

The Caribbean's Newest Resort Island

Two indescribably lovely resorts on the water's edge, with fabulous white sand beaches, sapphire pool, an atmosphere of drifting ease and luxury. All sports available; native entertainment. All rooms beachfront with private terraces. Low rates. Perfect trade-wind climate. Frequent jet service.

HALF MOON BAY HOTEL
BLUE WATERS BEACH HOTEL

Consult your travel agent or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc., Reps.
1270 Avenue of the Americas PL. 7-2444
Miami, Toronto, Chicago, Los Angeles

ARIADNE®
The Goddess of
Exquisite Hosiery

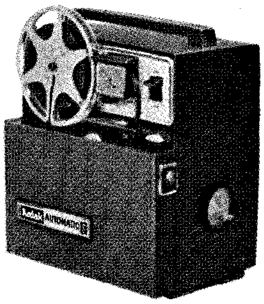
Exclusive with
GUS MAYER
New Orleans

Kodak
TRADEMARK

New Kodak electric camera simplifies movies as never before

Battery drive!
No crank!
No winding!
New film cassette
for quick loading!
Lens sets itself!
Just aim and shoot!

It looks like a de luxe camera—and *is*, handsomely so! But the KODAK Electric 8 Automatic Camera is more than this. It's really a whole new simplified system of movie-making. A battery-driven motor does the work. And you insert film as easily as changing a phonograph record. The KODAK DUEX 8 Cassette eliminates conventional threading, provides instant drop-in loading. The electric eye automatically sets the lens for you. Camera comes with fast *f*/1.6 lens and built-in filter. You can shoot indoors or out on the same roll of KODACHROME Film. Less than $100. (Batteries, KODAK Pistol Grip extra.)



New KODAK Automatic 8 Projector threads, projects, and rewinds the film for you—all automatically. Eliminates manual operations. Even turns room light off and on! Forward, reverse, and "still" projection. Runs quiet as a whisper. At your Kodak dealer's. Less than $110.

Prices subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N.Y. ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

In one minute, they'll both say "just what I always wanted"...and mean

(With gifts by Manhattan® and Lady Manhattan® who has to pretend!)

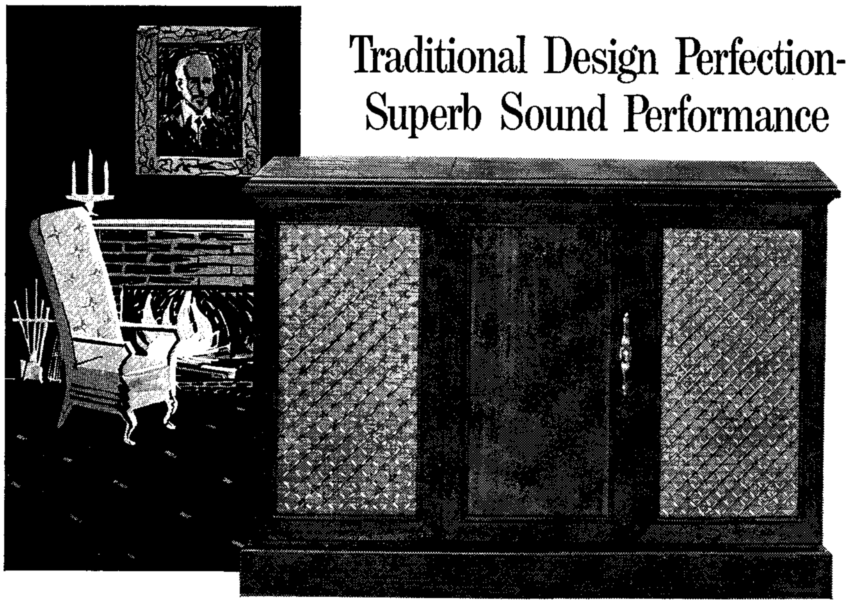
SHIRTS, PAJAMAS,
UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS,
SPORTSWEAR, SWEATERS.

Manhattan® | Lady Manhattan®

SHIRTS, SKIRTS, PANTS,
COORDINATES, SHIRTDRESSES,
SHORTS, KNIT SHIRTS.

science people aren't beyond looking backward. Beginning engineers are offered a chance to build working models of nine inventions that helped make us what we are today—Hero of Alexandria's steam turbine, Gutenberg's printing press, Galileo's telescope, Hooke's microscope, Cartwright's power loom, Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, and Edison's electric light and phonograph. Each model comes with a five-inch bust of the inventor and a pamphlet explaining his place in scientific history. Once assembled, the models are really operative, in their primitive fashion. Edison's phonograph, for example, has the old megaphone-amplifier and a cylinder that can be shaved down and used over again; the Gutenberg press will print postcards, though it's perhaps not up to the Old Testament. Most of these models, available at Reiss Brothers and elsewhere, are $9.95; the telegraph and the electric light require, additionally, two D batteries apiece, bringing their price up to $10.35.

AND now for a final, very miscellaneous roundup. If you're tired of picking up darts and bullets or yelling down the cellar stairs not to shoot them at each other no matter how safe they're supposed to be, you might be interested in a Dick Tracy Electronic Target Game. The gun in this Christmas package shoots only a beam of light, but it travels as far as thirty feet and registers automatically the spot on the target that it hits. There are six targets on a revolving drum, wearing the faces of Flattop, Mumbles, the Retouchables, and other prime public enemies of the Tracy world; $14.95 at Polk. . . . Saks has Pee Wee Ping Pong, which is played on an area measuring three feet by six—little more than half the standard size, but spacious enough for a respectable game. For $30, you get a table, a net, two paddles, and two balls. . . . A nine-inch sewing basket fitted out with thread, needles, an eight-inch doll whose name appears to be Wendy, and five ready-to-sew outfits for a little girl to run up in her spare time is $8.95 at Schwarz. If you really want to do this thing in style, the Singer Sewing Machine Company, 396 Fifth Avenue (36th), has, for $14.95, a hand-powered machine that will make her chores easier. An electric one, suitable not only for doll's clothes but for other light sewing, is $24.95. . . . This year Playskool has brought out a battery-powered Magic Phonograph, which a child can operate almost as soon as he can walk. All he has to do is slide any seven-inch 45-r.p.m. or 33⅓-r.p.m. record through a slot in the side



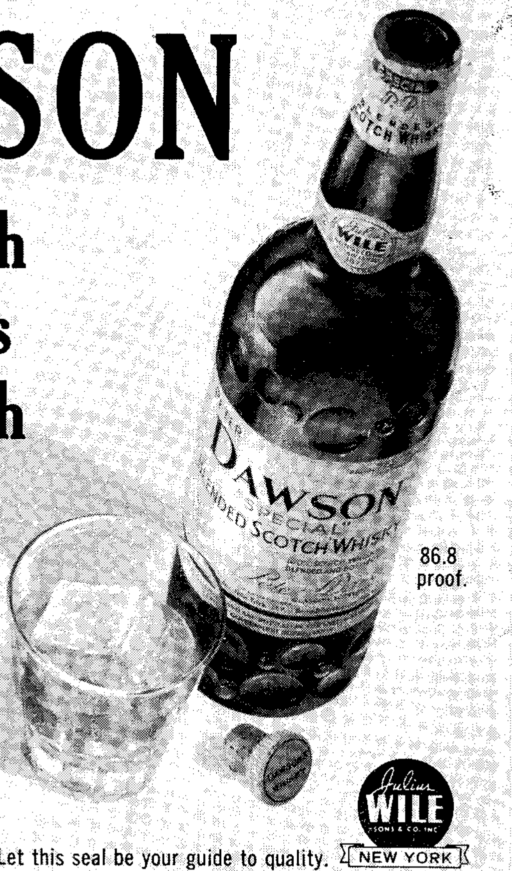
Traditional Design Perfection--
Superb Sound Performance

Voice of Music Stereophonic High-Fidelity Console Phonograph Model 867

Pleasure and pride will be yours when this exactingly crafted, period design console moves into your home. The 49″ hand-rubbed, genuine Mahogany cabinet bears the certification tag of Mahogany Association, Inc.—your assurance of quality! Full musical reproduction is achieved through 4 acoustically-matched speakers driven by a 60 watt minimum distortion V·M amplifier. Enjoy every record in your collection for years . . . 4-Speed V·M 'Stere-O-Matic'® Changer with 'shadoweight' pressure and diamond stylus handles your records with unbelievable care. V·M Accessory FM Stereo FM/AM Radio Tuner and V·M Stereo Tape Recorder can easily be added any time to complete your home entertainment center. You'll find a V·M Dealer nearby—he'll be happy to demonstrate!

THE VOICE OF MUSIC®

V-M CORPORATION • BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN • KNOWN FOR THE FINEST IN RECORD CHANGERS, PHONOGRAPHS AND TAPE RECORDERS



Peter
DAWSON

The Scotch
that tastes
like Scotch

86.8
proof.

Bottled in Scotland Let this seal be your guide to quality.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC NEW YORK

Look at me in Lanella®

TANNER
OF NORTH CAROLINA
by DOROTHY COX

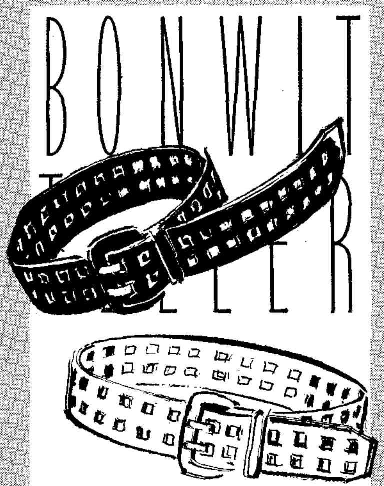
sculpts the luxurious imported fabric into your essential cardigan dress. Woven in Switzerland of 50% Wool, 50% Cotton that floats vibrant flower sprigs on bright white grounds. Sizes 8-20, 12½—22½. $45.00

Price slightly higher on West Coast

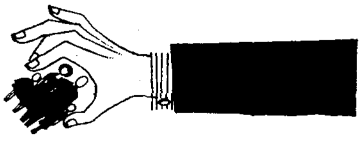
At Lord & Taylor:
New York and all branches

OR WRITE LANELLA CORPORATION, 185 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

and press down on the top, thereby giving more delicate machinery in the house a well-earned rest. This is $24.95 at Rappaport. . . . Thirty blocks that can be turned this way and that to fill out scenes from six different fairy tales are $3 in a wooden case at Altman. . . . An unofficial entry in the teaching-machine field is Fact Finder, with four hundred and eighty graded, match-up questions. A child has to answer them by plugging up a particular hole in about ten seconds, which makes the game livelier than the usual, strictly cerebral quiz; $5 at Saks. . . . If breakage is your problem, you might like to try diverting the family energies with something called Break-A-Plate—three plastic plates that hang up and, when swatted with rubber balls, fall to pieces. They can then be rehabilitated and sent back for another barrage from the firing squad; $3.98 at Rappaport. . . . For less violent moments, there's Wonder Art; $4 at Altman. Underneath a transparent plastic sheet about two feet long and a foot and a half wide is a mélange of nice gooey colors, which can be slurred around, like finger paint, by any blunt instrument that comes to the artist's mind—a spoon, the round end of a fountain pen, his own finger or elbow or chin—anything, so long as it isn't sharp enough to pierce the plastic and release the Pandora's paint bucket beneath. As we say, it's something like finger painting without the mess, but then the mess may be half the fun. . . . Model cars in HO scale on electric tracks are being allotted more space than model trains in some stores this year, which is news that heads of full-scale railroads must feel they've heard sometime, somewhere before. Gimbel has a set called Sports Car Race, with a grandstand, an elevated track, hand throttles, a power pack, and two cars, for $22.99. . . . At the Gingerbread House, we admired a little girl's jewel box about nine inches long, marked $4. When it's opened, a tiny dancer twirls about in front of the mirror to the tune of "Some Enchanted Evening." . . . And two toys that don't sound in the least promising but that appealed to us in an idiot way are Bop the Beetle and the Odd Ogg. Bop the Beetle, $2.99 at Gimbel, consists of a big beetle, two beetle boppers (what else?), and two smaller beetles. The trick is to bop the small beetles into the open jaws of the big one. When you do—and it's harder than it looks—the big fellow's jaws snap suddenly shut and he glares at you with malevolent red eyes. The Odd Ogg—half turtle and half frog, as he describes himself on TV, where he is advertised extensively—is a more aggressive type



Bonwit's Own
Belt Thoroughbred
Snappy way to shape shifts or pull the separates look together... 2 inches of lustrous leather with natty square cut-outs. By Ben King in black, brown, navy, gray, 24 to 30 sizes, 10.00
Mail and phone orders filled
Belts
BONWIT TELLER
All Stores



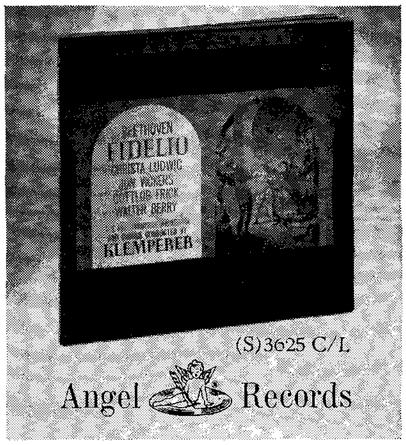
RELOCATING *in an Unfamiliar City?* Tell us all your family's requirements and we'll find exactly your house—in any of 200 cities, 2000 prime suburbs. We work solely for you, the buyer. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
52 Vanderbilt Ave.
OR 9-5435

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
DU 7-3111

A Munificent Gift...



(S)3625 C/L
Angel Records

MAD DOGS, ENGLISHMEN—AND NOW, POLYOLEFINS

All three go out in the noonday sun. The first two can take it. The third one, until recently, couldn't. Nor could other plastics such as polyesters or polyvinyls. (If they did and stayed out too long, they'd crack and peel, blister and spot and eventually turn dark. Just like us.)

That was too bad because polyolefins, polyesters and polyvinyls were ideal materials for such things as patio furniture, outdoor signs, tiles, translucent roofing. Ideal, that is, except for the fact that exposure to sunlight reduced their life-span by as much as 80 percent. (Remember the plastic awning and the rear window of the convertible that discolored and cracked?)

There were two obvious solutions. What does anyone do to avoid sunburn? We stay in the shade, or we use suntan lotion. The first was clearly impractical for plastics, so Cyanamid scientists tackled the second. And succeeded. The "lotions" they developed and which are now being widely used to protect sun-shy plastics are called Cyasorb® Light Absorbers.

"You've got to realize first of all," one of the scientists explains, "that only 5 percent of the sun's rays are what we call ultraviolet. They do the damage. They vibrate at a very high rate—faster than the other 95 percent we see as light or those we feel as heat. Because of this they have a higher *energy* content. More power to make things happen.

"When this energy comes down and hits a surface, it is absorbed. Highly stable materials such as rocks or metals can cope pretty well with the energy increase. But many organic chemicals, such as plastics, have molecular structures that can't. Once inside, the energy begins its destructive work. Changes take place, like cracking and peeling. Now, it is known that certain molecules thrive on ultraviolet rays. They go out of their way to gather them in, calm them down, and re-emit them, all without suffering damage. When such molecules are scattered evenly through a plastic product, the result is that the plastic is protected against ultraviolet light. A built-in suntan lotion."

Cyanamid, as it happens, was in a particularly good spot to develop ultraviolet absorbers. Because of our position as an important maker of dyes and pigments, our scientists have had great experience with compounds that interact with light. They have, for instance, developed products known as brighteners which absorb ultraviolet energy and send it out as visible light rays. In the course of this research, many chemicals were rejected as failures. They absorbed the ultraviolet rays all right, but they didn't send forth any light.

One man's meat, as they say. What was a flop as a brightener turned out, with further research and development, to be just what the plastics industry—and your patio furniture—needed.

Cyanamid markets an extensive line of ultraviolet absorbers for materials that must shun the sun. In addition, the widespread use of fluorescent light has created a need for ultraviolet absorbers indoors, because the lighting gives off enough ultraviolet rays to discolor vinyl floors, plastic louvers and translucent ceilings. If photodegradation is bothering you, drop us a note. We may be able to help.

Now that we have relieved plastic sunburn, both outdoors and indoors, what about people? Tests are going on in this area, and someday Cyanamid may be able to offer a boon to mountain climbers and beach addicts. Our research may also solve a problem for the spaceman of the future. Up above the earth's atmosphere, ultraviolet activity is fierce, and the plastic parts of his rocket ship would suffer badly.

Tiny molecules that have the single peculiarity of gobbling up ultraviolet rays—Cyanamid finds them, produces them, and puts them to work for you.

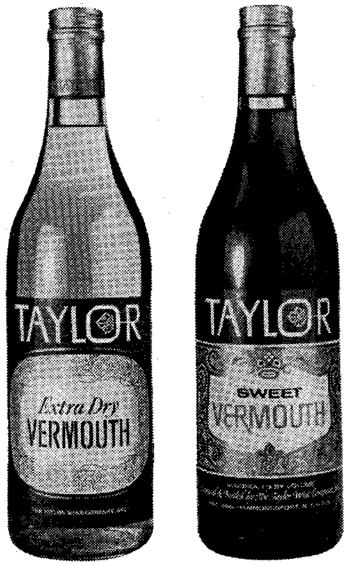
CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, WAYNE, N.J.

Agricultural / Building Products / Davis & Geck / Fibers / Formica Corporation
Industrial Chemicals / Lederle Laboratories / Organic Chemicals / Pigments
Plastics and Resins / Cyanamid of Canada Limited / Cyanamid International

choice
of the
smart set!

New
TAYLOR
VERMOUTHS



Premium quality WITHOUT the premium price. Sweet or Dry with just the right verve to give a cocktail the "master mixer's" touch. Try them and see.

© THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
Producers of Wines . . . Champagnes . . . Vermouths

and costs more; around $10, most anywhere. If you throw small plastic balls at a target under his plastic chin, and get them in, he lunges forward menacingly. If you miss, he scurries backward, sticks out a bright-red tongue, and makes a rude noise. For some reason, all this terrible temper from a pair of inanimate plastic objects is comical, not to say hilarious, and we recommend them for the low in spirit of all age groups.

A FEW caveats: Don't be surprised if you find that prices fluctuate wildly from store to store and even from hour to hour. Better lay in an extra supply of those pestilential D batteries; if you don't need them on that crucial morning, just wait a week. Be sure to examine the fine print for two of the most dismal words in the English language—"Delivered unassembled." Oh, yes, and try to remember as you plod off toward the market place that two of the *least* dismal are "Merry" and "Christmas."

Gifts for Men

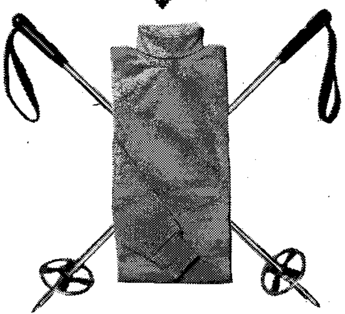
IF Santa Claus is due to come down the chimney this year with a Gyrocopter in his bag for the No. 1 man on your list, you'd better look out. Old Kringle might well be tempted to forsake his reindeer and fly away with the thing himself, right back up the chimney. He could almost do it, too, because the Gyrocopter, a one-seater flying machine, isn't much bigger than a bicycle (aside from its twenty-foot rotor), and, given a twenty-mile wind to work against, it can fly practically straight up. Furthermore, once up, it can whiz along as fast as eighty miles an hour, range as far as a hundred and twenty miles on a six-gallon tank of gas, and soar up to over twelve thousand feet, far above the traffic jams on the highways below. Before we get carried away with it, though, we'd better warn you that this spectacular craft, which resembles a praying mantis with wheels instead of feet, can't be used for commuting in heavily populated areas, like around here (the Federal Aviation Agency won't allow it), and that it's a plaything only for someone with a thorough knowledge of flying and aerodynamics in general. People who should know tell us that, in qualified hands, it is quite safe, and that learning to fly it isn't difficult. It isn't difficult to get a license to fly it, either, because the Gyrocopter is classified as an experimental craft, and a student's license is all that is required for that category. In fact, a man doesn't need a license at all to fly one around his own property, so if you're shopping with a Texas rancher

On a
new tack—
14-karat gold
tie-tacks—
his and hers,
by Robert Zentall.
Bee, 10.00
Dragonfly, 6.00
Turtle, 7.00
Cherub pair, 12.00
Rose, 12.00
Fly, 7.00
All, plus tax.
At all
Lord & Taylor
stores

Christmas on the
GOLF STREAM

at Florida's twin golf resorts — Low all inclusive American Family Plan Rate • GOLF IS FREE • 2 Private 18 Hole Courses
ONLY 10 MILES APART
HARDER HALL·PINECREST
SEBRING, FLORIDA • LAKES CLUB, AVON PARK, FLA.
N.Y. Office 366 Fifth Avenue • LO 5-6780

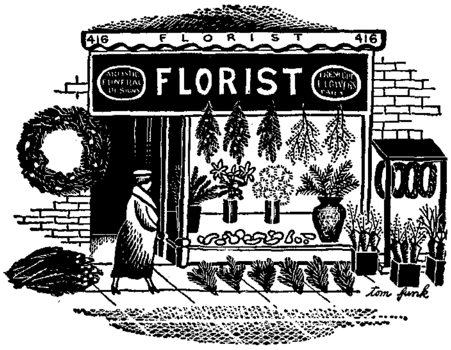
FIFE & DRUM INC.
MARBLEHEAD MASSACHUSETTS

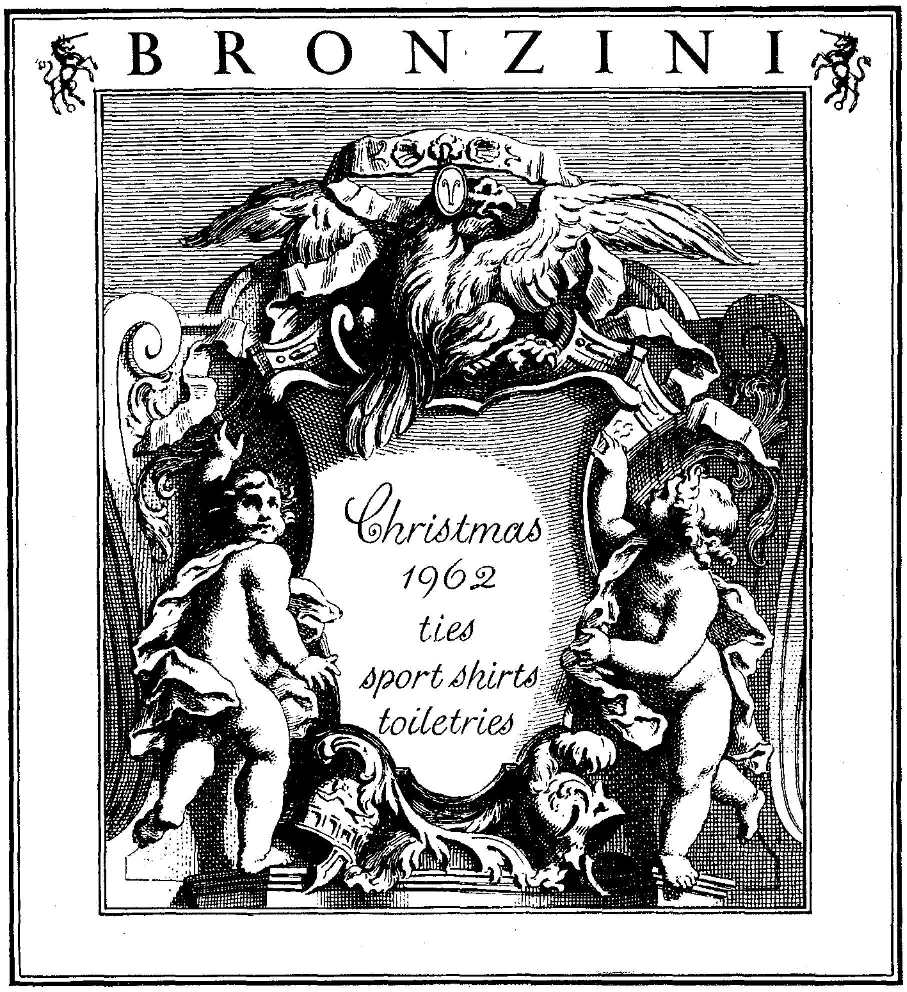


MEDICO Famous turtleneck jersey from Germany. Black, White, Olympic Blue, Gold, Sky Blue, Avocado, Navy, Deep Red.
Men's M-L-XL, Ladies' S-M-L. $3.95
Catalogue on request

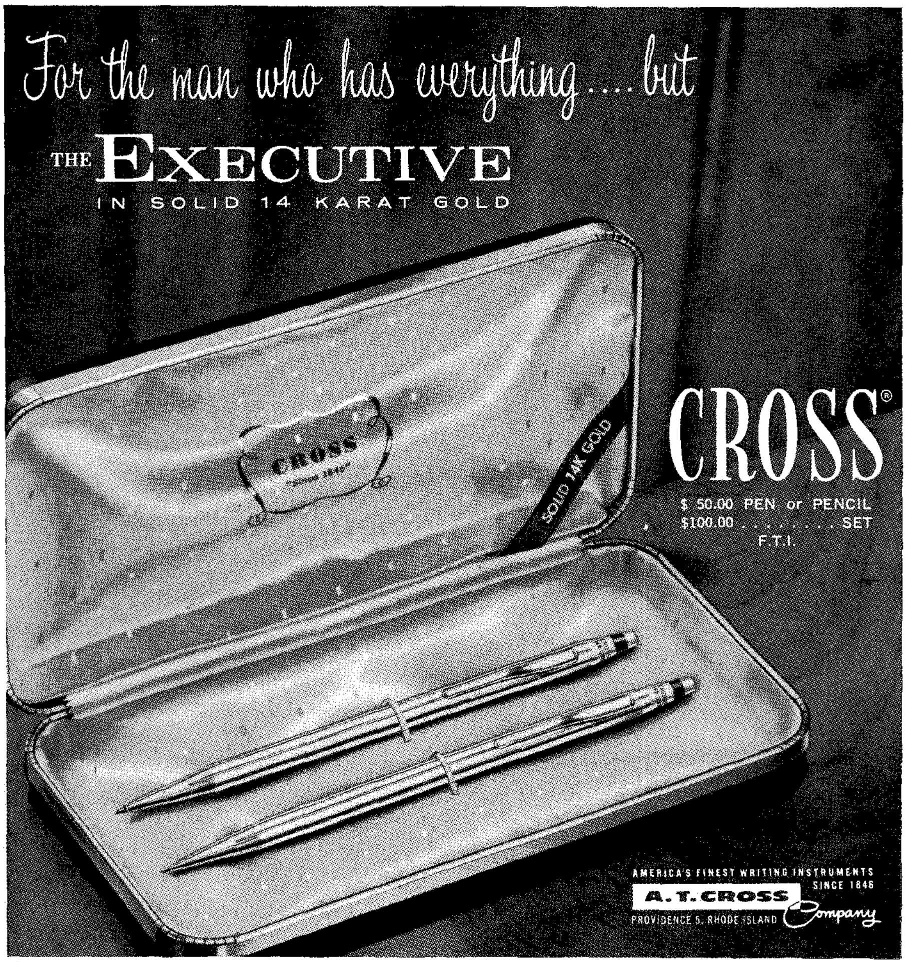
in mind, or somebody who owns a sizable stretch of Long Island—somebody qualified, that is—why, it sounds like a lot of fun. The Gyrocopter is manufactured by the Bensen Aircraft Corporation, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and weighs only two hundred and fifty-three pounds. Its normal carrying capacity is about the same as its weight, although it has carried as much as four hundred pounds in tests. It won't hover in calm air, like a full-scale helicopter, but it can maintain level flight when it is going as slowly as nineteen miles an hour, and even in a dead calm an area smaller than a baseball infield will do for landing and taking off. The price is $2,995, but it comes way down if you'd like to give one to somebody as a construction kit—down to $495, in fact, for the makings of a Gyrocopter sans engine. (A perfectly satisfactory drone-type engine, which is the type it uses, can be picked up on the Army-surplus market for around $100.) There are any number of gradations between the kit and the whole caboodle, but you'd better get in touch with the Bensen people in a hurry if you're aiming at any form of Gyrocopter for this Christmas. Bensen also makes something called the Gyro-glider, which is the same as the Gyrocopter except that it has no engine and works much like a kite, flying at the end of a towrope tied to an automobile; $895 ready to fly, and $395 in kit form.

Both the Gyrocopter and the Gyro-glider can be fitted with pontoons, giving rise to all sorts of further possibilities, but these relate to water, and we have other notions about water at the moment. For instance: the new Nemrod skin diver's mask with side windows, providing a hundred and sixty degrees of underwater vision, compared to about ninety degrees for an ordinary mask. Made with automobile safety glass and chrome-plated naval brass fixtures, this costs $12.95 at the Richards Aqualung Center, 233 West 42nd Street. A scaled-down version of the U.S. Navy frogman's triple-tank scuba unit is available at the same store and also put out by Nemrod. It holds a full hour's supply




BRONZINI

Christmas
1962
ties
sport shirts
toiletries


For the man who has everything.... but
THE EXECUTIVE
IN SOLID 14 KARAT GOLD

CROSS®
$ 50.00 PEN or PENCIL
$100.00 . . . . SET
F.T.I.

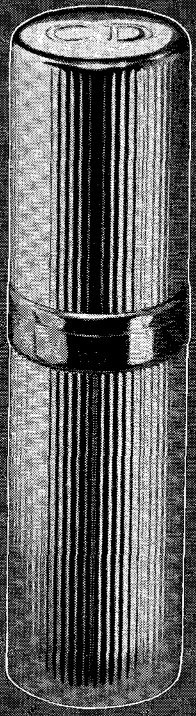
AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS
SINCE 1846
A. T. CROSS Company
PROVIDENCE 5, RHODE ISLAND

© 1963 A. T. CROSS CO., PROVIDENCE 5, R. I.

Christian Dior Spray

perfume for the purse

In Miss Dior, Diorissimo or Diorama.
Leakproof, spillproof, refillable.
5.00 plus tax.
Diorama, 5.50.



of air but weighs only eighteen pounds, being intended for someone too young to manage the big, thirty-six-pound set-up; $75, complete with regulator. A frogman's wristwatch is another good bet; Bulova has a seventeen-jewel stainless-steel self-winding one, called the Snorkel, with a black dial and an outsize white minute hand, not to mention a rotating bezel that is calibrated and can be set to mark the hour when the diver went down. This watch is waterproof up to—or, rather, down to—six hundred and sixty-six feet, and we gather that beyond that depth time doesn't seem to matter much. The price is $71.50 at Rene Burki, 9 East 46th Street, and Jack Arum Brothers, 7 West 44th Street. Bell & Howell has developed a new underwater housing for its Models 414 and 424 and Models 416 and 426 Zoom 8-mm. electric-eye movie cameras, and this housing not only is waterproof down to sixty feet but is buoyant enough to rise to the surface and float there in case somebody accidentally lets go of it or has to abandon it in a hurry. With a self-correcting sports-style view finder and simple, oversize controls for zooming and winding, it costs $99.95 at the Peerless Camera Store, 415 Lexington Avenue (43rd).

Speaking of the surface, perhaps some man you are trying to please spends a lot of his time there. In a sports car, possibly? Well, Sulka has some beaver driving gloves with supple capeskin palms and lamb's-wool lining for $80 a pair, and Saks Fifth Avenue has Irish-tweed car coats lined with pile and collared with beaver for $275, and Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), has a natural-gray seal car coat with a plaid lining for $1,100. Or maybe a fur vest would be more like it. Gunther Jaeckel, 10 East 57th Street, offers you a choice of tiger, leopard, or baranduki (that's furrierese for chipmunk), but whatever you pick, the vest will have a knit back of black wool and will cost you $195. To go along with all this furry munificence, automobile safety belts of ocelot are $35 apiece at Hammacher Schlemmer, driving gloves of jaguar cost $50 a pair at Ben Kahn, 150 West 30th Street, and a matching roadster, model XK-E, costs $5,695 at Jaguar Cars, Inc., 32 East 57th Street.

All this leads us more or less logically, to the car sack, a baronial piece of luggage put out by the eminent old luggage house of Louis Vuitton, which, after all these years, has suddenly conceded that the automobile and the airplane are here to stay and has produced its own versions of automobile luggage

the last word in skirtmanship!
SPORTEMPOS SUBURBIA®

Available in finer stores everywhere, or write
SPORTEMPOS / SUBURBIA, 525 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

HANSON
240 0 10
LIFT-UP HANDLE

Accurate Weight Control starts with a

HANSON Weighmaster

Large dial you can see and be sure.
Concealed fold-down handle.
Chrome body, white Du Pont "Mylar" Mat.
Accurate on carpet or tile floors.
A very acceptable gift. $12.95
HANSON SCALE CO. (Est. 1888) Northbrook, Ill.

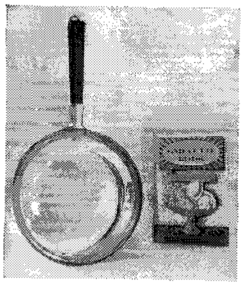
LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.

THE PERFECT PRESENT

Our perfect omelette pan of polished cast aluminum
Black, red, yellow, blue stay-cool handles.
Please specify choice
10½" .... $8.25 pp.
8½" .... 6.25 pp.
and
The Omelette Book by Narcissa Chamberlain $3.50 pp.

Write for Free Catalogue of Finest Modern & Traditional Kitchenware

903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.
(Between 72nd & 73rd Streets)



The First Seven Names On Your Christmas List Ought to Have These Munificent Gifts.

The music speaks for itself. Critical acclaim speaks eloquently for these recordings. And the choice of these lavish packages as Christmas gifts speaks volumes about you and your taste. Angel Records are more than a gift; they're a compliment.

Angel

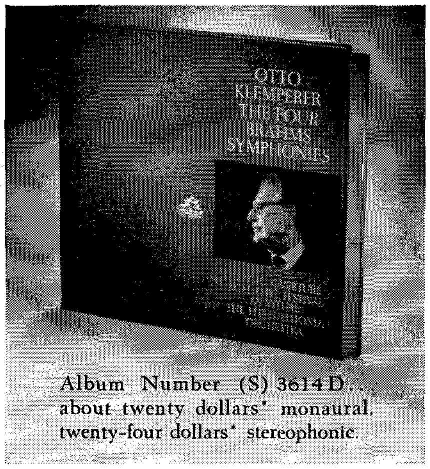
* Prices listed are optional with dealer.

Beethoven
Nine
Symphonies
Klemperer
Stereo

Album Number (S) 3619 H . . . fifty dollars*, for either monaural or stereophonic edition.

J.S. Bach
St Matthew Passion

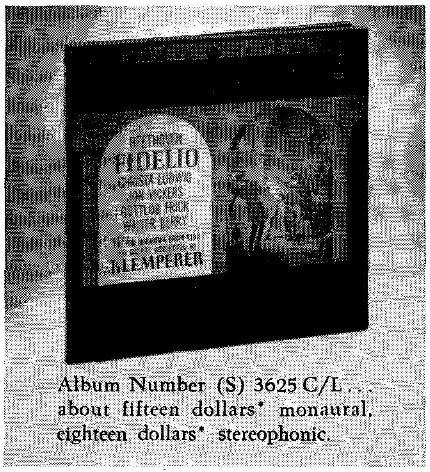
Album Number (S) 3599 E/L . . . about twenty-five dollars* monaural, thirty dollars* stereophonic.


OTTO
KLEMPERER
THE FOUR
BRAHMS
SYMPHONIES

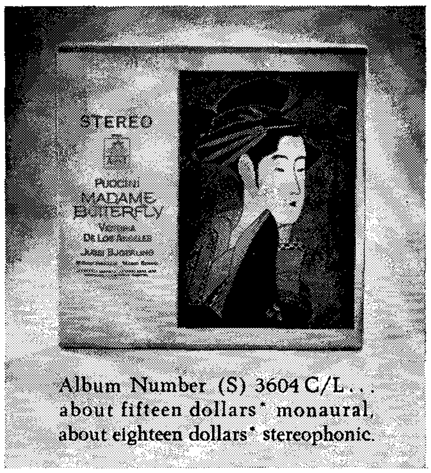
Album Number (S) 3614 D . . . about twenty dollars* monaural, twenty-four dollars* stereophonic.

MOZART
DON
GIOVANNI
STEREO

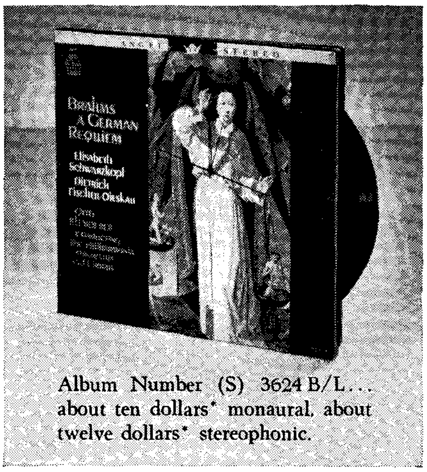
Album Number (S) 3605 D/L . . . about twenty dollars* monaural, twenty-four dollars* stereophonic.


BEETHOVEN
FIDELIO
CHRISTA LUDWIG
JON VICKERS
GOTTLOB FRICK
WALTER BERRY
KLEMPERER

Album Number (S) 3625 C/L . . . about fifteen dollars* monaural, eighteen dollars* stereophonic.


STEREO
PUCCINI
MADAME
BUTTERFLY
Victoria
De Los Angeles
Jussi Bjoerling

Album Number (S) 3604 C/L . . . about fifteen dollars* monaural, about eighteen dollars* stereophonic.


ANGEL
STEREO
Brahms
A German
Requiem
Elisabeth
Schwarzkopf
Dietrich
Fischer-Dieskau
Otto
Klemperer

Album Number (S) 3624 B/L . . . about ten dollars* monaural, about twelve dollars* stereophonic.

NEW FROM SCOTLAND!
antartex REGD.
SHEEPSKIN BY MAIL ORDER
SENT DIRECT TO YOU,
IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS.

LINN MACDONALD shows her tan ¾ coat with white fur, price **$75.00.** For men, price **$85.00.** These tan coats can be delivered immediately by mail, in time for Christmas, from our own U. S. shop in Middleburg, Va.—a branch of Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., tanners, Loch Lomond, Scotland. Order Today! Check or Money Order accepted.

Prices include everything—postage, duty and insurance.
Money-back guarantee
Like-new dry-cleaning service — $7.00

Or, coats made-to-order by us in Scotland in many styles and 10 different colors of leather. Short jackets from **$55.00** inclusive.

Not available for Christmas.
Check coupon for additional information.

THE ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOP
Middleburg, Va. • MU 7-6545 (Code 703)

Please find enclosed Check or Money Order for________ Amount
Male ☐ $85.00 ea. Female ☐ $75.00 ea.
coat size_____height_____weight_____bust size_____
FREE, with no obligations:
☐ Please send me further information (with free samples) of custom-made Antartex Sheepskin from Scotland.
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
____
____
DEPT. N.Y.

ANT-AR-TEX SUPPLIED THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

and flight bags. The car sack we're speaking of—it's sold at Saks Fifth Avenue and Altman—is made of brown canvas checked with the Louis Vuitton monogram, which we are told is just about the most, statuswise, and is bound with leather and lined with gabardine, except for the shoe pocket, which is lined with corduroy. It accommodates six suits and the accompanying linen, and costs—remember, we said it was baronial—$522.50. (This includes the ten-per-cent federal tax, though—and so do all the prices that follow, if such a tax applies.) If you think a man you know can manage to make do with a four-suiter, the price is $495. A matching zippered carryall has an outside pocket for papers, maps, Green Stamps, and so on, and the bag proper is about the right size for a supply of overnight linen and shaving requirements; $220. Mark Cross has devised a zippered carryall of tan cotton whipcord that folds up into a practically two-dimensional rectangle (eight inches by twenty-three and a half) so that it can be packed inside some *other* bag and used for overflow when the parent bag is stuffed full; $12.10. (If this sudden descent in prices makes your ears pop, just chew a piece of gum.) At Abercrombie & Fitch, there's a fold-up kit bag of tan cowhide lined with suède and intended for a golfer or a tennis player who needs a carrier for his shoes and playing clothes; this one costs $41.25, and could double as a weekend bag. The Crow's-Nest, 16 East 40th Street, has a gray-green canvas duffelbag, a foot in diameter and two feet long, with a brass zipper (how's that for a nautical touch?) running its entire length; $8.25.

DOES anybody remember the days when campaign orators were calling for two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage? Well, Abercrombie & Fitch has now come out for two shotguns in every closet. Or, at any rate, they are promoting their original Knockabout model as a spare gun, to use on occasions when it would hardly seem worthwhile unlimbering the major artillery. This is a light, double-barrelled gun made in Italy to Abercrombie's specifications, and it comes as either a .410 or a 28-gauge—the latter a fairly uncommon size for a shotgun. Either way, it has a checkered walnut stock and fore end, and a twenty-six-inch barrel, and costs $167.50. A cleaning kit for it, complete with rod, brushes, swabs, patches, and oil, all packed neatly in a strong metal box, costs $12.50, and Abercrombie has similar kits for practically any shotgun or rifle you

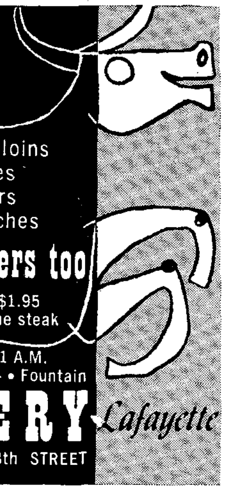
cut out and wear

over Panti-Legs®

Mama dolls in the know look chic, feel free from waist-to-toe in **Glen Raven Panti-Legs**—panti-stockings of ENKA nylon. Seamless or full-fashioned, about $3 at

B. GERTZ, INC.
JAMAICA, N.Y.

So many good things begin with **ENKA nylon**



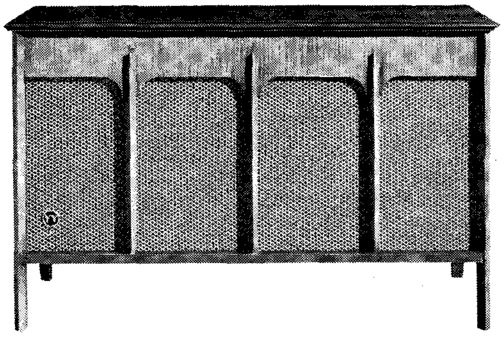
All this...
Teriyakis & Tenderloins
Poulets & Piperades
Continental Suppers
All-American Brunches
...and Hamburgers too
Nothing over $1.95
but the steak
Lunch from 11
Dinner 5-10 • Supper till 1 A.M.
Tea • Sunday Brunch 11-4 • Fountain
COOKERY *Lafayette*
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT 8th STREET

Holidays & Horse Sense

Mix sentiment with horse sense. **Miller's is aglow with the newest in riding clothes, saddlery, books, original "horsey" gifts and Xmas cards. Or let a gift certificate** say Merry Christmas for you. Come in or call for **immediate gift service.**

MILLER'S
123 EAST 24 ST. N. Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

definitive stereo sound system elegant . . . eloquent!



WEBCOR MONTEREY—tape recorder, phonograph, AM/stereo FM radio in oiled walnut cabinetry of enduring grace

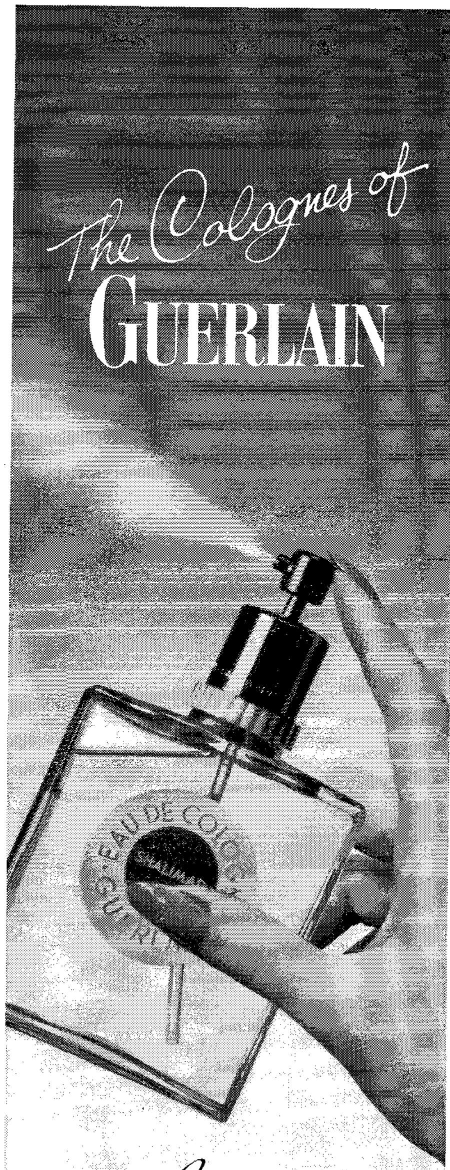
The MONTEREY is no less than the definitive stereo system of the Sixties. And its graceful oiled walnut cabinet makes it a constant delight to your eyes as well as your ears. Every advanced feature known to the art of stereo is found here. Five wide range speakers deliver luxurious sound from each stereo source—tape recorder, phonograph and stereo FM. The tape recorder operates at all three speeds, the automatic record changer at all four. You can play back 2- and 4-track pre-recorded stereo tapes, or record your own from stereo FM, stereo records, or "live". Your Webcor dealer will be delighted to demonstrate its versatility and ease of operation.

WEBCOR
STYLED FOR SOUND

Webcor Inc., Chicago tape recorders, portable and console phonographs, radios, components, Dormeyer appliances and power tools could name, at the same price. A man who already has all the guns he needs might appreciate a rug made of a magnificently tanned Holstein-steer hide ($250 at W. & J. Sloane). That is, he might appreciate it for his bedroom; you'd better not try to introduce such a passive prize into his trophy room, among the rhinos and lions and things. It's made of one hide trimmed into a roughly eight-foot square and mounted on felt.

A good raincoat could resolve somebody's quandary about what to give somebody. Knize, 24 East 56th Street, has a classically cut black silk raincoat, self-lined, that would do splendidly over a black tie or a white one. It is light in weight, and it costs $95.

Cartier has detected a reaction—a swing of the pendulum, possibly—against those wristwatches with noncommittal faces, whereon only every third hour is marked, and then only by a tiny dot of precious stone or metal. And Cartier's response is a rectangular eighteen-carat-yellow-gold wristwatch with an eggshell-white dial and straightforward black Roman numerals; it's Cartier's own make, it has fifteen jewels, and it costs $475, complete with a brown pigskin or black alligator band. At Tiffany, there's a Patek Philippe pocket watch that is a sort of gently rounded triangle. It has a sleek, textured eighteen-carat-gold case, a so-called stick dial (no numerals), and eighteen jewels; $825. Tiffany also has a Rolex wristwatch called the True Beat and designed not for a Greenwich Villager in particular but for anyone who wants a second hand that jumps a whole second at a time, rather than a fifth of a second, the way most second hands do. This watch has a round, eighteen-carat-yellow-gold case, its twenty-seven-jewel movement is shockproof, waterproof, and self-winding, and the price is $450. At Black, Starr & Frost is a wristwatch with a rectangular eighteen-carat-gold case divided into two separate dials, so that the owner can tell what time it is in two different places—here and in Basel, for example. One dial is engraved with an outline map of the United States and the other with a small section of the universe, showing part of our globe and, glimmering in the distance, the sun. The movements for the two dials come from Switzerland and are independent, having seventeen jewels apiece, and the case comes from France; the price is $875, which includes a lizard strap with an eighteen-carat-gold buckle. For the fellow who *really* wants to know what time it is

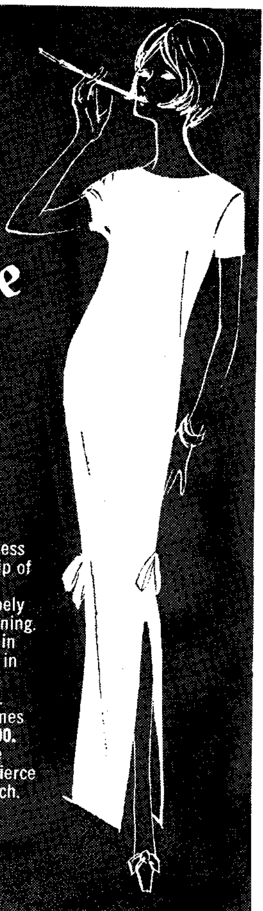


The Colognes of GUERLAIN

Shalimar and L'heure Bleue

in a new bottle with ATOMIZER *for spraying*

A trim new shape that's easily packable for travel—and a handsome addition to the dressing table—a separate *atomizer* top that releases *exactly* the amount of fragrance you want… at the touch of a fingertip. At fine stores, $6, plus tax.

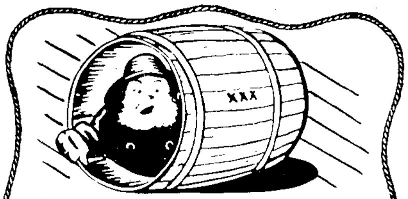


the village store

R.S.V.P.

To the gracious hostess who wears a long slip of velveteen slit to the knee to show a shapely leg and a surprise lining. Cranberry red lined in pink, fir green lined in blue, black or aquamarine lined in gold. 6-14, **36.00.** Also comes in street length. **26.00.** By Loomtogs. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Postage 50¢. Catalog on request.

NEW YORK CITY, 822 Lexington at East 63rd St.
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"Watch ho! Pass the word to the binnacle list that we're bulling a cask on the lower deck of the bark Wanderer". *Excellent Dining Facilities.*

Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

CAMPIGLI Le due Sorelle 1940

CAMPIGLI
GENTILINI
MARINI
MORANDI
MUSIC
SIRONI
VESPIGNANI

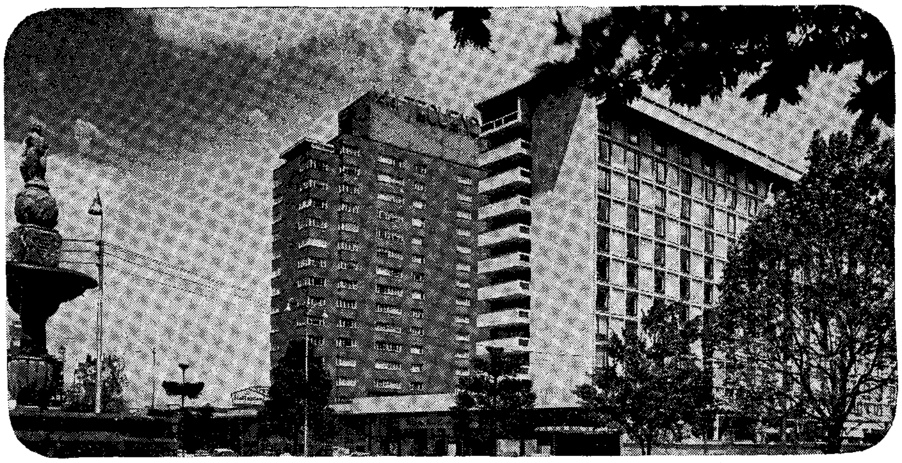
ALAN AUSLANDER
1078 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK 22

in other places, though, Hammacher Schlemmer has gone all out, producing a map of the world on which sixty-nine cities are indicated by name; each name has a little window underneath, and each little window reveals numerals giving the hour and the minute in that city. The map measures fifteen and a half inches by twenty-two, and is framed in walnut, under glass, and the mechanism is electric; $50. What time does the ski train leave for Bromley, did you ask? You'll have to consult Grand Central about that, but we can tell you that the Head Ski Company, of Timonium, Maryland, has developed what it calls a Shortski, which is not only shorter but wider and less stiff than the standard Head skis. The philosophy behind this new ski is that a learner can get around on a shorter wider ski better. Shortskis are $98.50 at Abercrombie.

An ornamental silver bottle top would make a thoughtful present for a man who has a lot of bottles, and James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, is where you can find one. A bottle top of Georgian silver, fitted with new cork and engraved on top in bold letters—"Wh," "Sac," "Ma," "Cl," "Po," "Mo," "Bu," "She," and "Fro"—so that the recipient will know which bottle it should go on, costs $12.50. What could "Fro" stand for?

If you are in search of something to ornament a desk, rather than a bottle, perhaps one of the carved fish at Mario Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th), would do the trick. An angelfish five inches long and seven inches high, carved out of a chunk of agate whose varicolored markings seem to have been designed with that particular fish in mind, costs $290, mounted on a rough agate base trimmed with jadeite seaweed, and a stunning fantail goldfish, four and a half inches long and two and a half inches high, with every detail of its elaborate fans and fins marvellously carved in rock crystal, costs $250. No fish? Well, a samurai warrior on his horse, wrought in Italy of eighteen-carat gold and standing seven inches over all, is one of the high spots ($2,600) of the Buccellati collection. The warrior carries his family banner and wears a complicated helmet and a full complement of swords, and his horse is as wonderfully caparisoned as he is, and the two of them are authentic down to the last link of chain in their armor.

For improving what goes under a desk, Abercrombie & Fitch offers an electric shoe shiner, with three push buttons: On-and-Off, Black, and Brown. The polish comes in a spray can, and the



Step Inside And See The Andes!

HOTEL TEQUENDAMA

BOGOTA • COLOMBIA

Nature did the décor for the Hotel Tequendama. Lofty, breathtaking lavender hills . . . the northernmost reaches of the Andes! You see them in splendour from our lounges and bars and restaurants and night club through vast walls of glass. And now we've added a whole new apartment wing, so more people can come and enjoy the view. Today the Tequendama is the largest hotel in South America. Surrounded by all the excitement of Bogotá. Rich in the color of this land of emeralds and orchids. Perfect place for meetings, conventions . . . or unusual fun. Accommodations from singles to complete apartments. Ask your travel agent. Or write us now at the Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.

General Manager, Gus A. Romea

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

BACCARAT ...the crystal of Kings...since 1764

BACCARAT ...full-lead crystal imported from France

BACCARAT ...for distinctive gifts or stemware

A sparkling crystal ice bucket, 6" high. The ideal and festive gift for chilling champagne glasses during the Holiday Season. With gilded mounting and tongs, $100.00. The clear crystal Normandie glass, $4.75.

Write Department N8 for our illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, twenty-five cents each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

Sig got the bird

It's the elusive Auerhahn from Sig's fabulous collection of one. Climb ein Alp! Cock der gun! Vham! Donnerwetter! Missed again! Nothing daunted, Sig goes on Alpine Safari every year, returning birdless but loaded with ski pants, parkas, dirndls, boots, and apres-ski wear. His taste is superlative if not his aim. This year's sweaters are proof enough—Austrian, Italian, Norwegian, French and delectable. Boots by Rogg, Strolz, and Hencke, (the famous Speed-fit), and skis by Head, Kaestle, Kneissl and others await your selection. And this year Sig offers his own sleek stretch pants and racing ski poles, priced to be the buy of the season. You'll see the bird, the bird hunter and the most complete, colorful collection of skiers' needs in the city when you stop in at Sig's Home-away-from-the-slopes. See you bei Buchmayr. Write for our illustrated brochure.

Sig Buchmayr's

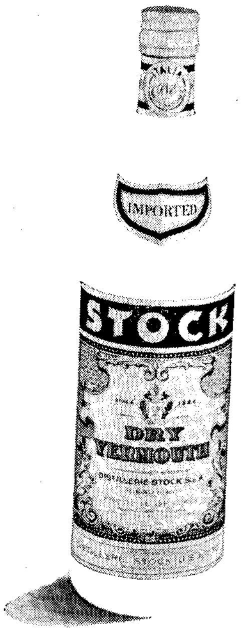
18 East 53rd Street, N.Y.
Sugarbush, Warren, Vt.

brushes will survive innumerable launderings in the washing machine, or so Abercrombie says; $59.95. A present for a fisherman? The Minneapolis-Honeywell people, who are always fiddling around with thermostats and other means of heat control, have evolved an apparatus, called the Fish-O-Therm, that looks like a transistor radio with a reel of fishing line at one end, and that will tell a fisherman the temperature of the water at any depth the line can reach—about sixty feet. Does that help the fisherman? Yes, because ichthyologists have long since discovered what temperatures various fish prefer, and this device enables the fisherman to take advantage of that knowledge. If he seeks sunfish or crappies, say, he finds a layer of water where the temperature is between sixty-five and seventy-five degrees, and fishes there; if it's landlocked salmon he's after, he finds a layer that is between forty-five and fifty-five degrees. The instrument costs $29.95 and is sold at—guess where?—Abercrombie & Fitch.

Here's one we'll bet you hadn't thought of—a sail for an ice skater! Taken right out of Currier & Ives and available at Alex Taylor, 7 East 38th Street, the thing has a mast and boom of one-inch aluminum tubing, and the sail itself is of red, blue, green, yellow, or white four-ounce, or heavy-duty nylon, with a tough plastic peephole in the middle, so that the skater tearing along like the wind won't bump into things or people. The price is $70, and a storage bag, to be had in the same colors as the sails, is $3.50. A most superior ping-pong paddle is also sold at Taylor—a bat with a reverse-leather grip and a three-ply laminated blade that is faced with medium-hard rubber and backed with sponge rubber. This paragon of paddles is called the Challenge, and it costs $6.

Had the news reached you that Stephen J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, has evolved a tennis glove? This would certainly be the perfect present for a tennis player who tends to get blisters on his racket hand. The glove (it can be either a right or a left) has a chamois palm and a terry-cloth back, and the fourchettes—those little panels along the sides of the fingers—are of stretch nylon; $3.95. Golfers, of course, have had gloves all along, but what golfers haven't had until now are gloves, of a sort, for the feet—a set of cleats that can be slipped onto everyday shoes, more or less like a pair of rubbers. The idea is that a man can carry them around with him, so in case the oppor-

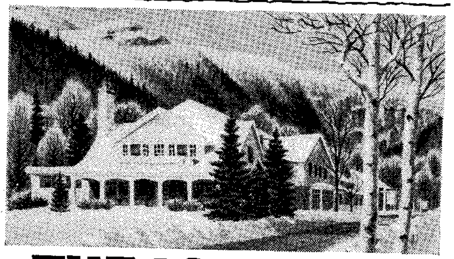
STOCK



clearly... the dry-est Vermouth

IMPORTED DRY & SWEET VERMOUTHS • BRANDIES • CORDIALS

U.S. IMPORTER: DISTILLERIE STOCK U.S.A., LTD., N.Y.
U.S. SALES AGENT: JACK POUST & COMPANY, INC., N.Y.



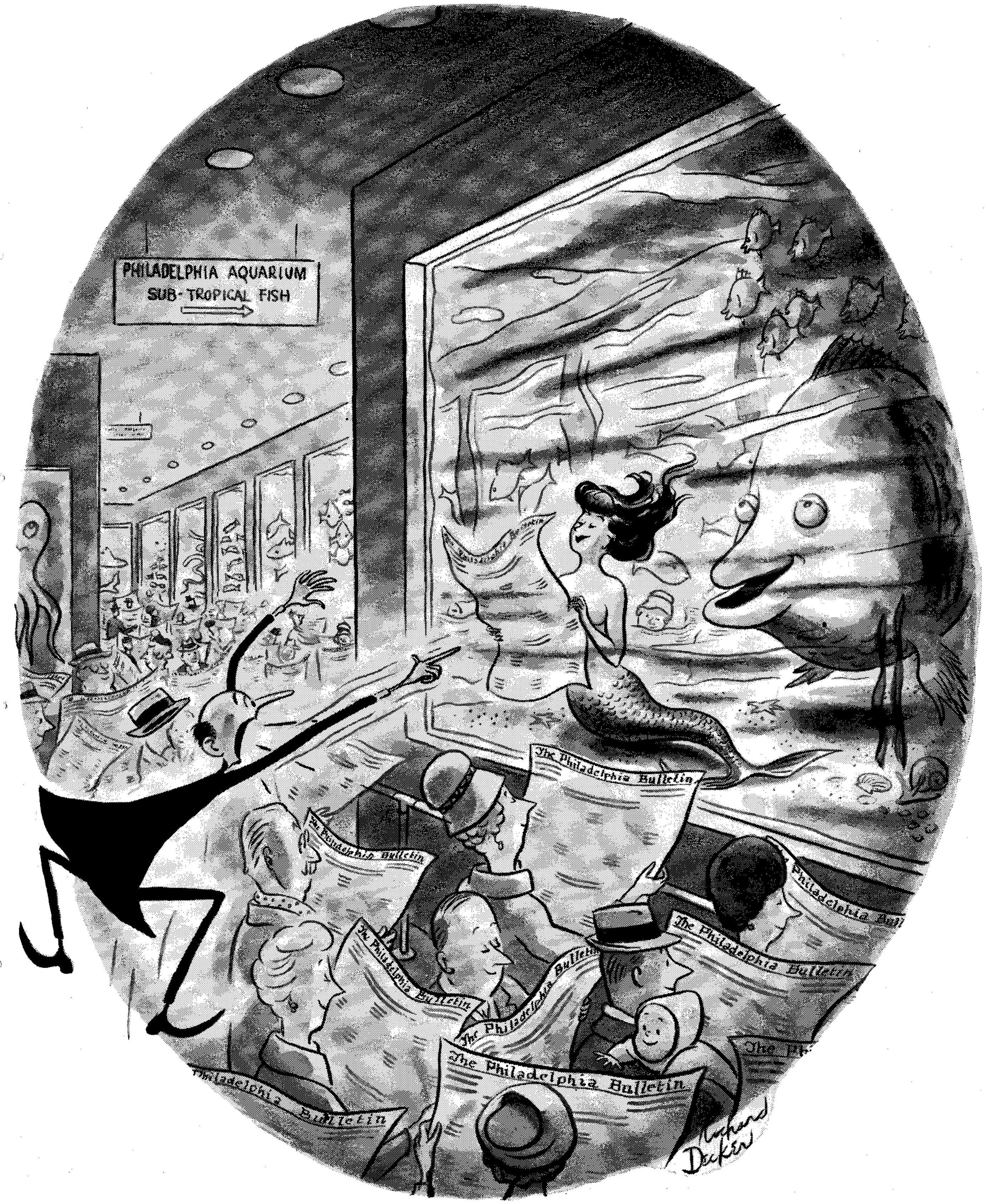
THE LODGE
at Smugglers' Notch

Centered among the most extensive ski facilities in the U. S. A. Gay luxurious ski living, continental atmosphere. Renowned French cuisine, wine cellar, extolled in Holiday. Merry game rooms, dancing, skating. Sport shops, world famous ski school. Reservations advised. Tel. *Stowe* 253-7311. Write Ivor Petrak, *Mgr.* Brochure.

STOWE 4, Vermont

A Munificent Gift...

STEREO
PUCCINI
MADAME BUTTERFLY
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
(S)3604 C/L
Angel Records


PHILADELPHIA AQUARIUM
SUB-TROPICAL FISH
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE
we'll make your Chicago visit a better one

A big promise? Perhaps, for lesser establishments. ■ But, the Hotels Ambassador have a world-wide reputation to maintain as hosts to the famous and the fashionable. ■ The reputation is solidly established by superb hospitality, unique elegance, every facility your necessity or whim may demand. ■ For the executive, there is a wide choice of private meeting rooms. For the pleasure-bent visitor there is The Pump Room, The Buttery, The Beau Nash Club where food is an art, service unequaled. ■ Our rooms, suites and penthouses for living gratify the most sensitive tastes. Air-conditioning, radio and television, of course. ■ If your interest is an executive meeting or social gathering we will delight you with the infinite possibilities of The Guildhall, The Four Georges, The Sarah Siddons Walk. ■ Distinguish your Chicago visit by staying with us. You will do so again.

Hosts to the famous and the fashionable

HOTELS Ambassador
1300 North State Parkway • Chicago 10, Illinois
Area Code 312—SUperior 7-7200, TWX 222-0807
NEW YORK CITY—PLaza 2-5660 or Circle 7-2700
LOS ANGELES—DUnkirk 8-1151
SAN FRANCISCO—EX 7-2717

tunity for a game crops up unexpectedly, he won't have to beg off on account of no proper shoes. The cleats are made of tough molded nylon, and the price is $3.35 at Cutler-Owens, 44 West 50th Street, in Radio City. If this golfer *doesn't* get many opportunities (expected or unexpected) to play, he might be made happy by the gift of an outfit called Catch On Golf, which consists of a three-foot-square target that rolls up, like a window shade; a stand to hang it on; and a set of six lightweight plastic balls that will stick to it wherever they hit. The target is calibrated for drives and chip shots, and the price is $24.95 at Abercrombie & Fitch, who say that there's no danger of banging up the house with the outfit. At Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), there's a putter that comes apart into two pieces and thus can be insinuated into a desk drawer or a briefcase and hauled out whenever the occasion warrants; $23. An occasion that might warrant it is supplied by an innocent-looking ashtray-and-pen-stand set that makes a handsome accessory on a desk top and can be taken apart and put to use any time its owner wants to turn the rug into a practice green; the metal liner of the ashtray serves as the cup. This is also at Dunhill, and the price is $10. A light, water-repellent golf jacket of sand-colored cotton poplin costs $26.50 at Sulka, and that and the foregoing should just about take care of the golfers on your list. Now for fencers. A fencer who is eternally wearing out the heel on the shoe of the foot he lunges with would be delighted to find in his stocking—his Christmas stocking, that is—a plastic cup that prevents such wear and tear; it's a dollar at George Santelli, 412 Sixth Avenue (8th). If his shoes are all taken care of, he might like an antique mahogany boot rack from England that has been converted into a commodious liquor cabinet at Brooks Brothers. It's about three feet wide and three feet high, and in addition to a shelf that will easily hold a case of whiskey, there's a shelf for glasses and a row of pegs for beer mugs; $125.

Do you know any Organization Men on the New Frontier? At Georg Jensen, there's a first-rate teakwood rocking chair, designed by Hans Wegner, a Dane, and made in Denmark. The rockers are long enough so that a man can work up a good head of steam without tipping over, but not so long that people will be tripping over them all the time. The price is $225.

TREASURE from SCOTLAND

The Famous Grouse Brand
Blended Scotch Whisky

SCOTCH for the TRUE CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Gloag family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

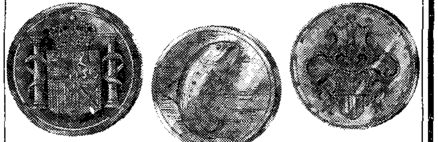
FAMOUS GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

in Washington, D.C.

Dining at "Dukes" Is Better Than Ever!

DUKE ZEIBERT'S
Newly Enlarged and Completely Redecorated
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N. W.

BLAZER BUTTONS



SPANISH CREST on Blue enamel background. 18K gold—large ¾", $44.00 each. Small 9/16", $33.00.

HAND-ENGRAVED fish on 14K gold. ¾" size, $29.70 each. 9/16", $23.10 each. (Also available with pheasant or duck)

INTAGLIO hand-carved coat-of-arms. Engraved gold topaz. 14K gold mounting. Set of 3 large, 4 small. $440.00.

Fed. Tax Included. No catalog.

Old Buttons, Inc.
510 Madison Ave., Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N.Y.C.

Another man's chair at the same store—this one a straight chair, also designed by Wegner and made in Denmark—has a teak seat and an oak frame, and, best of all, a coat-hanger back, carved to support a jacket as elegantly as the fussiest tailor could wish. It's called a valet chair and costs $235. A set of three gold-plated trouser hangers costs $7.50 at Tripler. At Hammacher Schlemmer, for $100, there's a walnut valet stand that's equipped not only with the conventional coat hanger and the receptacle for change, keys, wallet, fountain pen, and so on, but a trouser press that opens up like a trapdoor. When the trousers are folded inside, an electric ironer goes to work on them, and there's an automatic timer that turns the thing off, so the pants don't get overdone.

A magnificent bridge table at Georg Jensen is made of hand-rubbed teak and has a top of black oxhide that has been polished to within an inch of its life but still isn't so shiny as to distract the players by its glare. There is a sturdy pull-out shelf at each corner, with a niche for a coaster or an ashtray, and the price is $410. This table, by the way, is not of the folding variety. At Macy, though, you can find a magnetic folding board and a deck of magnetized cards, for playing bridge or whatever out-of-doors; no chance of a card's blowing over. This is $4.98.

Braces made of brown crocodile are $26.50 a pair at Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street. . . . A green onyx ashtray decorated with a fourteen-carat-gold thoroughbred horse an inch and a quarter high costs $69.50 at the Miller Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street. . . . If a banjo player you know is tired of playing on only four strings, you can elate him this Christmas by giving him a banjo neck geared for *five* strings, which has been hand-carved of hard maple by the expert woodworkers at H. L. Wild, 510 East 11th Street; $6.50. . . . A billfold with a magnetic lining that keeps it from flapping open costs $8.25 in black calf or black suède and $6.60 in black moire at Knize. . . . A fifteen-inch-long model of a Mediterranean brigantine, hand-carved by a retired Italian sea captain, is $35 at the Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), and a pair of stylized eagles carved in walnut and weighted so that they can serve as bookends are $45 at the same worthy store. . . . A ten-inch slicing knife, an eight-inch all-purpose kitchen knife, a three-and-a-half-inch paring knife, and a French tomato-slicer called Sharpee come in a set that is $8.95 at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st). . . . A cordless and

JUVENIA

ACCURACY AND ELEGANCE SINCE 1860

JUVENIA celebrates over 100 years as a leader in the art of Swiss watchmaking. Among its distinguished creations are the fascinating, original MYSTERE designs ...the simple, elegant SLIM group. Quality makes JUVENIA a true jeweler's watch.

Transparent watches in flattering sizes and shapes, so light on the wrist. See the 17-jewel movement through the unbreakable back. Vivid red hands on jet black face. In gold filled from $95

Supremely elegant timepieces — incredibly thin round, square or rectangular designs for men or women. 17-jewel, shock-resistant movement. In gold filled from $89.50; in 18K gold from $185.

Mystère
SLIM

At fine jewelers / World Wide service / Write for color brochure.
Fabrique Juvenia, Switzerland / U.S. Agent: Juvenia Watch Distributors, 580 5th Ave., N.Y. 36.

Vaca Suave glove leather

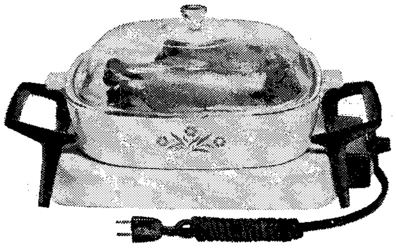
PRIDE · MARK*

gift masterpieces by Paris

This is an incredibly soft, supple cowhide, masterfully crafted into exceptional Paris® gifts. Each is an item of rare prestige. The larger kit, $10. Small fitted kit, $5. See them today.

PRIDE MARK
PARIS

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA—*TM. ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH



This automatic skillet is a little kitchen in itself! No other cooks so many ways...no other is so easy to clean...no other still looks like new after day-in, day-out use!

The Corning Ware Electromatic Skillet is not only a wizard with the simmered stew, the crispy chicken, the scrambled egg (its heat is so even)—the skillet dish slips in your broiler, the base warms plates or buns! And it washes in seconds. All because it's made of fabulous PYROCERAM® space-age ceramic that defies extremes of heat and cold. So nonporous you just whisk away food odors and flavors. A gift to treasure! $29.95

CORNING WARE®
ELECTROMATIC
a product of CORNING

Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y., unconditionally guarantees that any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any CORNING WARE product that ever breaks from temperature extremes. Furthermore, any CORNING WARE dealer is authorized to replace any mechanical part within one year from date of purchase if not mechanically perfect. Price slightly higher in Canada.

well-balanced table lamp that works on a dry-cell battery and has a beige waterproof fabric shade is available at the Crow's-Nest, and would be a good present for a man with a boat. . . . A new India-ink fountain pen with a marvellously flexible fourteen-carat-gold point, at Sam Flax, 25 East 28th Street, for $15, holds a quarter of an ounce of ink, which is a lot, and would delight an artist, because it's been a long time since similar pens were available anywhere. . . . A set of square hardwood rubber stamps that stamp "Rush," "Approved," "File," "Personal," and "Airmail" on whatever a man might like stamped costs $12.50 at Georg Jensen, and a companion ink pad fitted into a shallow teakwood tray is $5. . . . An eighteen-carat-gold-encased scratch pad, topped with a perpetual calendar that has coral knobs for changing it from month to month, and accompanied by an eighteen-carat-gold pencil, costs $1,650 at Cartier.

And, finally, a man who is distracted by noises around him, like a dripping faucet, a radio upstairs, garbage men downstairs, or jingle bells and carollers down the street, can wrap himself up in a blanket of what the CP Electronics people, of Columbus, Indiana, call white sound, and then either go to sleep or get on with his work. This white sound is produced by something called a Sound Conditioner, which looks like a radio (it's about eight inches long, five inches high, and six inches thick), and it can be modified from a fairly loud roar to a whisper. What the sound is is a composite of all kinds of noise, blended at equal intensities. And in case that doesn't do the trick, the owner can shut it off and turn on the soothing sound of surf rising and falling, or the sound of rain—anything from a light pitter-patter to a downpour. The machine works on transistors and flashlight batteries, and costs $69.95 (*with* the transistors and batteries) at Hammacher Schlemmer. What do you say we turn it on right now?

•

> It is very hard to put Switzerland into words. It is a land of towering mountains eternally snow capped. It is a land of meadows, some of them high on mountain sides, and every available inch is cultivated. It is a land of Khrushchev and Melina Mer- laughing and tossing as with incredible speed they rush downward from melting glaciers.—*Norman Vincent Peale in the Berkeley (Calif.) Daily Gazette.*

You've put it into words very nicely. We'll be right over.

treat yourself to

O'CONNOR'S
A BLEND OF THE WORLD'S FINEST COFFEES* AND
MOCHA & JAVA

O'CONNOR'S
A BLEND OF WORLD FAMOUS COFFEES AND
Genuine
MOCHA & JAVA

Once you experience the tantalizing aroma and exquisitely rich, full-bodied flavor of this superb blend you know that at last you have found the perfect coffee... a magnificent blend of the world's finest coffees, roasted to perfection!

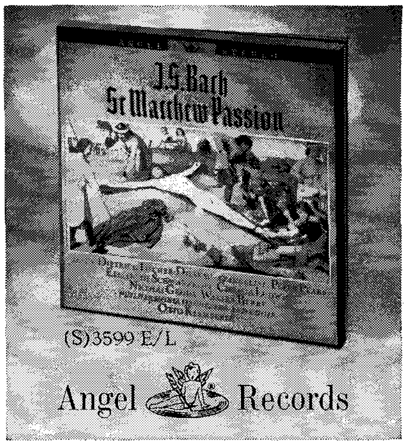
*An opinion expressed by our customers.

Available at most fine food stores, or write us for the name of your nearest dealer.

JAMES J. O'CONNOR COFFEE CO.
2900 N. Market • St. Louis 6, Missouri

distinctively different!
KNIFE
AND
FORK
1824 M STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Credit Cards Honored

A Munificent Gift...



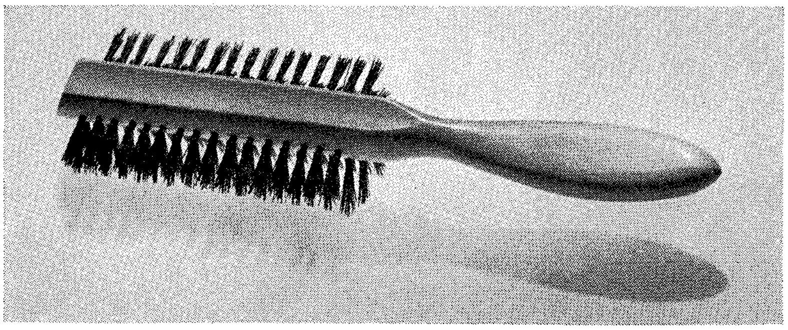
MUSICAL EVENTS

Magic Moments

IT is fairly fashionable nowadays to say that one respects Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" but that one finds it boring. Recent reports from Paris indicate that even the French, of whose civilization it is widely supposed to be a highly distilled product, esteem it greatly but do not go to hear it. As has often been pointed out, it is a unique opera, without ancestry or progeny—one in which the music is used not for its normal function of characterization and the representation of emotion but to create atmosphere, light and gloom, aspects of landscape, and other things that exist more in the minds of the narrator and the audience than in the presumable feelings of the characters. It is this, I think, that gives "Pelléas et Mélisande" its peculiar remoteness from reality, even as that word is understood in the remarkably unreal world of opera. It seems to portray not human beings but a dream about human beings, and all the composer's artifice is employed in presenting what might be described as the illusion of an illusion. Nevertheless, "Pelléas et Mélisande," especially when it is as well produced as it was on Friday night at the Metropolitan Opera House, can be a memorable, and even a deeply touching, experience, and the size of the audience showed that in New York there are a great many people who *do* go to hear it, expecting—or, at least, hoping for—just that.

The performance the other night owed most of its distinction to the conducting of Ernest Ansermet, a maestro who understands all the opera's subtleties but whose understanding never leads to forgetfulness of the grand line, as frequently happens with other conductors. His was an unusually vertebrate "Pelléas," constructed with complete intellectual control from start to finish, and building to what in this work may be regarded as some pretty smashing climaxes. But the production had other virtues as well. Horace Armistead's scenery, for all its age, still creates a dim, ultra-romantic, Pre-Raphaelite atmosphere that is highly appropriate, and one could not have asked for a more beautifully matched group of singing actors to complete the visual side of the spec-

By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen Brushmakers G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd.



The most wildly wonderful hairbrush you can own!

Here's the most brush in the world, created by Kent, and Kent alone, for that very special woman who wants even brushing her hair to be an adventure. It has the tinglingest natural bristle under the sun. Hard to believe even the wildest boar could grow such powerful stuff. (They don't often. That's why the bristle costs Kent so much.) Kent gives you 121 energetic tufts of it, hand locked with silver wire in an entirely hand-made frame. Rare wood. Rare brushmanship. Incredibly good for your hair, and lastingly worth every cent of its price. $32.50. (Style LHS7) Tamer Kents from $6.50 at Lord & Taylor • Neiman-Marcus • Julius Garfinckel • The Halle Bros. Co. • I. Magnin & Co.; other stores.

KENT OF LONDON

Since 1777

630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

THE BEST FROM BRITAIN

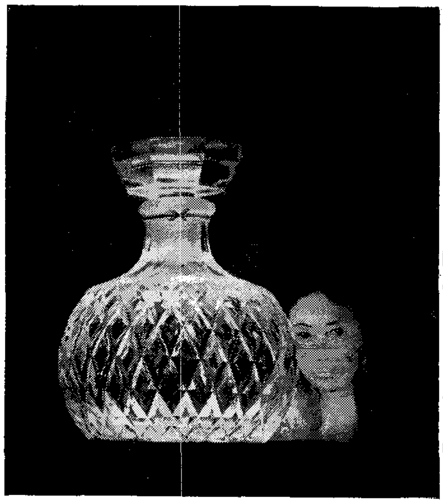
THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

FIRESIDE GLOW

Supreme in comfort and chic — Tanner's overblouse of textured silk paired with velveteen pants in glowing colors:
Pants in emerald, raspberry, azalea pink, sapphire or Aegean blue. (also black). **29.50.**
Blouse printed in blues or raspberry pink on white ground. **19.95.**
Both, sizes 10 to 16.

PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING.

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



inseparable... the fragrance and the woman... together they make a mood to remember

Capricci

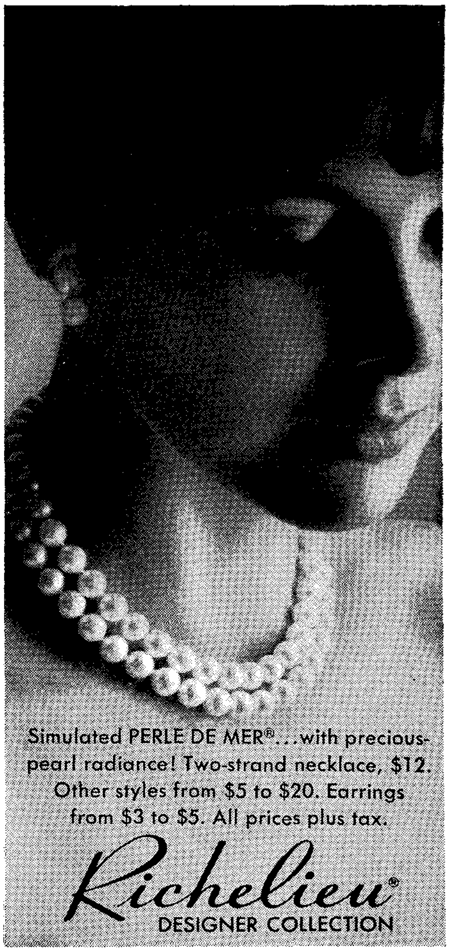
PARFUMS
NINA RICCI
PARIS

CAPRICCI PERFUME MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. $60., $37.50, $12.50. EAU DE TOILETTE, FRAGRANCE SPRAYS, DUSTING POWDER, FROM $16. TO $6.50. PRICES PLUS TAX. PARFUMS NINA RICCI PARIS. IN U.S.A.: 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

John Wanamaker

tacle. Just to look at, Anna Moffo's Mélisande, Theodor Uppman's Pelléas, George London's Golaud, Jerome Hines' King Arkel, Blanche Thebom's Geneviève, and Teresa Stratas' Yniold were enchanting. This is not, of course, the sort of opera in which one picks out the vocal feats of individual singers. The main requirement, vocally, is clear French enunciation and a feeling for poetic declamation in that language. In this department, Mr. London stood out well above the others, and since he is always a very cultivated actor, his role had special distinction. But I do not wish to run down his colleagues. Pelléas is perhaps Mr. Uppman's ideal role; no one hereabouts since the late Edward Johnson has given it more polish or more of a feeling of youthfulness. While Miss Moffo's Mélisande may have lacked the ultimate touch of childlike fantasy, it was very good for all that, and Miss Stratas' Yniold was quite out of the ordinary, being as convincing a portrayal of this role as I have ever seen.

ON Thursday evening, under the baton of Sir John Barbirolli, the New York Philharmonic took on an entirely new sheen. Here and there, one might have wished for a little more of the apocalyptic grandeur that distinguishes the work of some maestros, but when it came to elegance of phrase and precision of ensemble, Sir John's interpretations were quite impressive. Brahms' Second Symphony was given a beautifully balanced reading. Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, with Gina Bachauer as soloist, sounded to me unusually light, almost as if its interpreters were thinking of it as chamber music—and this even though Miss Bachauer has always been among the most powerful of contemporary pianists and was playing in front of a full-strength orchestra. However, I have now become so utterly confused by the acoustical features of Philharmonic Hall that I have no idea whether this effect was due to the flying coffins in the ceiling or to the intentions of the performers. In any case, this was a finely proportioned performance, in which Miss Bachauer's and Sir John's contributions were coordinated to the point of perfect fusion. The remainder of the program held little interest as far as I was concerned. The Intermezzo from Delius's opera "Fennimore and Gerda" has a slightly weak sort of charm that, I know, appeals to many, but not to me, and Darius Milhaud's "Ouverture Philharmonique," which was given its world



Simulated PERLE DE MER®...with precious-pearl radiance! Two-strand necklace, $12. Other styles from $5 to $20. Earrings from $3 to $5. All prices plus tax.

Richelieu®
DESIGNER COLLECTION

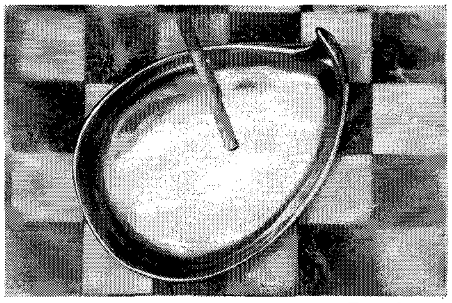
JOS. H. MEYER BROS., A DIVISION OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

HU-KWA
A GIFT TO REMEMBER

Smoky Hu-Kwa Tea from the slopes of Taiwan is a gift to remember. Delicately unique in flavor—deeply satisfying, it is the finest Lapsang Souchong tea available. You may get Hu-Kwa from me, the exclusive importer in attractive crested canisters—$4.00 per pound, $2.25 per ½ lb. *Please add 25¢ per item if beyond 350 miles of Boston.* Your order will receive my own prompt attention.

Mark T. Wendell
Importer
156 State Street • Boston 9, Mass.
Many fine food stores also carry HU-KWA

NEPIR LTD.



ASHTRAY FOR CIGARETTES BIEN FUMES, POLISHED BRASS $15.00.
BROCHURE ON REQUEST.
216 E. 53RD ST. / NEW YORK 22 / PL 3-5320

première on this occasion, is, to my mind, unadulterated rubbish.

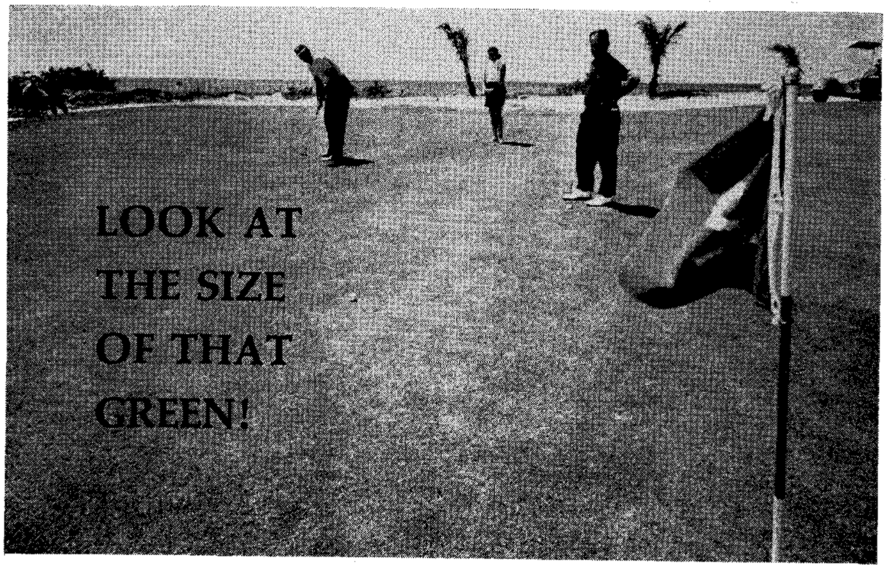
ALVIN ETLER'S Concerto for Wind Quintet and Orchestra, which received the rare honor of a second performance here within six weeks of its première by the Philharmonic—this time being done by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Wednesday evening at Philharmonic Hall—is, on the other hand, a composition that is worth taking seriously. Mr. Etler has evolved an individual style with many features of interest to technicians. It is not expressive of anything much aside from aggressiveness and energy, but that is something, and though I doubt whether this work is conceived for the ages, it is at least unhackneyed and considerate of the instruments for which it is written. The Boston Symphony's performance of it, under Erich Leinsdorf, was extremely fastidious. Mr. Leinsdorf is rapidly putting his individual stamp on the playing of the Bostonians, who seem to be in the process of becoming drier, crisper, and perhaps a shade cooler than they were under Charles Munch. Last week's concert also included Mozart's amazingly Beethovenesque Piano Concerto in G Major (K. 453), which was given a superb interpretation, made memorable by the magnificent Mozart style of Geza Anda, the soloist, and the meticulous authority of Mr. Leinsdorf. The evening ended with something that was interesting, if only for the record—Arnold Schoenberg's orchestral arrangement of Brahms' Quartet for Piano and Strings in G Minor, Opus 25, a rather fussy and elaborate piece of orchestration in which Brahms is made to sound most of the time as if he were being played on a baroque organ. I don't like my Brahms that way.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

System and Chance

LISTENING to "Studies in Improvisation," a Victor release made up of seven musical demonstrations by the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble, is an absorbing and quickening experience, even though, by the very nature of the enterprise, the music itself may have no permanence. I had better explain to anyone who is unfamiliar with the ensemble and its aims that it was founded five years back by Lukas Foss at the University of California at Los Angeles, where Mr. Foss, a composer, conductor, pianist, and educator, is professor of music, and that its function is to impro-



The greens at Grand Bahama Hotel and Country Club are enormous. Makes them a bit easier to hit than most, but once you're on, your work's cut out for you. Hitting to these big greens is only part of the fun. You'll enjoy playing at your own pace. The course is never overcrowded since only our guests can play it. Each hole has three sets of tees to challenge you no matter what you shoot. Polish up your clubs and send for details on our Golfer's Special Package Plan.

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB A Jack Tar RESORT
WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

For details see your Travel Agent. In N.Y.C. call PL 5-2087 or write Dept. 22, P. O. Box 59-2375, International Airport, Miami, Florida. THE BAHAMAS' COMPLETE RESORT—Golf, Fishing, Skeet & Trap, Swimming, Tennis, Children's Activities, Bargain Shopping and lots more.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
30 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Chigusa

❋ Chigusa Kimura has a flair for fashion that transcends even her own youthful beauty. The kimono she chose for service as a Japan Air Lines hostess is in the muted color and traditional design of classic Japan. Between flights she is as chic as a Paris mannequin – in up-to-date creations Chigusa designed herself. ❋ Chigusa's versatility in two worlds of taste is apparent as she serves you in flight, with the delicacies of both East and West. Like every hostess aboard JAL DC-8 Jet Couriers, her aim is to make your flight an interlude of unforgettable graciousness – as you span oceans and continents "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

JAL

JAPAN AIR LINES

See your travel agent for jet reservations – San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu to Japan, the Orient and on to Europe.

vise concert pieces along certain spare, predetermined lines. "System and Chance Music," he calls it. The Improvisation Chamber Ensemble is basically a quartet, with Mr. Foss on piano, Richard Dufallo on clarinet, Charles DeLancey on percussion (in wide array), and Howard Colf on cello, but here and there a French horn, David Duke's, is added. If this calls to mind a jazz combo, let me assure you that the association is not without relevance. For one thing, you might relate—*in a loose way*—the Ensemble's exercises to jazz's so-called "head" arrangements, in which the musicians play an explicit opening chorus and after that indulge in flights of fancy. Then, too, one must consider the thinning white space that separates jazz and serious music as the two approach each other from opposite directions—jazz with a loss of some of its old abandon, serious music with a new freedom. But jazz as such has no place in the aesthetic of the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble—nor, for that matter, have recordings, since the group's purpose is to keep evolving a work, not merely altering it. (The excuse given for the Victor recording is that it can benefit the cause of improvised music by spreading the word.)

The players go about their business with a particular kind of piece in mind (fugue, theme and variations, program music, or whatever), using charts that indicate by symbols each player's duties *in relation to the others as the piece* progresses (melody, harmony, background, and so on). A brief musical motif may be selected in advance (sometimes this, too, is improvised), and Mr. Foss generally calls the shots from his piano, signalling for chords and their special values with specific movements of his hands and head. I might add that following the charts, which a booklet that comes with the recording provides for the four longest and most thoughtful exercises, adds to one's enjoyment.

The more I listened to this record and gained acquaintance with the challenges involved and the players' ways of dealing with them, the more I thought that much of the System and Chance Music sounded composed. A three-part piece for which a definite program, dealing with birth, life, and death, was established in advance (this is a quintet, calling upon Mr. Duke's French horn) could easily be passed off as a *finished* work, and it *is* one, I suppose, in the sense that the ensemble has engaged itself with the subject over and over, but Mr. Foss and Mr. Dufallo, in some notes on the first page of the booklet, assure

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
SOAVE • White

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
VALPOLICELLA • Red

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
BARDOLINO • Light Red

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
CHIARETTO • Rose

Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

PEARL
BAILEY
EMPIRE ROOM
EL 5-3000
THRU DEC. 15
NIGHTLY AT 9:15 & 12

In the Walldorfkeller—
Greta Keller sings
nightly from 10 P.M.
The Waldorf-Astoria

Lake Shore
Drive Hotel
OVERLOOKING LAKE MICHIGAN
181 E. Lake Shore Dr., CHICAGO
Donald O. Cronin, Mgr.
New Home of St. Hubert
Old English Grill
See Your Travel Agent or
Phone: N. Y. Office, AREA CODE 212-755-9747
or Chicago, AREA CODE 312-787-8500

us that the pieces undergo many changes each time out, may vary greatly in duration from playing to playing, may be entirely transformed as they evolve through repetition, and, when they cease to yield fresh insights, are discarded. There is just one exception to this practice on the record, and that is the "Air Antique," a charming duet for the cellist, who plucks his instrument like a guitar, and the percussionist, who is heard mostly in the highest register of the vibraphone (unamplified). It started out as an improvisation, but since it developed in such a way that the cellist had to keep returning to his opening tune, he was forced to memorize it.

The aims of the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble are completely disarming. Mr. Foss, in some solo observations on the back cover of the booklet, points out that his group cannot be considered a thoroughly finished ensemble; he insists that it is only a beginning, an exploratory attempt that may encourage other able musicians to form similar ensembles and gain a new joy and ease in their music-making. And, listening to this recording, I can imagine a group's getting to be so adept that it could create vastly more elaborate improvisations than the present ones. At the same time, it is astonishing how proficient this ensemble has become in its young life. The opening piece is nothing less than a "Fantasy and Fugue," and a double fugue, at that. True, it is not a complicated affair, but it offers impressive evidence of the men's ability.

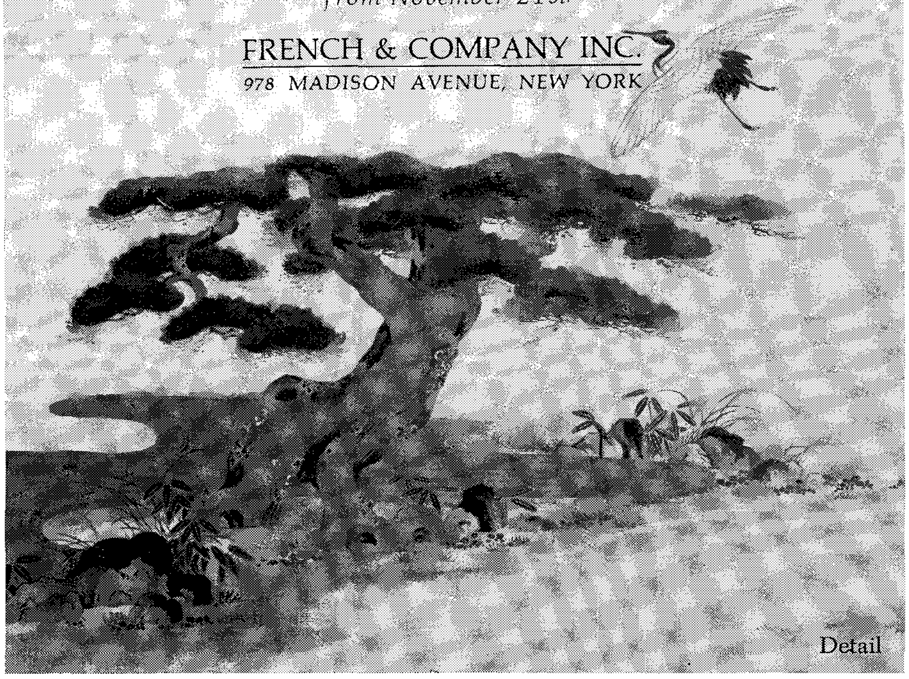
One of the distinctive characteristics of this music is its tentativeness; after all, each player must choose his material with care, according to his predetermined place in the scheme and his awareness of what is going on around him. There are likely to be many weighty silences, but they are not without precedent in formally designed music; Anton Webern and others have made significant use of protracted rests in their compositions, and what I have described as tentativeness might easily be considered suspensefulness. Nowhere is this quality more evident than in "Music for Clarinet, Percussion and Piano," an

ARTS & ARTIFACTS OF JAPAN
Yesterday and Today

The renowned Kanji Wada collection of ancient swords, screen paintings, scrolls, Buddhist paintings, gold lacquerware and coins never before shown outside Japan.

from November 21st

FRENCH & COMPANY INC.
978 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



Detail

How much life insurance should a man have? Three times his annual income? Six times? There's no pat answer to fit every case, but there is a way to answer the question intelligently for yourself. It's the "Electronic Analagraph," an exclusive service of Mutual Benefit Life—designed to help you determine scientifically and unemotionally whether you have too little or too much life insurance. Write for further information, without obligation, about the "Electronic Analagraph."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

No Chauvenet?
No Celebration!

It can't be gay
without
Chauvenet!
(RED CAP)

RED CAP
F. Chauvenet

Chauvenet
RED CAP

FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE...ALSO REMEMBER CHAUVENET BEAUJOLAIS, POMMARD, POUILLY FUISSE AND MANY OTHERS—ALL OF SUPERB QUALITY.

FESTIVAL COSTUME OF THE VINEYARD GIRLS OF BURGUNDY IN THE 19th CENTURY.

©1962
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

atonal piece whose chart, reproduced in color on the cover, suggests the course of three race horses who collide violently just after coming around the far turn. Although the entrance of the percussionist (playing wood blocks) establishes a somewhat jazzy rhythm, laying the groundwork for a bit of animated intercourse, the first and last parts are full of hiatuses.

The last of the four most ambitious pieces is "Variations on a Theme in Unison," whose theme calls to my untidy mind an old pop song, "Three Little Words." This work shows off to remarkable advantage the versatility of the men in close interplay. For the rest, there are three light encores—the "Air Antique," a fanciful "Bagatelle," and a raucous, good-natured "Circus Piece," with which the ensemble enjoys closing its public recitals.

THE Improvisation Chamber Ensemble may also be heard in a Columbia recording of Mr. Foss's "Time Cycle," the work (part composition, part improvisation) that won last year's New York Music Critics Circle Award. It was commissioned by the Ford Foundation for the soprano Adele Addison, and it is performed by Miss Addison, a house orchestra under Leonard Bernstein, and the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble. An eerie and striking work, it consists of four composed songs for voice and orchestra, with room left for the ensemble's on-the-spot inventions in between. These interludes are appropriate to the song cycle proper without having anything specific to do with it; in fact, the songs may be performed by themselves, according to the composer, and will probably have to be on many occasions, unless Miss Addison can summon the ensemble at will. They deal with observations on time—W. H. Auden's quixotic "We're Late," A. E. Housman's jaundiced "When the Bells Justle," and two German contributions, one a passage from Franz Kafka's diary and the other a fragment of Friedrich Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," both presented in the original tongue. Miss Addison negotiates their difficulties beautifully, and the orchestra performs with splendid conviction.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

On Dec. 10 or 11, a new communications satellite called Relay is scheduled to be scheduled from Cape Canaveral.—*The Times.*

Well, it's a beginning.

THE
Fontainebleau
HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

proudly presents
14 Acres
of
Resort
Pleasure

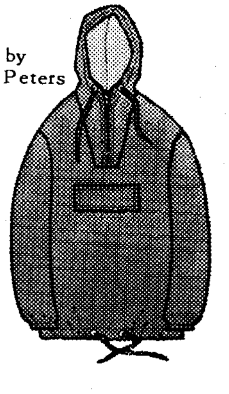
Features on Premises
and Free to Guests

★ Indoor Pool with Sun Lamps
★ Cabana Club, magnificent olympic pool
★ Bowling Lanes ★ Billiard Room
★ Tennis ★ Golf
★ Spa and Gym ★ Club Gigi
★ Complimentary entertainment
★ American / European Plan.

NEW YORK
CIrcle 5-7800
CHICAGO
ANdover 3-4181

Ben Novack
President

Duke Stewart
General Manager



SKI AND
SAILING
WHALER
$8.95

This is an all nylon washable jacket created to ward off cold and rain yet lightweight. Has pullover hood, zipper pocket at chest and drawstring waist. Shades of black, royal blue, white, red. All sizes.

Mail orders promptly filled.
Add 55¢ for postage.
Write for our FREE fashion catalog.

paul bennett, ltd.
THE CAMBRIDGE SHOP

916 14th St., N.W.
7426 Wisconsin Ave.
Washington 5, D. C.

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Enjoy good food and drink in a magnificent setting
Entertainment in the Bar-Lounge nitely
Elmwood 7-1500

SUFFERN, N. Y. Exit 15 N. Y. State Thruway
Also MOTEL on the MOUNTAIN for overnight or longer

THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

IF you ask me, there ought to be a Pari-Mutuel Handle of the Year award, like that Horse of the Year business, and the one for 1962 should go to the New York tracks. In the course of the season that closed at the Big A last Friday, $582,478,748 was tossed into the tote at Aqueduct, Belmont, and Saratoga. Additional contributions from the Finger Lakes meeting and the one-day hunt-club affair at Purchase brought the total to $596,914,520. This is an all-time high for racecourses anywhere. (Incidentally, the eight New York trotting tracks did all right, too; $530,109,244 went into their machines.) All this is by *no means surprising*; it's just progress. According to the 1942 report of the State Racing Commission, which I was thumbing through the other day, the public bet $175,158,374 at Jamaica, Belmont, Aqueduct, Empire City, and Saratoga that year. In the whole country, the total mutuel handle was $534,062,392.

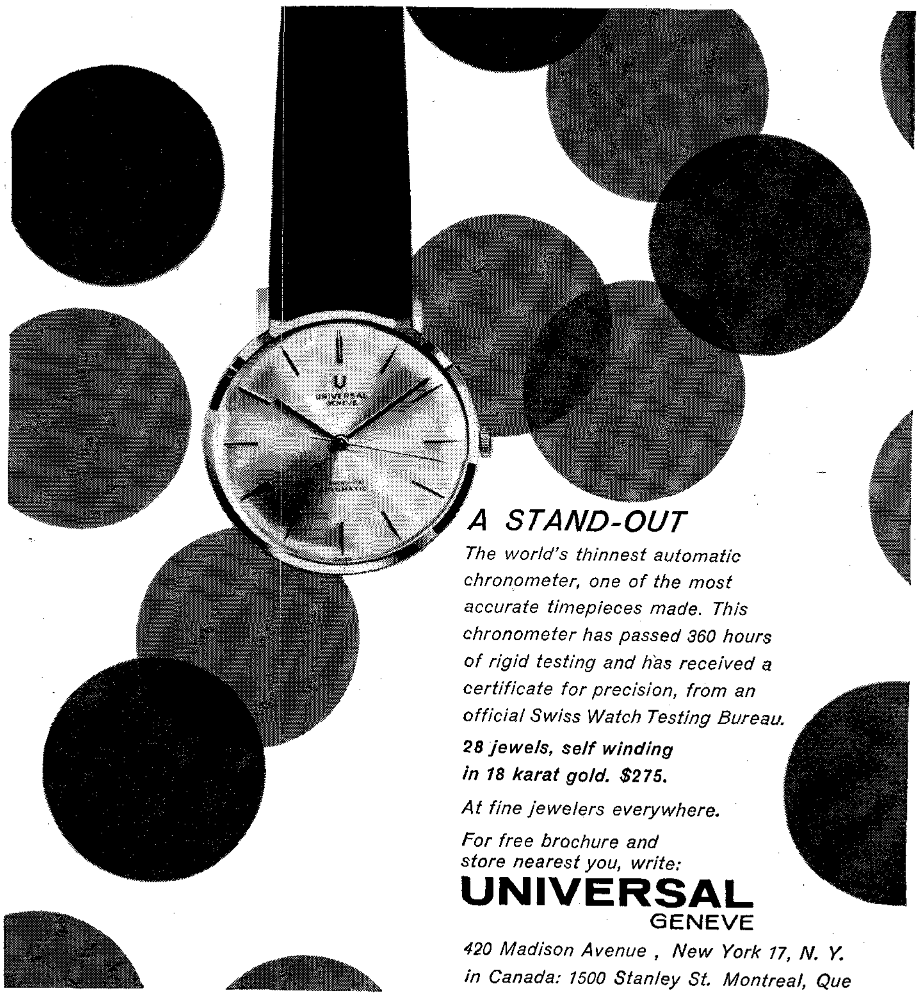
THE most distressing news of the season came along last week—that Belmont Park would be dismantled next summer and rebuilt. There's to be a new grandstand at Saratoga, too, as part of the same plan, but I don't feel so strongly about that. There is a snag, however. The New York Racing Association wants an increase of one per cent in its share of the pari-mutuel take to help pay for the alterations. (As you know, the take, as race-trackers call the fee for handling bets in the tote, is fifteen per cent, ten per cent of which goes to the state treasury and five to the tracks. The state's cut runs into a lovely dollar—around sixty million this year.) But I'm told that the powers in Albany don't think much of giving up any of their share. Instead, they would prefer to give the N.Y.R.A. ten per cent more racing days than it had this season—twenty-two, to be exact. If the offer is accepted, the season will probably begin the first week in March and end about the middle of December. A lot of horsemen, I'm sure, won't think much of that. The weather in early March is pretty awful—usually rainy

IMPORTED
IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS
AFTER SHAVE
IMPORTED

Treat your face to a double Lime Cooler

In the Virgin Islands, we capture the invigorating essence of native limes. We lace it liberally into St. Johns West Indian Lime Soap and Lime After Shave. Happy result: this double Lime Cooler. Briskly refreshing as a Tom Collins! Hefty man-shaped bar of Lime Soap, 8 ounce flask of Lime After Shave in a palm frond jacket, side-by-side in a native handwoven hamper. Seven dollars fifty cents, plus tax.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York.



A STAND-OUT

The world's thinnest automatic chronometer, one of the most accurate timepieces made. This chronometer has passed 360 hours of rigid testing and has received a certificate for precision, from an official Swiss Watch Testing Bureau.

28 jewels, self winding in 18 karat gold. $275.

At fine jewelers everywhere.

For free brochure and store nearest you, write:
UNIVERSAL
GENEVE
420 Madison Avenue , New York 17, N. Y.
in Canada: 1500 Stanley St. Montreal, Que

An intimacy to share

Her thoughts might influence yours, if you will come along with us, Réalités Magazine, inside Europe...into a World that tourists seldom discover.

Réalités takes you on the Continent with professional camera and pen: through the arts, current events, fashion, food, philosophy, politics, travel—always the things that make European living all-enveloping.

Be intellectually engrossed... be entertained by France's foremost commentators and journalists. Enjoy the valuable collection of paintings and photographs ingeniously reproduced on heavy varnished paper. You might agree with the critics who call this "The Most Beautiful Magazine In The World."

Mailed from Paris each month, *Réalités* is available in English-language or French-language editions. Treat yourself and others to "living in Europe" ... for a year.

Special rate, $12.50 a year

Réalités

REALITES in America, Dept. 100
301 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to REALITES:
☐ English edition ☐ 1 year $12.50
☐ French edition ☐ 2 years $24.00
NAME:
STREET:
CITY: ZONE: STATE:
Above subscription is a ☐ Gift ☐ My own
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me.

and bitter cold. On the other hand, December isn't so bad, and besides, the horses still in training are so toughened up that they're equal to anything, even a blizzard. Here's another thought: With Belmont torn up, all the racing will be at Aqueduct for the Lord knows how long. Some people will like that. Well, some people like parsnips.

ONE couldn't find fault with the springlike weather at Aqueduct last week, but one could certainly find fault with the form of the runners. Only a dozen favorites won. Rocky Link, who took the Remsen Stakes, wasn't one of them, but Grid Iron Hero, who led all the way in the Queens County Handicap, was. Pennies from heaven on Getaway Day.

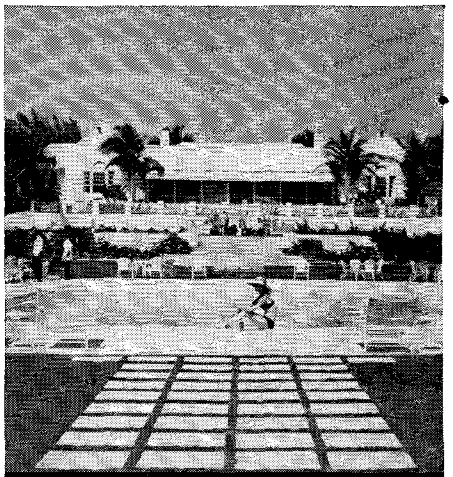
KELSO, of course, won the Governor's Plate at Garden State Park in Jersey last weekend. Actually, it was a tame affair, because he didn't leave the result in doubt for a moment of the mile-and-a-half gallop, and came in five lengths ahead of Bass Clef, who was about the same distance ahead of Polylad. Lincoln Center and Montparnasse II were down the course. Although there were five starters, there was no place or show betting on the race. No doubt the management feared that the mysterious gentleman who popped up at the Jersey tracks a number of times last summer and bet ten or twenty thousand to show on the solid favorite would take the rubber band off his bankroll for this one. At that, Kelso paid $2.80, a very liberal price in the circumstances. For the record, it was his sixth victory in twelve starts this year, and first money in the Plate, which was $35,100, brought his lifetime earnings to $1,011,940. He's the fifth horse to enter the golden circle of racers who have at least a million in prize money to their credit. The others are Round Table, Nashua, Carry Back, and Citation. Kelso will race in Florida this winter. Them as has, gits.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. Lawrence Schultz and Mrs. Fred Peterson have returned from New York City, where they enjoyed a theatre tour sponsored by the auxiliary of the Calhoun County Medical society. Plays they attended were "How To Succeed In Business Without Trying," "Night Life," "A Thousand Clowns" and "Something Funny Happened on the Way to the Farm." These tours are sponsored every year in the fall and the group may have one in the spring.—*Albion (Mich.) Evening Recorder.*

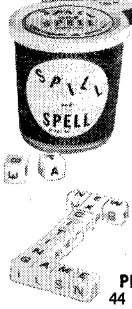
Unless something funny happens.



THE OCEAN CLUB
Paradise Island, Nassau
PAMPERS ITS GUESTS
with sumptuous
Wamsutta® Supercale
sheets & pillowcases
and Heritage towels...
the ultimate in luxury

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

SPILL AND SPELL



Alone, with partner or group
Exciting new
WORD GAME
never tires

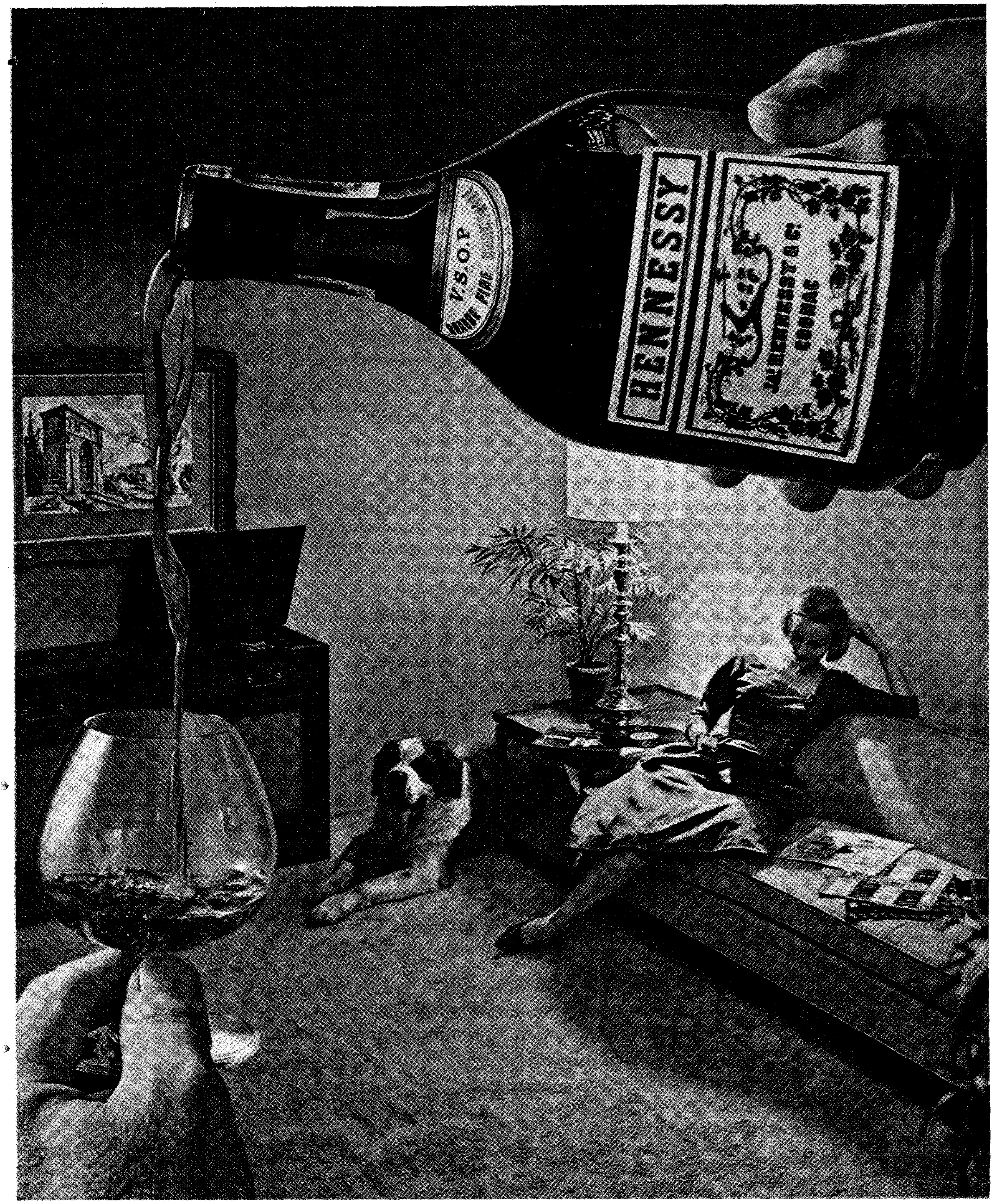
SPILL out 15 lettered cubes and SPELL out crosswords. Each play brings a fresh scoring challenge — fun for eager minds of every age.

At fine stores coast-to-coast: Basic set with timer, $3; without timer, $2. Deluxe sets @ $5 and $7. Write for PHILLIPS GAMES brochure — free.

To order by mail send 25¢ extra for handling.

PHILLIPS PUBLISHERS, INC.
44 Hunt St., Newton 58, Mass.

ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
"Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley" gay singing from 7:30 p.m.
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773


V.S.O.P
GRANDE FINE CHAMPAGNE
HENNESSY
JA. HENNESSY & C°
COGNAC

YOUR GOLDEN HOURS CALL FOR THE LUXURY OF
HENNESSY V.S.O.P. (GRANDE FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC).

The unmatched quality of Hennessy V. S. O. P. is maintained by the world's largest stocks of choice cognacs.
80 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

PENDANT $800 PIN $1250 EARRINGS $600 RING $1200 BRACELET $1000 F.T.I.

»GREEN ICE« 'Linde' brings the ultimate in fine jewelry within your reach. Once natural emeralds were the proud possession only of royalty and the very rich. Today... through the genius of modern chemistry... this luxury has been captured for you in a natural beryl stone overgrown with 'Linde' Synthetic Emerald. Every piece shimmers with the clarity, the icy-green brilliance that is so beautiful, so breathtaking! Choose the one for you from a fabulous collection of designs. By 'Linde'/Creator of 'Linde' Stars.

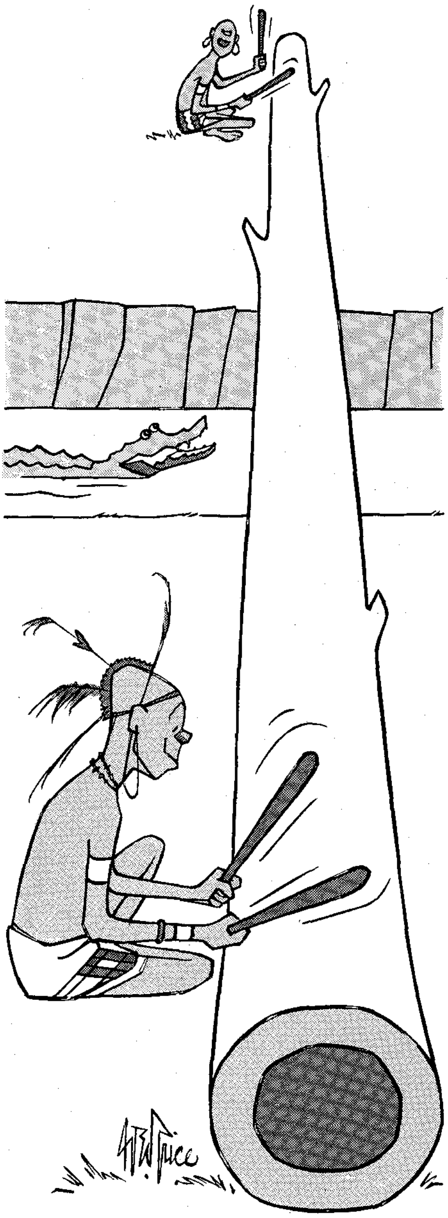
'LINDE' IS A TRADE MARK OF UNION CARBIDE CORPORATION UNION CARBIDE

THE SPORTING SCENE

PACKERLAND

ON Sundays in the autumn and early winter, when football enthusiasts have digested the action in Saturday's college games and all attention has shifted to the professional version of the sport, the team that is closest to the hearts of most "uncommitted" fans—that is, the ones who do not live near a city that has an entry in the National Football League, and are therefore free to root for whichever of the fourteen teams hits their fancy—is the Green Bay Packers. This year, as it happens, the Packers not only are the defending champions in the N.F.L. but may well be—despite the upsetting afternoon they spent with the Detroit Lions on Thanksgiving Day—one of the authentically great teams of all time. Their current popularity, it is heartening to report, is not just another instance of a general rush to board the bandwagon of a winner, however. The Packers weren't always winners—in fact, from 1948 through 1958 they were one of the weakest teams in the league—but even during their long period of drought their appeal was deep and abiding. The reason is, perhaps, fairly obvious. The Packers are the last of the old-time town teams, and, as such, an irresistibly evocative anachronism that bridges the decades back to the dim years, early in the century, when professional football was, by and large, town football, and when some of the most fearful names in the embryonic sport were Greensburg, Pennsylvania; Massillon and Canton, Ohio; Hammond, Indiana; and Rock Island and Decatur, Illinois. Today, representing Green Bay against such behemoths as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Detroit, the Packers can count on the affections of any man whose nature it is to be for David and against Goliath, for Athens and against Persia, for Centre College and against Harvard, and for Pennsylvania Station and against housing developments. Elsewhere in American sport there is nothing quite like Green Bay. Kansas City, the smallest city with a major-league baseball team, has almost half a million people; Boston, the smallest city with a major-league hockey team, has almost seven hundred thousand; and even Syracuse, the smallest city with a major-league basketball team, has considerably more than two hundred thousand. The population of Green Bay, according to the 1960 census, is 62,888.

Green Bay, the county seat of Brown County and the oldest town in Wisconsin, lies about a hundred and fifteen miles north of Milwaukee, at the point where the Fox River empties into the southern tip of Green Bay, an inlet of Lake Michigan about a hundred miles long. For quite some time now, the anti-romantics of the sports world (the kind of people who would have been for Warner Brothers and against Olivia de Havilland) have been at pains to rub the glitter off the "town team" legend by pointing out that more than four hundred thousand people live within a fifty-mile radius of Green Bay—mainly in and around Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, and Appleton, the so-called Fox River Valley Cities—and that the Packers have always drawn a good part of their support from them. Nobody in Green Bay will argue with this, but everybody there takes violent exception to the anti-romantics' customary follow-up charge—that the city is really just a sort of distant suburb of Milwaukee, and that the Packers, who have played a fair number of their "home games" in Milwaukee since the nineteen-thirties, are only a little less loosely affiliated with the state's metropolis than are the Milwaukee Braves. The Packers, the people of Green Bay contend, belong to their town and the adjoining area, and to no one else. The facts solidly sustain this contention, one fact being especially eloquent: the Packers are the only important team in organized professional sport that is owned by the residents of the community it represents. It has always been that way, essentially, since the team's beginnings, in 1919, when it played its games on an unfenced lot called Hagemeister Park and depended on the contributions that spectators dropped into a hat passed around during the second half. (That year, incidentally, the Indian Packing Company, spotting a chance for some excellent advertising at modest expense, put up five hundred dollars to outfit the players with stockings and with jerseys emblazoned with the name of the firm.) Growing up with the sport, the team went on to enjoy periods of remarkable success. In 1929, 1930, and 1931, it carried off the N.F.L. championship, and after that every football fan in the country knew who the Green Bay Packers were, and savored the name. On the other hand, the management of the club's business affairs was somewhat less professional, and the team had to be bailed out of one financial crisis after another by local businessmen and other devotees for whom the team had become a raison d'être. The ultimate crisis arrived late in 1949, at the close of a disastrous season in which the Packers had won only two games and had attracted, understandably, their thinnest crowds in years. At that time, there was talk that the National Football League might be thinking of transferring the team to some larger and more promising city, for these were the days when pro football was nothing like the box-office and television powerhouse it is today. Moreover, the National Football League had just been staggered by three years of costly warfare with a newly organized rival league, the All America Football Conference, and now that this had finally been settled, the last thing the N.F.L. wanted on its hands was an unstable franchise. The galvanic activity of the citizens of Green Bay in their hour of peril made any further talk quite academic. First, since there wasn't even enough money in the treasury to pay the players' salaries and meet the



Clean stereo separation:

General Electric's VR-1000 stereo cartridge separates left and right channels with scalpel precision. You never hear disturbing "crosstalk." • What you *do* hear is extremely factual response at every register. No growls. No shrieks. • And the VR-1000 doesn't roll off the high harmonics above 15,000 cycles that make the difference between music and noise. **This is the VR-1000. Audition it where you buy your records and/or components.**

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILL.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

other expenses for the remainder of the season, fifty thousand dollars was raised by the sale of tickets for a hastily arranged intra-squad game. Then, in the ensuing months, the club was completely refinanced. The public was invited to subscribe to a new hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar offering of stock, at twenty-five dollars a share, with no more than two hundred shares to a purchaser. Although it was made clear at the outset that future dividends were extremely unlikely, sixteen hundred and ninety-nine people, mostly from Green Bay and the Fox River Valley, quickly bought one or more shares in the Packers. In 1957, seven years after this signal demonstration of get-up-and-go, the citizens of Green Bay agreed, in effect, to accept an increase in taxes when, in a special referendum, they voted to build a million-dollar stadium to replace a rickety wooden one they had been using since they moved from Hagemeister Park, in 1925.

With financial support assured, the only thing Green Bay needed in order to be in perfect health was a good football team. Beginning in 1948, when the postwar decline set in, season after season had rolled grimly by with no Packer team winning more games than it lost. During this protracted depression, three coaches were brought in: Gene Ronzani, an alumnus of the Chicago Bears, Green Bay's hated rivals; Lisle Blackbourn, the coach of Marquette University, who, it was thought, might be able to imbue the team with the old college spirit; and Ray McLean, an N.F.L. veteran who had served as assistant to both Ronzani and Blackbourn. In 1958, under McLean, the Packers hit bottom, winning one and tying one of their twelve games. McLean promptly resigned. Wondering what to do next, the club's directors sought the advice of their oldest and most trusted friends around the league, and took it: they signed Vince Lombardi, who had earned a tremendous reputation as the offense coach of the New York Giants. A native of the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn who had graduated from Fordham and attended its law school, Lombardi had started his coaching career in a New Jersey high school, where he also taught physics. At Green Bay, he proceeded to work the most astonishing miracle in the recent history of professional football. His 1959 team, strengthened by a few sagacious trades but composed for the most part of the unsung personnel he had inherited, won its last four games,

Yes, real Fraises des Bois . . . . .

Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those gourmet-gardening friends of yours? These berries were developed by us from French stock. They are called Charles V—after the French ruler who first (1365 A.D.) brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in the gardens of the Louvre. Fraises des Bois begin bearing luscious fruit the end of June and do not stop bearing until frost. Yes, they do. As for care, Fraises des Bois want nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8" high, 12" diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

This is the present that can't go wrong, because we won't let it. We guarantee safe delivery. As plants are shipped only with an earth ball, they grow. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V $8.95; delivery free, except to Gulf states and those west of the Mississippi. Add $2.00 to orders for those states to help defray Air Mail Postage, the only way Fraises can be safely sent so far away. Write, phone or wire, for we can take care of your order easily at any last minute you elect, you put-er-off-er.

—Amos Pettingill.

WHITE FLOWER FARM

Plantsmen

Litchfield 28, Connecticut

A Munificent Gift...

ANGEL STEREO
Brahms
A German Requiem
Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau
Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus
(S)3624 B/L
Angel Records

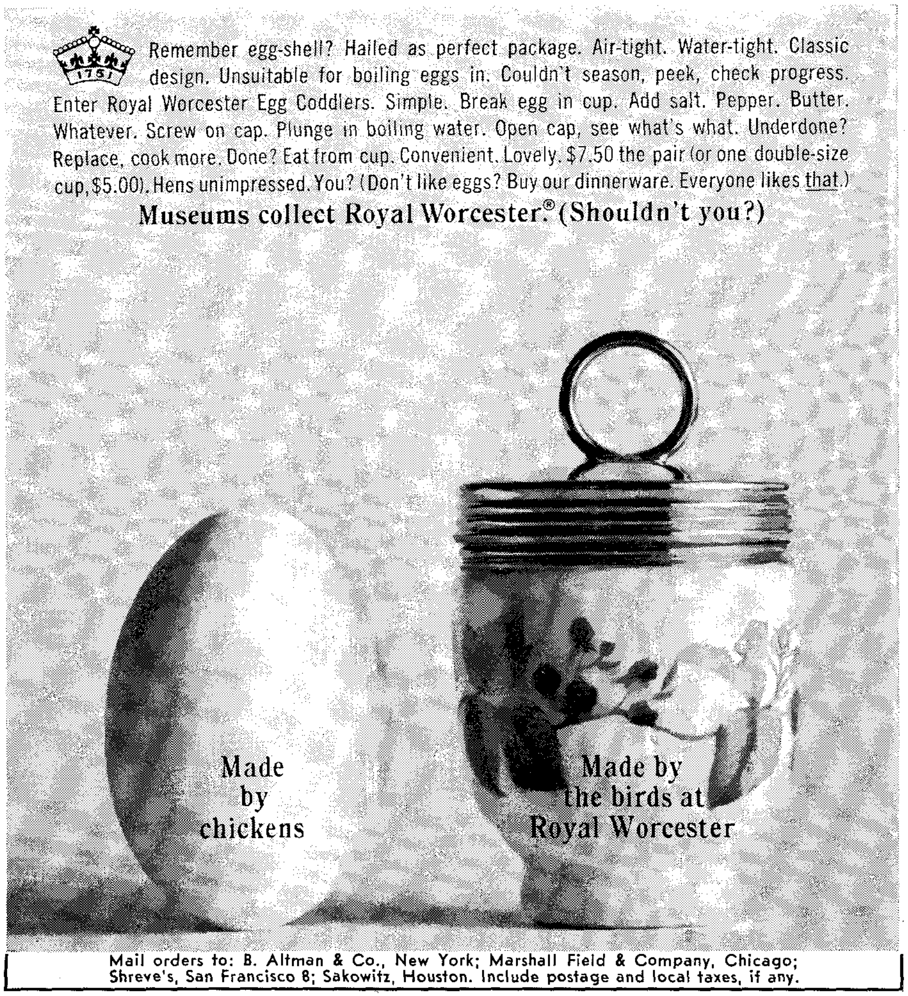
IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES . . . a magazine for those who cannot be in Erin, but yearn to know how it is. It's crammed with articles, stories, poems, full color photographs and drawings on events, crafts, traditions; on history, architecture and the arts; on sports and fascinating places to visit. Here's the full scope of Ireland, as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of such renowned contributors as Padraic Colum, Brendan Behan, Sean O'Faolin and Sir Compton MacKenzie. IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES comes to you six times a year. It costs $1.50 a year, postpaid. Send your name, address and $1.50 to WELCOMES, Irish Tourist Office, 33 East 50 Street, New York City 22, New York. Dept. YD3.

Perez Blanco's
Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

to end the season with the respectable record of seven victories and five defeats. The next year, the Packers won the Western Conference of the N.F.L. but lost the championship playoff by four points to the Philadelphia Eagles, the winners of the Eastern Conference. Then, in 1961, Lombardi's third year, the Packers, playing both sound and brilliant football, went all the way, taking their conference again and obliterating the New York Giants, 37–0, in the playoff. Today, Green Bay is once more sitting on top of the football world. The stars of its offensive backfield—Paul Hornung, Jim Taylor, and Bart Starr—who three years ago were practically unnoticed players, are national idols. As early as last May, all available tickets for the four games to be played this season in the 38,699-seat Green Bay stadium were sold out. (Probably no ticket office in the land has it as easy as the Packers'. Only season tickets are sold, and for the past few years the office has simply mailed out application blanks to the current subscribers, receiving a hundred-per-cent renewal—and a full house for every game. It is said that a newcomer to town who wants to buy a seat must wait until an old subscriber has died.) The three games played thus far in Milwaukee have also been sellouts. Customarily, only a few thousand people from Green Bay bother to travel to Milwaukee to take in the games there, since they can watch them on TV, Green Bay being nicely beyond the seventy-five-mile blackout area. Besides, any time they want to see their heroes in the flesh, it is a simple matter to drive out to the new stadium and watch practice. And, failing this, there is always a fair chance of bumping into one of their favorite players on Washington Street or Walnut, and getting the word straight from him.

THIS fall, I paid two visits to Green Bay, the first in October, when the Packers had played the first six games of the present fourteen-game season, and had won them all. Over the years, I had heard many stories describing the way Green Bay virtually lives for its football team, and, taking into account the increased exuberance that the Packers' renaissance must have brought on, I was prepared to find a city that throbbed like a super-campus. The facts, I discovered, somewhat exceeded my expectations.

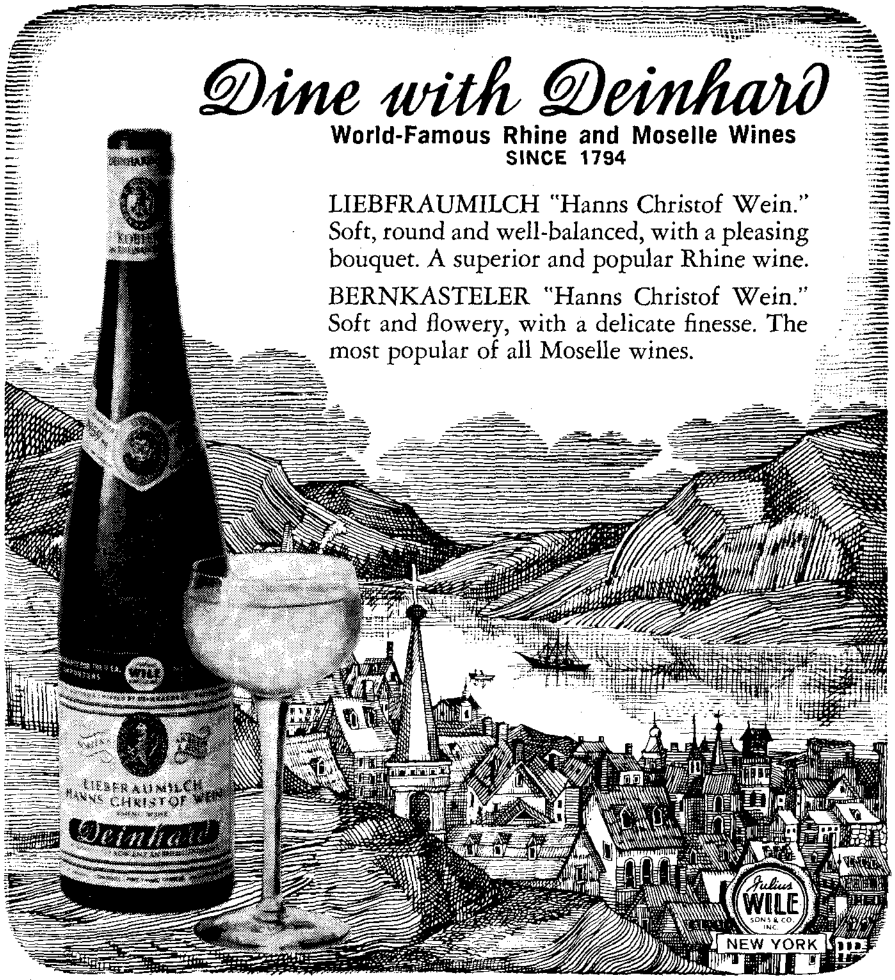
My first encounter with a typical Green Bay citizen-fan took place almost before I had my feet under me. I was riding in to town in the airport


1751

Remember egg-shell? Hailed as perfect package. Air-tight. Water-tight. Classic design. Unsuitable for boiling eggs in. Couldn't season, peek, check progress. Enter Royal Worcester Egg Coddlers. Simple. Break egg in cup. Add salt. Pepper. Butter. Whatever. Screw on cap. Plunge in boiling water. Open cap, see what's what. Underdone? Replace, cook more. Done? Eat from cup. Convenient. Lovely. $7.50 the pair (or one double-size cup, $5.00). Hens unimpressed. You? (Don't like eggs? Buy our dinnerware. Everyone likes that.)

Museums collect Royal Worcester® (Shouldn't you?)

Mail orders to: B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Shreve's, San Francisco 8; Sakowitz, Houston. Include postage and local taxes, if any.


Dine with Deinhard

World-Famous Rhine and Moselle Wines
SINCE 1794

LIEBFRAUMILCH "Hanns Christof Wein." Soft, round and well-balanced, with a pleasing bouquet. A superior and popular Rhine wine.

BERNKASTELER "Hanns Christof Wein." Soft and flowery, with a delicate finesse. The most popular of all Moselle wines.

Iwan Ries & Co.
Tobacconists since 1857
introducing
our entirely new, all-purpose
BUTANE
TABLE
LIGHTER
FOR PIPES
Ideal for cigars and cigarettes, too!

Patented
2-Way
Action!
DIRECT THE
FLAME EXACTLY
WHERE YOU WANT IT

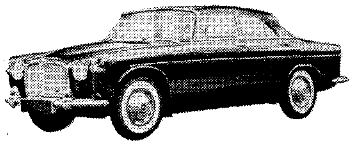
• The only table lighter especially designed for pipe smokers. STURDY, WINDPROOF. Unconditionally guaranteed.
• Smart, neat, compact, beautiful to the eye. Easy to hold in your hand. Blends with any decor in office or home.
• Engraved design in non-tarnishing gold plate or chrome. (Size 1¾" x 2¾".)
• Refillable tank holds enough odorless, tasteless butane gas for 1 year. Extra refill tube $1.00.
$15 Order now—for yourself—for gifts. Shipped prepaid in attractive gift box. *Specify gold or chrome finish.*
Write for new 1963 Smokers' Catalogue
Exclusively at Iwan Ries & Co.
133 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 3

SEE OUR FAMOUS
CHRISTMAS TREE
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car
at dinner

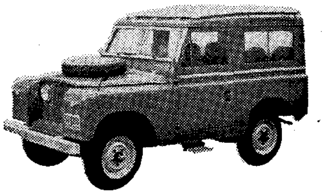
limousine, sitting next to the rotund, middle-aged driver, when, with the same casual assumption of common interest that precedes a conversation about the weather, he asked if I thought the team might go through the season undefeated. He didn't think it would. The league was too evenly balanced this year, and the Packers, we had to remember, had so far been lucky in avoiding any injuries to key players, except for Hornung's knee. This is the kind of football talk that one bumps into anyplace in the land, and my attention was not truly arrested until the driver began to enlarge on his point that what really made the Packers go was the four men up front in the defensive line. "Mind you, we had Hawg Hanner before Lombardi took over," he said, eyes straight ahead, "but imagine him picking up Quinlan, Jordan, and Davis from the Browns! And what did we give up for them? Howton, and some kid whose name I forget, since he never amounted to nothing, and something like a fourth draft choice. I bet Paul Brown has been kicking himself ever since." (Paul Brown is both general manager and coach of the Cleveland Browns.) When I asked the driver if he had heard the current crack that as a general manager Brown had shown himself to be an outstanding coach, he gave me a big conspiratorial wink and said, "Real great! Real great!" I mention this because it soon became evident that a second addiction of the people in Green Bay is the phrase "real great," which they use as frequently and with as many shades of intonation and meaning as the French do with "*Ça va.*"

Green Bay spreads out on both sides of the Fox River, which is roughly two hundred yards wide as it flows through town. City Stadium and most of the new residential developments (something like seventy-five per cent of the townspeople own their own homes) are situated on the burgeoning West Side, which until recently was the workingman's section. The more compact East Side remains, as it has always been, the heart of the city, containing the downtown shopping area, the Brown County courthouse, and the houses of the old, well-to-do families. Green Bay is an easy city for a stranger to get around in. Main Street, like the center in a balanced line, is flanked by three parallel tree streets on each side—Cedar, Elm, and Willow on the north, Pine, Cherry, and Walnut on the south. The principal street, however, is Washington, which runs at right angles to Main and parallel to the river, and if you can remember the order of

GET YOUR
ROVER
OVERSEAS



ROVER 3-LITRE, one of the world's 7-best cars.

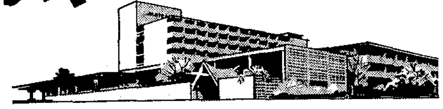


LAND-ROVER, world's best 4-wheel drive vehicle.
BOTH delivered overseas at substantial savings.
ROVER
For full details, write: The Rover Motor Company of North America Limited, 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17, New York: YUkon 6-0220

EMILY SHAW'S
POUND RIDGE, N. Y. INN
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137, or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK-IN WINE CELLAR

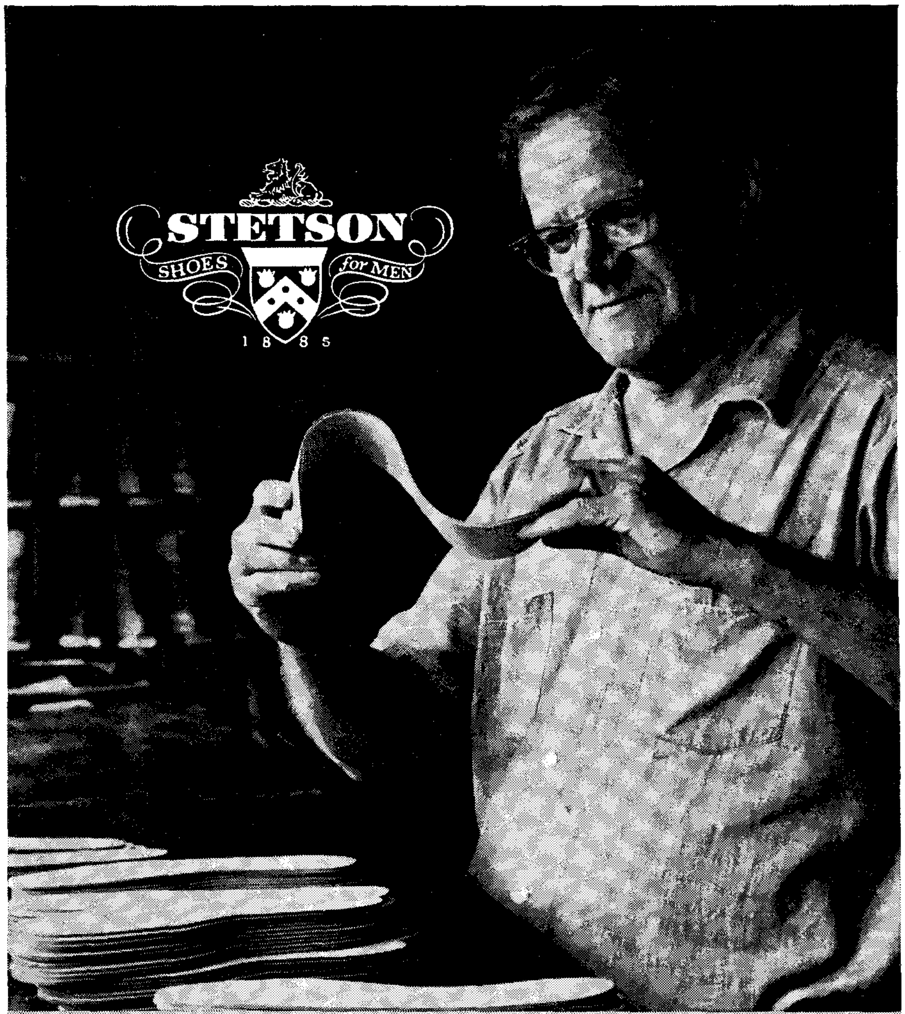
STEPPING OUT? Date for Dinner . . . mayhap the Drama? Make an evening of it before you call it a night . . . with an hour or three of dancing delight, at The World's Most Beautiful Ballroom.
Roseland
TERRACE CAFE
ROSE ROOM BAR
DANCE CITY
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY
2 Bands Nightly exc. Mon. • Mats. Thurs. and Sat. • Sun. continuous from 3:30 P.M.

City Line & Schuylkill Expressway/Philadelphia
Marriott MOTOR HOTEL



the American Presidents, you have no problems as you walk east from Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Quincy, and Jackson to Van Buren. A certain interesting selectivity then asserts itself, with Webster, Clay, and Roosevelt Streets coming next, in that order, but then everything goes haywire, with Irwin, Baird, and Goodell taking you to the East Devil River, a tiny tributary of the Fox, and to the eastern limits of town. For a city of its size, Green Bay is surprisingly grown up. It has three television stations, and there are three eighteen-hole golf courses and one nine-hole course close at hand. The one daily newspaper, the *Press-Gazette*, has a circulation of forty-eight thousand and publishes a Sunday edition. Green Bay's position as the biggest city in northeastern Wisconsin (paper mills and cheese, but practically no meat packing today) explains the paper's high circulation and also accounts for the large number of impressive stores on the shopping streets. Vertically, too, the city is quite grown up. It has at least one eight-story office building and about half a dozen six-story buildings. Oddly, the Packers' offices are housed in none of these but in an old and unimposing two-story building, at 349 South Washington, across the street from the closed-down depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, & Pacific Railroad, which is currently occupied by the Chamber of Commerce. At the Packers' headquarters, the ticket office is on the ground floor, along with Lombardi's office and that of the business manager, Verne Lewellen—a law graduate of the University of Nebraska who was a star halfback for Green Bay in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties, served as the district attorney of Brown County from 1928 to 1932, and was one of the city's leading lawyers until 1953, when he was called in to bolster the club's administrative staff. On the second floor are the offices of the assistant coaches, complete with blackboards and projection screens, and the office of the publicity director, Tom Miller, who played end for the Packers in 1946.

The Northland Hotel, where I put up, is a comfortable seven blocks from the Packers' building, and my walks back and forth gave me a fine opportunity to breathe in the special flavor of the town. In the window of a bank, beneath a sign urging one to be "a real Packer-backer," was a child's savings bank in the shape of a gold-and-green-uniformed Packer. In numerous store windows were signs proclaiming "Six Down and Eight to Go" and making

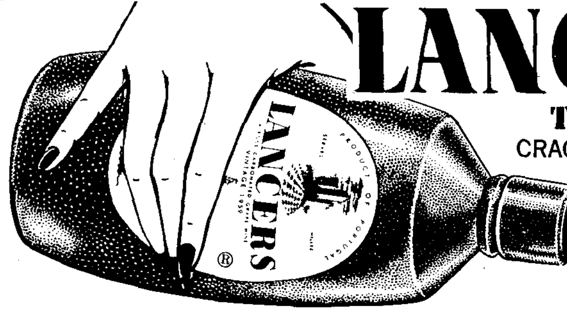

STETSON
SHOES for MEN
1885

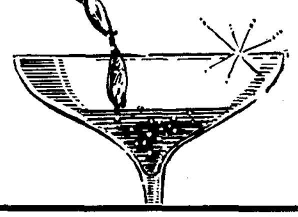
A GENTLE SOLE IS KIND TO THE FOOT

A gentle sole is resilient . . . flexes as easily as a willow in the wind. A gentle sole possesses fine grain, is perfectly fibered by nature for its purpose, to be both supple and strong. Looking for well bred, gentle soles is this Stetson expert's job. Those that measure up to Stetson standards are few and far between . . . but that's one reason why you never have to soften up a Stetson—right from the start they're as flexible as your foot. $26.95 to $75.00 at better stores.

Style No. 7741—Genuine black Alligator slip-on—also in genuine brown Alligator No. 3741

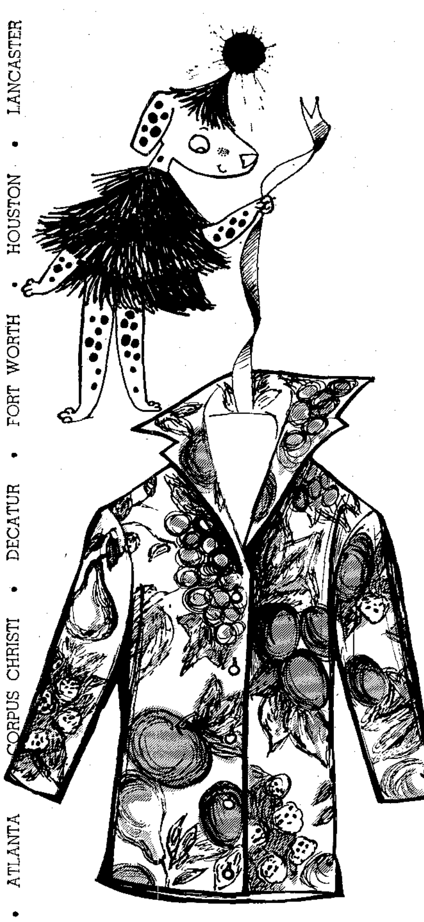
THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASSACHUSETTS


LANCERS
THE ORIGINAL
CRACKLING CARBONATED
VIN ROSÉ


AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!
Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

STORES IN: ABILENE • ARLINGTON • ATLANTA • CORPUS CHRISTI • DECATUR • FORT WORTH • HOUSTON • LANCASTER • MEMPHIS • MILWAUKEE • NASHVILLE • PROVIDENCE • ROCHESTER • SILVER SPRING • SPRINGFIELD • SYRACUSE • WACO • WASHINGTON • WEST HARTFORD • WORCESTER



FOR
THE **PRESENT**
with a big future . . . our pure silk Capri shirt by Aladdin, boldly printed with luscious fruit, sizes 10 to 16, $12.98. Please add 35¢ for mail order. from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

CASUAL CORNER

A Munificent Gift...

MOZART
DON GIOVANNI
STEREO
(S)3605 D/L
Angel Records

similar exhortatory comments on the season to date. Several novelty shops featured Packers ashtrays—with a small replica of City Stadium serving as the functional part and a uniformed Packer for decoration—and it was a rare store window that didn't display a Packer doll, a photograph of a player, a team pennant, the 1962 schedule, or some other such item, invariably trimmed with gold and green. The Packer Playdium—a centrally located bowling alley and tavern, which Don Hutson, the incomparable end, managed until he left town about twelve years ago to take over a Cadillac and Chevrolet agency in Racine—is only one of many spots where the name of the team pops up. It is, in truth, extremely hard to get away from the Packers. At cocktail and dinner parties, the presence of women—usually a hedge against marathon male conversation about sports—goes for naught; the women, with few exceptions, are as engrossed in the Packers as the men. They, too, draw up and compare their December "draft lists"—their predictions of which college seniors the club will try to draft, and in what order—and their August "cut lists," or predictions of which players will be cut from the squad to bring it down to the maximum of thirty-six men. On autumn nights, television offers no sure escape, either. On Sundays, for example, the filmed highlights of that afternoon's game are put on. Mondays bring a first-class panel-and-film feature called—what else?—"Packerama;" Wednesdays provide "The Vince Lombardi Show," also topflight, in which the coach, assisted by Hutson in the role of interviewer, analyzes the key plays in the previous Sunday's game; and on the other evenings the regular sports shows keep you abreast of the latest news about the team. On Sunday afternoons when the action is in Green Bay, television draws a complete blank, of course; every right-thinking adult is out at the stadium. Indeed, on those afternoons Whitey Klicka, the manager of the Bay Theatre, sets up a children's movie matinée that runs from half an hour before kickoff until half an hour after the game, enabling hard-pressed parents to use the theatre as one gigantic baby-sitter while they are out watching their team. However, I ran into what struck me as the apogee of Packerism one night when I went to dinner at Kaap's restaurant with Art Daley, the sports editor of the *Press-Gazette*. When you sit down in Kaap's—and Daley assured me that the

Anniversary Charm * * *
AS PRECIOUS AS HER MEMORIES

Lustrous florentine finish in 14k yellow gold, set with 10 diamonds. Numeral of your choice will be sculptured from this unique charm. *$88.00*
Federal tax included.
Please allow two weeks for delivery.

HARDY & HAYES
Fine Jewelers Since 1887
Hardy & Hayes Bldg. Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Country Connecticut

At Chester . . . built in 1780. 16' x 30' living room, library and keeping room, all with fireplaces. Modern kitchen, master bedroom and bath on first floor. Three bedrooms, one with fireplace, bath, on second. 5 acres, pond brook and "beat up" barn. Yacht anchorage at nearby Essex. $35,000.

PIGOTT ASSOCIATES
REALTORS
GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, GL 3-9662

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.

LARRY RIVERS
thru Jan. 5
Exclusive at
Tibor de Nagy Gallery
149 East 72nd St., N.Y.C.

same is true at a number of other local restaurants—the waitress places before you a rectangular paper doily printed in green and yellow and embellished with sketches of a shifty Packer back, City Stadium, and Milwaukee County Stadium; the team's home schedule; a line of pennants saluting the Packers' seven championship teams; and, at the bottom, in small type, six paragraphs of text entitled "The Packer Story," which begins: "In the Green Bay Packers you have a small town standing up to and overpowering the big cities. Green Bay is a community of only 60,000 people competing against metropolitan giants whose stadiums could seat the entire population of Green Bay. . . ." All Midwestern cities are said to look alike, but when you're in Green Bay, something tells you that it isn't Peoria or Sioux Falls.

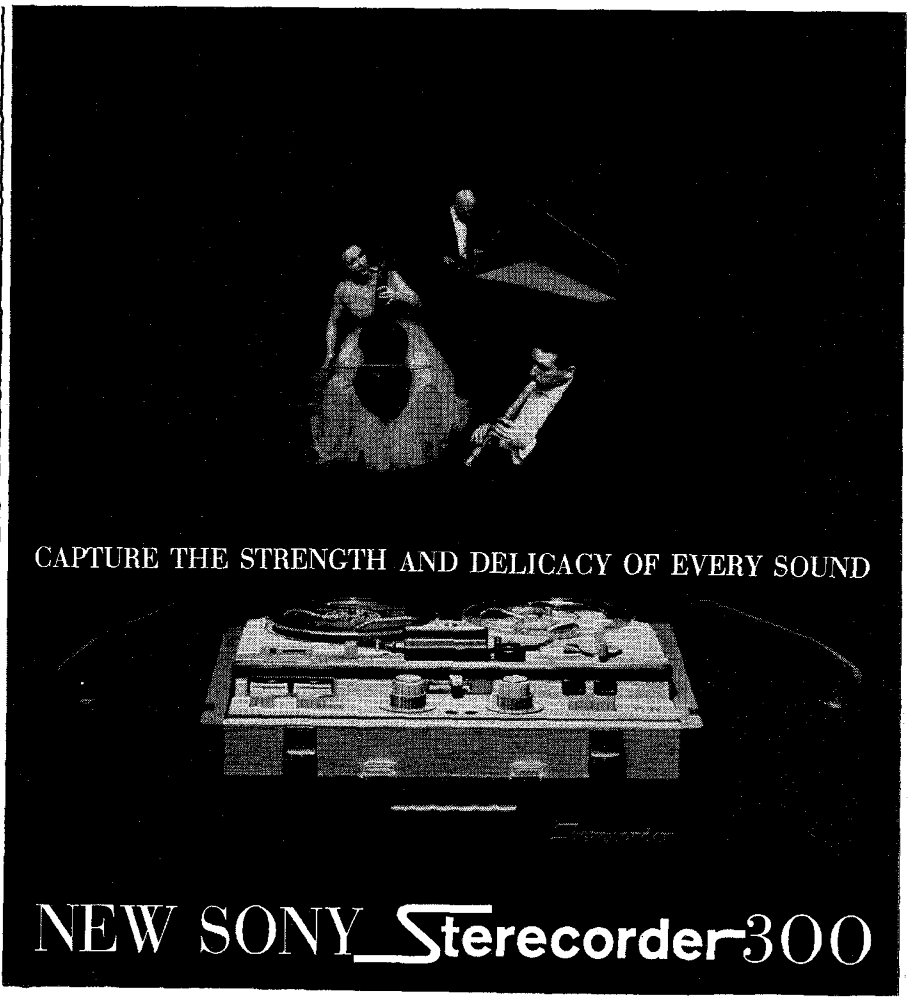
This saturation of team-consciousness would probably make Green Bay intolerable even to a sports zealot if it were not for the fact that Packerland's endemic pride is tempered by a genuine sophistication about the game of football. If the typical Green Bay fan had a cousin, he would be, I think, the old Brooklyn baseball fan, who, rabidly as he rooted for the Dodgers, had such a fundamental appreciation of baseball that he responded only slightly less vociferously to the great plays made by the opposing team. The conversations I engaged in or overheard at Brock's Drugstore and other gathering places around town were notable for the way they echoed the restraint of the airport-limousine driver who felt that an undefeated season was too much to hope for. For example, on the Sunday before I arrived, the Packers had defeated the San Francisco Forty-Niners 31–14, but the *Kaffeeklatsch* quarterbacks were far more concerned about the team's inability to get started in the first half than about its eventual conclusive triumph. One conversation I tuned in on at Brock's remains very clear in my mind.

"You realize that with four minutes to go in the half we'd had the ball for only six offensive plays?" a man on my right asked his friend.

"Well, we didn't have Hornung, don't forget," his friend replied. "Tom Moore filled in pretty good, though, I thought."

"Real great," the first man said, and went on, "Tell you one thing. Mr. Moore picked up quite a few yards on his own—and I mean *on his own*."

The downfield blocking, his friend agreed, had been a little sloppy, but



4 TRACK & 2 TRACK STEREOPHONIC RECORDER

Here, through your fingertips, you take complete control of sound, blending it to magnificent perfection.

A great symphony to record? With this superb instrument you are a professional. Touch your stereo level controls—feel that sensitive response. Dual V.U. Meters show precision readings as you augment the strings, diminish the brass. The richness of that low resonance is captured with your bass boost. The strength and delicacy of every sound—now yours to command.

Four track and two track, stereo and monophonic, recording and playback, the SONY STERECORDER 300 is truly the ultimate in tape recorder engineering. $399.50, complete with two dynamic microphones, two extended range stereo speakers all in one portable case. For custom mounting, $349.50.

Other world-famous Sony tape recorders start as low as $89.50.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The tapeway to Stereo*

For literature and the name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, California.

"TATRA" Imported mountaineer's sheepskin jacket, jaunty and warm without bulk, in natural tan, brown or grey with contrasting fur in white, brown, grey.

Charmingly hand embroidered in peasant motifs.
Small, medium, large sizes
$70

Also by mail. Send check or money order. Sorry—no C.O.D.

Cepelia
Corporation
5 East 57th Street
New York 22, PLaza 1-0005

Golf is a Way of Life

at Arizona's Country Club Resort

America's sunniest climate for golf in a country club atmosphere. Private 18-hole course for distinguished Wigwam guests — acres of emerald green — play 7 days a week — tee times never required.

Divertissements for non-golfers include swimming, tennis, lawn sports, shopping in smart Phoenix shops, bridge, movies, etc.

For long-stay and all-season visitors — La Loma Bungalows with hotel service and golf club privileges on the European Plan.

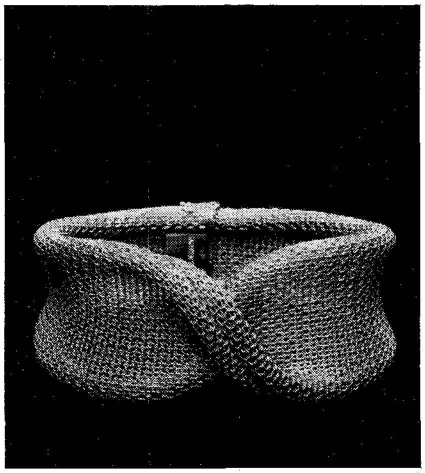
Unsurpassed American Plan cuisine and service.

SEASON: Nov. 11 to May 12.

Write for new color brochure and Holiday Events Program.

FOR RESERVATIONS contact

THE
WIGWAM
INN • BUNGALOWS - COUNTRY CLUB
Litchfield Park (Phoenix) Arizona
Reade Whitwell,
Manager



Please send me your 18K mesh bracelet that's imported from Italy and specially wrapped for Christmas. 195.00 incl. Fed. tax.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City__________Zone____State_______

Diner's Club #____________________

American Express #________________

(Please add 3% Sales Tax in New York City.)

Lambert Brothers
Lexington Avenue at 60th Street

you couldn't expect the boys to be up for every game. In his opinion, J. D. Smith, the Forty-Niners' fullback, had been the best man on the field.

"Tell you one thing," the first man said gravely. "It didn't hurt us any that the Lions lost to the Giants."

In addition to years of experience in watching football, there is one other factor that has helped to mold the controlled, thoughtful ardor of the citizen-fans, and that is the educative influence of the large number of former Packer players who have settled in Green Bay and become important members of the community. (After a couple of days in town, whenever I passed a brawny, heavyset man in the street—which is quite usual in a city where the population is of predominantly German, Dutch, and Belgian stock, and where the crispness of the air promotes a huge appetite—I began to wonder which old Packer *he* was.) Some of the ex-Packers who stayed were home-town boys to begin with—the late Henry (Tubby) Bero, for example, a member of the original Packers team, who became chief of police, and Dave Zuidmulder, a rugged halfback, who, upon his retirement from football in 1934, joined the fire department and in 1955 was appointed to his present post of chief. Another local product, Arnie Herber, the exciting passer who teamed up with Hutson in the thirties, operates his family's bottling plant in De Pere, five miles from town. At present, about thirty ex-Packers make their homes in Green Bay. A few of them—Ted Fritsch, for one—hold down coaching jobs, but the majority, like Tony Canadeo, a steel salesman, and Francis (Jug) Earp, a box-company executive, are in business. In 1949, this home-town nucleus formed the Packers Alumni Association, which meets on the first Monday of each month, holds spring and fall parties, and serves as the welcoming force when other old teammates, now scattered all over the country, return for the Packers' annual Homecoming Game. One of the wheel horses of this alumni group—and, indeed, one of the most successful of the former players who have chosen to remain in Green Bay—is Charley Brock, the All-League center in 1945, who not only owns the drugstore bearing his name but manages the six-story Minahan-McCormick office building and other enterprises. Brock, a graduate of the University of Nebraska, was one of the most popular players of his period. He was particularly adept at stealing the ball, and when people spotted him on the

THIS IS
STAN GETZ

His genius is improvisation: daring, nimble, brilliantly creative. He makes the tenor saxophone sing with feeling and cry out with exuberance. This is Stan Getz: unique.

JAZZ SAMBA..............V/V6-8432
The album that started the Bossa Nova trend!
BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA V/V6-8494
FOCUS....................V/V6-8412

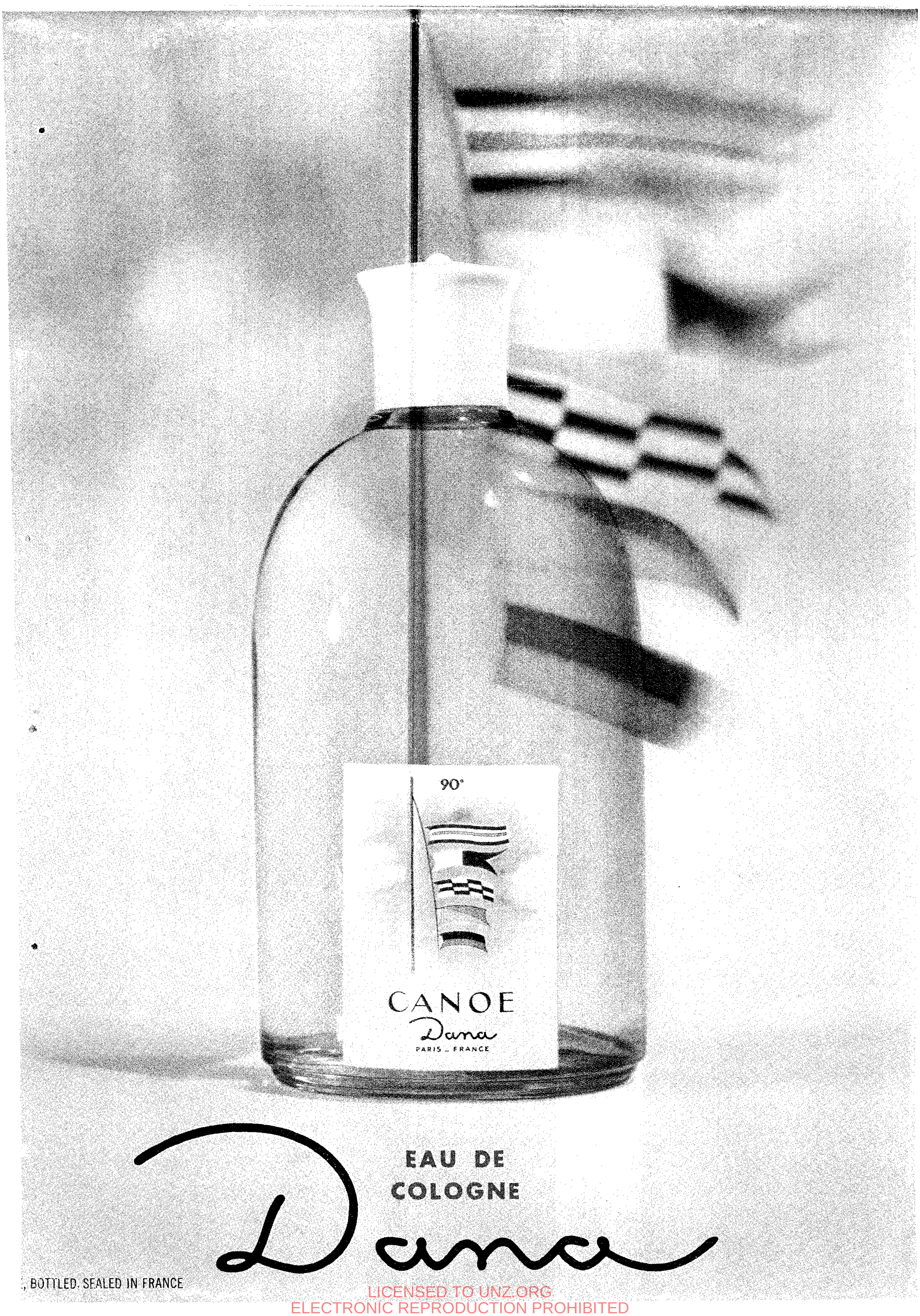
The Jazz of America is on **VERVE**
Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

A DINING PLACE OF
Distinction
Serving Palate Tempting Dishes
CLAMS ASPIC
VICHYSSOISE
LUNCHEON -- DINNER
Banquet Facilities
GIOVANNI
RESTAURANT
66 EAST 55th ST. — PLaza 3-1230
Closed Sunday

DAWSON'S
Lunch Dinner
Ha-Penny Bar
159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

GIVE HER
ENTRÉ
FOR CHRISTMAS!

She'll love Entré! A personalized course in Beauty, Etiquette, Charm and Poise for the teenaged girl on your Christmas list. Classes meet in the Waldorf Astoria. $30.00. Gift certificate. For additional information call MU 4-3294.


90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS – FRANCE

EAU DE
COLOGNE

Dana

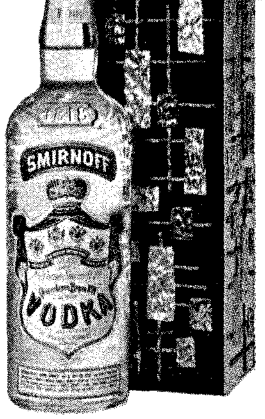
, BOTTLED. SEALED IN FRANCE

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ©STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS., (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, 1962

THE ONE GIFT THAT LEAVES 'EM BREATHLESS!

Just what every man wants for Christmas—a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka. No other gift of liquor makes best wishes so *delicious*. For Smirnoff Martinis, Sours and Highballs. For Screwdrivers, Bloody Marys and Gimlets. Giving Smirnoff is almost as rewarding as getting it. (No more guessing which whiskey to give.) Smooth, flawless Smirnoff® is America's vodka choice all year. And all the smarter as a gift in its handsome holiday carton.

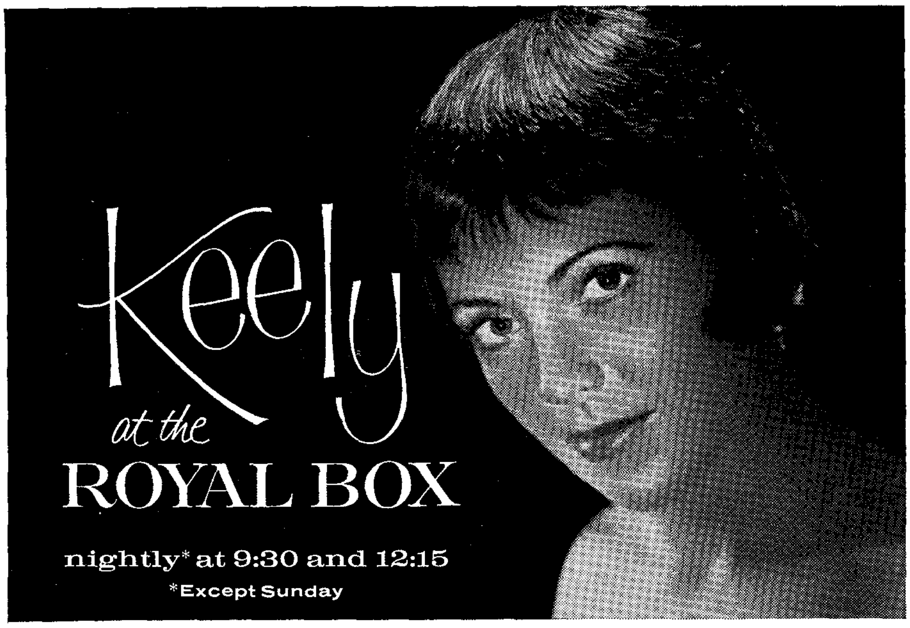
it leaves you breathless Smirnoff®



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA

street, it would take him half an hour to walk two blocks, his halting progress punctuated with command demonstrations of how he wrested the ball away from the carrier. "In a way, I suppose it's harder to play for Green Bay than for a big-city team," Brock, a fine-looking man who today weighs only ten pounds more than he did as a player, told me one morning when I visited him in his office on the top floor of the Minahan-McCormick Building. "The folks naturally want to chin a bit when they run into you, and a player must have time for them. Some college stars would rather be drafted by any other pro team than the Packers, but I'd grown up in a small town in Nebraska, and I fell in love with Green Bay immediately. If you think you're better than the people in town, you won't make it here. But if you're a decent guy, they take you right in—and they remember. That's all you have to be—a decent guy—and if you decide later to stay on, you'll generally do very well." Brock paused for a moment to raise a window shade. "That's the Edlo Arcade," he said, pointing to a six-story building close by. "Bart Starr manages it during the off-season. I think he's just bought a house here, too. There must be seven or eight other fellows on the present team who look as though they'll settle in Green Bay permanently. Starr will be perfect here. He's very intelligent, very modest—an exceptionally nice young man. He'll like it here."

DIFFICULT as it is to imagine, there was a Green Bay before there was a Green Bay Packers football team. In 1634, the French explorer Jean Nicolet journeyed up the bay past Red Banks, where he at first mistook the Winnebagos encamped there for Chinese. He was followed by other noted *coureurs de bois*, including Radisson, Groseilliers, and Marquette and Joliet. The man who founded the first permanent trading post in the area—at La Baye Verte, within the present boundaries of Green Bay, in 1745—was Augustin de Langlade. In the opinion of most present-day Green Bay residents, de Langlade merely set the scene for Earl Louis (Curly) Lambeau, the son of a Belgian contractor, who, a hundred and seventy-four years later, founded the Packers. A backfield star for Green Bay's East High School, Lambeau went to Notre Dame in 1918 on a football scholarship. He made a fine impression as a freshman, but at the end of the season he came down with a severe case of tonsillitis and, while recuperating at home, was



Dinner and Supper Dancing to the music of

LESTER LANIN

and his famous society orchestra

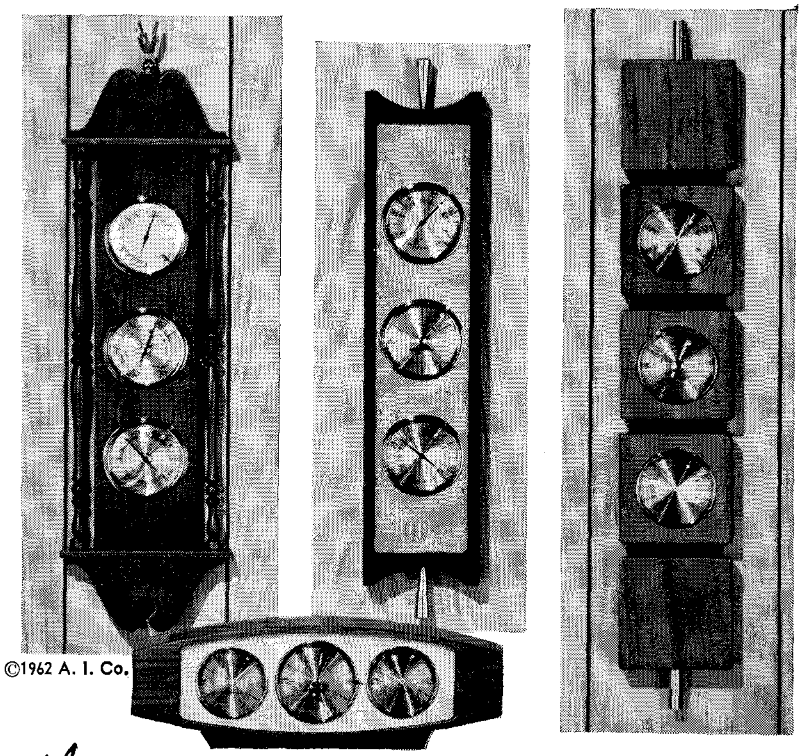
Reservations: Frank/LT 1-1000

americana

OF NEW YORK

52nd TO 53rd STREETS, EAST OF SEVENTH AVENUE • A LOEW'S HOTEL

OPENING DECEMBER 20 • GUY LOMBARDO



Christmas forecast...warm welcome!

GIFTS FROM AIRGUIDE DESIGNER'S COLLECTION

New and distinguished designs, both contemporary and traditional, something specially different in weather instruments. This year give a weather instrument, handsome and functional, for particular friends, relatives or for year-round enjoyment by your own family. At better retail stores everywhere.

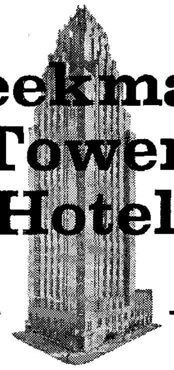
AIRGUIDE
INSTRUMENT COMPANY
CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

Queen of Angels,
11" on mahogany base $40.
at the finest stores,
Cybis
brochure available.

Sculptured By Patricia Eakin
CYBIS PORCELAIN ART, TRENTON 8, N.J.

YOU'LL LIKE NEW YORK'S

Beekman Tower Hotel



... because of the personal way it caters to your needs. You'll appreciate its smart mid-town location too, atop exclusive Beekman Hill overlooking the United Nations, East River and practically everything else you'll want to see and do in New York. Air-conditioned rooms and suites with a view . . . two popular-priced restaurants and internationally famous Top O' the Tower Cocktail Lounge. Moderate single, double and group rates.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL
First Ave. at 49th St., New York 17
(3 Mitchell Place)

Send color brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.

Name__________
Address__________
City______Zone___State_____ N-12-8

offered a job, at two hundred and fifty dollars a month, with the Indian Packing Company, which he felt he could not turn down. In addition to being a gifted passer and kicker, Lambeau was a handsome and persuasive young man, and a born organizer. In the summer of 1919, he assembled a group of fellows he had played with in high school, plus a few home-grown ex-college players, to form a new town team. (Green Bay had had professional town teams before—its initial one, fielded in 1896, had, in fact, been the first west of Ohio—but most of these early ventures had collapsed after a year or two, owing to lack of funds.) That August, uniformed by the Indian Packing Company and using the company's yard as their practice field, Lambeau's squad held workouts three nights a week, after the players had finished their day's work. It then proceeded to win ten of its eleven games. Lambeau was coach as well as captain, and George Calhoun, the sports editor of the *Press-Gazette*, booked the games, handled the publicity, passed the hat, and generally assumed the duties of secretary-manager. At the end of the season, the profits were split among the twenty-one members of the squad, each man receiving sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Two years later, after another successful season on the gridiron, if not at the gate, Green Bay was granted a franchise in the American Professional Football Association, the cost of the franchise—fifty dollars—being paid by the Acme Packing Company, which had bought out the Indian Packing Company. The 1921 season is regarded by the National Football League as its first official one, though the league did not adopt its present name until the following year. The Packers finished that first league season in fourth place, the championship going to the Staley A.C., of Decatur, Illinois, which was sponsored by a starch company. The next year, the Decatur franchise was transferred to Chicago, and the team was renamed the Chicago Bears. The Green Bay team is the only surviving charter member of the N.F.L. that has never shifted its location.

Lambeau played for the Packers through 1930 and continued to coach the team until 1950—thirty-one seasons in all. (On leaving, he coached the Chicago Cardinals and the Washington Redskins briefly and then went into retirement.) During the club's unstable early period, his ingenuity solved many of the recurrent headaches. On one occasion, for example,

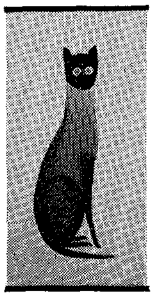
Christmas by the Sea

It's Christmas at the Dennis. It's festivities for all the family. Decorate the Tree, join in carols with the Dennis' own choir, feast on sumptuous Holiday fare. It's Merry, Merry . . . And there's the New Year's gala, too, with dances, parties, favors and very special shows. Happy Holidays are here. Dennis, anyone?

HOTEL Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY • NEW JERSEY
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
Telephone (area code 609) 344-8111
OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE BUZBY FAMILY

the look that only YOU know
AND WANT TO SHARE WITH OTHERS
Your child photographed in your own home . . . at reasonable rates . . . by appointment.

hilde hubbuck photographer
161 E. 88 ST., N.Y.C. AT. 9-3250



Very Aristocratic SIAMESE CAT hanging. . shaded brown to black, with blue eyes, on natural linen. Polished wood rods top and bottom. 18" X 36" - $10. postpaid from

STELL and SHEVIS HANDPRINTS
LINCOLNVILLE 2, MAINE.

This and *other designs* may be found at The GOLDEN CARAVAN in HONOLULU, at the ESKIMO SHOP, ANCHORAGE, ALASKA, at the MIDLAND CRAFTERS, PINEHURST, N.C. and at many FINE SHOPS BETWEEN.

SEND 25c FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

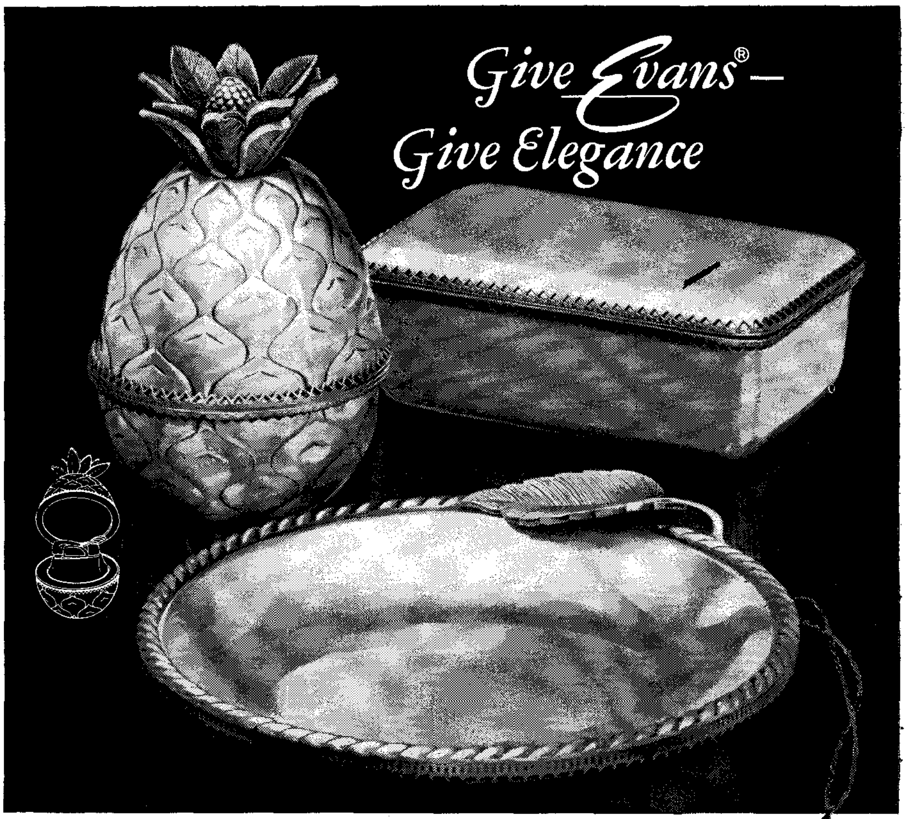
SPANISH BEDSPREADS & RUGS BY
CLAVOS
325 EAST 75 STREET, NEW YORK

after Green Bay had been suspended by the league for using college players who performed under aliases, Lambeau got the money needed to buy back the franchise by talking a friend into selling his Marmon roadster, and then, as part payment, let him play the first minute of the opening game. Imperious and overexpressive at times, Lambeau was, by and large, an able and extremely successful coach—"a spirit guy," as his type was called, who placed more emphasis on arousing his players to a keen, competitive pitch than on polishing the small details. During his career, Lambeau won six league titles for Green Bay—in 1929, 1930, 1931, 1936, 1939, and 1944. The first was undoubtedly the sweetest. After winning five straight games at home, the Packers had to play their next eight on the road. They were held to a tie by the Frankford Yellow Jackets but carried off the others, the pivotal game being a 20–6 victory at the Polo Grounds over the previously undefeated New York Giants. Lambeau's teams were tremendously interesting to watch. They relied on the forward pass more than the other teams did then, and their attack was built around a succession of extraordinarily colorful stars: Johnny Blood, a consummate all-round halfback; Herber, a long-yardage passer, who came up in 1930 and played until 1941, when Cecil Isbell took over; Clark Hinkle, from Bucknell, a fullback who weighed barely two hundred pounds but was surpassed only by Bronco Nagurski as a line-smasher; and Don Hutson, from Alabama, who was perhaps the finest offensive end of all time—a fleet, resourceful athlete, whose variety of feints and deceptive changes of pace made him so difficult to cover that, over his eleven seasons in the league, he caught 489 passes, good for 8,010 yards and 101 touchdowns. Off the playing field, the most remarkable member of this quartet was Blood. Called the "Vagabond Halfback," because of his restless wanderings from team to team, Blood was born John McNally, the son of a well-to-do family in New Richmond, Wisconsin. He was, and is, such a man of mystery that it is hard to substantiate more than a few of the endless tales about him, but apparently he left Notre Dame in his freshman year on an impulsive St. Patrick's Day motorcycle ride, and never returned. The following year, as a student at St. John's University, in Minnesota, he played for the college team but also wanted to play for the Minneapolis pro team. As the story goes, he and another St. John's star

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

It seems all the nicest people drink Old Hickory
OLD HICKORY
OLD HICKORY BOURBON
Gowns by Philip Hulitar

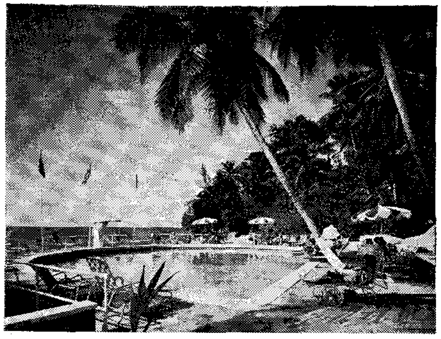
OLD HICKORY
AMERICA'S MOST MAGNIFICENT BOURBON



EVANS IS ELEGANCE with designs for giving, in table lighters and smoking accessories. Take this Pineapple. Couldn't be more civilized. As exquisite as the lighter inside. Vies with the Evans Pear, Apple, and Acorn in beauty and suitability, finished in polished gold, silver, or varicolored enamels to underscore any decor. Cigarette boxes and ash trays, to complement. Gift boxed. In Florida, all Maas Bros. stores; Baltimore, Stewart & Co.; and other fine stores. Evans Case Company, Plainville, Mass.

ELEGANCE EVANS

Sans Souci
OCHO RIOS
JAMAICA, W. I.



OLD WORLD CHARM . . .
NEW WORLD COMFORT
All you can ask for in vacation luxury on Jamaica's lovely North Coast.
- Exquisite international cuisine and relaxed, intriguing atmosphere.
- Cool, invigorating mineral spring-fed swimming pool.
- Two private ocean beaches.
- Native entertainment.

For a carefree tropical holiday, choose Sans Souci
For reservations and information
see your travel agent or
LEONARD P. BRICKETT
American Representative
32 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey
Phone - WAlnut 4-5084

"A complete recording studio in itself," says Dick Van Dyke—star of Columbia's forthcoming musical "Bye Bye Birdie" and his own CBS TV show.

New ROBERTS '1057'
STEREO TAPE RECORDER

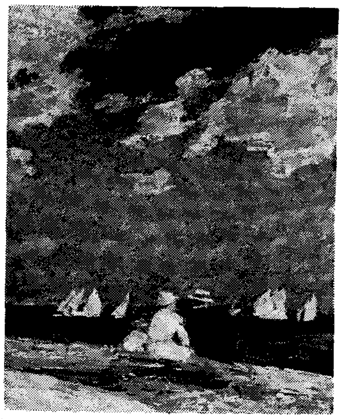
Has 4-track stereo and monaural record/play • Sound-on-sound multiple recording in stereo, sound-with-sound (teacher/student feature), sound-over-sound mixing • Dual stereo speakers • Dual stereo power amplifiers • 4 stereo headset outputs • Automatic shutoff • 3¾ & 7½ ips tape speeds **$339.95**

ROBERTS ELECTRONICS, INC., Dept. NY-12-T
5978 Bowcroft St., Los Angeles 16, Calif.
Please send me: ☐ Roberts Stereo Tape Instruction Manual containing stereo and monaural applications. I enclose 25¢ (cash, stamps) for postage and handling.
☐ The name of my nearest dealer.
Name________________
Address________________
City________ Zone_____ State_____

were walking through downtown Minneapolis trying to think up suitable aliases when McNally's eye was caught by the sign on a theatre marquee where Valentino's "Blood and Sand" was playing. "That's it!" he is said to have exclaimed. "I'll be Blood and you'll be Sand." (Nothing more was ever heard of Sand.) An incorrigible non-trainer, student of economics, misser of trains, and poet, Blood is supposed to have served with our Air Forces in China during the Second World War, but today no one knows for sure where he lives or how he supports himself; presumably, he is still vagabonding around. Occasionally, he turns up in Green Bay, looking fit and charged with all his old eccentric vitality, only to vanish again after a few days. When you are paying a call on an old-time Packer, you are quite likely to be told, in a voice that is half delighted and half disbelieving, "You'll never guess who was sitting right in that chair only three weeks ago. Johnny Blood!"

If McNally-Blood typifies the picaresque formative days of professional football, Vince Lombardi, the Packers' present coach, is an excellent example of the type of man who has come into pro football in increasing numbers since the Second World War and has helped shape it into a game so precise, tactically fascinating, and deeply enthralling that today, in the judgment of many observers, it has supplanted major-league baseball as the nation's favorite spectator sport. A blockily built ex-Fordham guard, now on the edge of fifty, whose glasses and gray-flecked hair soften a strong-featured face, Lombardi considers himself an emotional person, which he is, but his chief characteristics are a really formidable intelligence, thoroughness, pride, and a quiet but relentless drive. He knows football from all sides. While studying at law school, he broke into coaching at St. Cecilia High School, in Englewood, where his teams once ran up a string of thirty-six straight victories. A specialist in the T formation, he coached the Fordham freshmen in 1947 and, the next year, the varsity team's offense. He then became an assistant to Colonel Earl Blaik, at Army, and stayed with him for five years, working mainly with the offense. In 1954, he entered the professional game, as the offense coach for the New York Giants, and stayed with *them* for five years, at the end of which he was summoned to resuscitate the Packers. Before accepting the post of head coach, Lombardi insisted on being made general manager as well; he had observed that

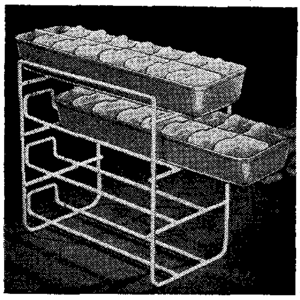
POTTHAST



Exhibition and Sale of an important collection of paintings by Edward Henry Potthast, December 11-29. Concurrently, Annual Exhibit of watercolors, pastels and drawings.

HIRSCHL & ADLER
Galleries inc.
21 East 67th St., N.Y. 21 LE 5-8810

METROPOLE
CAFE
7th AVE. at 48th ST. • CI 5-0088
THE NATION'S
NO. 1 JAZZ SPOT
Opening Dec. 7
LIONEL HAMPTON
and his big band



ICE TRAY CADDY
Very nice for ice! White plastic coated steel caddy prevents frost from forming, enables trays to be easily removed with one finger. 5¼"W, 9"H, 10"D, fits most cross top freezers. Space saver, stacks 4 trays. Rust free. Ppd. $350
LESLIE CREATIONS
A231, LafayetteHill, Pa.

NEW
things are happening at
OLD
Cavanagh's
260 WEST 23RD ST. NEW YORK
WHERE ELEGANCE IN DINING
IS A TRADITION
SINCE 1876

splits in authority had weakened the team during its slide to the cellar, and he felt that one man must always be the boss. On his arrival in Green Bay, he did one or two things that now seem entirely typical of him. Though he started with a good knowledge of the Packers' personnel, he studied the movies of their games hundreds and hundreds of times in order to decide which players he would keep and which he would get rid of. The first trades he made were for defensive men, for, as he later explained, "The No. 1 priority was for us to get a representative defensive ball club—we could make the offense go with what we had." He moved his family to Green Bay and began to acclimate himself to a whole new way of life. It came hard at first. Lombardi is not an ungregarious man, but when he has something on his mind he is likely to be glum and untalkative—at least compared to many football coaches. After the people of Green Bay began to understand this side of his nature, the coach and the community got along very pleasantly. This process was not impeded, to be sure, when Lombardi magically produced a winning team during his first year, and then began to refine and strengthen it into the exquisite destroyer it has been the past two seasons.

When Lombardi talks about football, he is cogitative, analytical, and almost scholarly, and the fact that he is the antithesis of the mashed-potato-circuit orator, with a ready anecdote to illustrate every point, makes him stimulating to listen to. His thinking is so basic that it has the ring of originality. Lombardi on physical conditioning: "I don't think there's any such thing as physical staleness in a young man. Mental staleness, yes." On general strategy: "We think the teams in the league are so evenly matched that in any one game the team that makes fewer mistakes will win. We become rather pointed about it when we make mistakes." On teaching the fundamentals, one of his strong points: "We never stop working on them. We keep checking each individual player. Then we put it together and keep practicing everything in units—small units first, like the guards and center, then larger units, like the five interior linemen, and so on. Repetition, repetition, repetition." On the use of personnel: "The men who play defense have to have a good deal of individual ability—a natural instinct and a natural temperament for the game. They're on their own a lot. The offense is different. It's more planned and scientific, easier to learn." On what makes a winning team: "First,

wonderful sausage from Jones Dairy Farm!

In this rich farm country of Southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Sausage the same way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork—hams, loins, shoulders, and seasoned with fine natural spices. At better markets everywhere. Have a Jones breakfast this Sunday!

JONES
DAIRY FARM
Little Sausages
FRY
BROIL OR
BAKE

Also: Sausage Meat,
Sliced Bacon
Sausage Patties,
Liver Sausage

JONES DAIRY FARM, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

The very climate of France is in this bottle

As you break the seal and sniff, you will discover why Marie Brizard still bottles its liqueurs in France. Such a refreshing fragrance must be captured at the source. This bottling in Bordeaux makes Marie Brizard more expensive. Is it worth it? Pour some of this incredibly smooth Creme De Menthe into a glass. Examine it a moment. Now taste. Ahhhhh! Reason enough?

MARIE BRIZARD **CREME DE MENTHE** • 60 PROOF • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK
ALSO: ANISETTE, 50 PROOF • CREME DE CACAO, 50 PROOF • BLACKBERRY, 60 PROOF • APRY, 70 PROOF

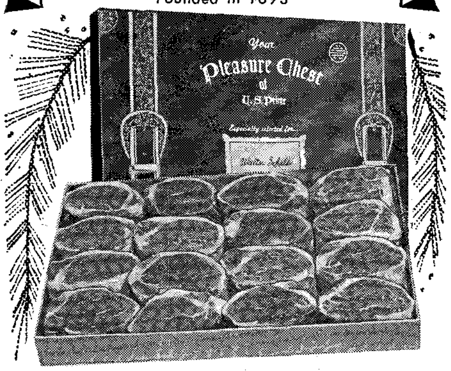
DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO. LTD.

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

STOCK YARDS PACKING CO., Inc.
Founded in 1893



Give pleasure unlimited!

Pleasure Chest of Filets Mignon

Sixteen 6 oz. **U. S. PRIME** filets — each a masterpiece of flavory perfection — distinctive **PERSONALIZED** package, perfect-condition guaranteed. Prepaid (except where air-freight needed). No finer gift! **$35**

"**PLEASURE CHEST OF STEAKS**" 6 **U. S. PRIME** aged, BONELESS Strip Steaks; 1 lb. each; in **PERSONALIZED** chest........$35

STOCK YARDS PACKING CO., INC.
348 N. Oakley Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill.
Send "Pleasure Chest of Filets Mignon" to:

Name__________
Address__________
City & State__________

☐ Check enclosed ☐ References enclosed

you must recognize what has to be done, and then you try to do it. It's a matter of recognition, adjustment, and execution, in that order. To play with confidence, a team must feel that everything possible has been done to prepare it fully for the coming game. Nothing's more important than that."

As one can gather, the Packers' success has been built not on a dazzling assortment of involved offensive maneuvers and defensive alignments but, rather, on their vigorous, quick, and well-synchronized execution of the bread-and-butter elements of football. Quite often, following an old Lombardi axiom, they attack the other team's strongest points and demoralize it that way. On days when their timing is off and things come harder, poise, conditioning, and determination have often seen the Packers through. They are quite a football team, and they have to be, because, as the champions, they must deal week after week with opponents who would like nothing better than to knock them off, and are all charged up to do so.

I MADE my second trip to Green Bay in November, to be on hand for the last home game of the season, on the eighteenth, against the Baltimore Colts. By that time, the Packers had pushed their season's record to nine wins and no losses, but few of the citizen-fans were conceding them the Western Conference title quite yet. "We've still got only a two-game edge on the Detroit Lions," an engineer from Manitowoc pointed out to me during the plane ride up from Milwaukee on the evening before the game. "These next few days will tell the story. I've got a feeling that the Colts will take us. They give us more trouble than anybody else." These were just about the sentiments I found prevailing in Green Bay itself. Nonetheless, the city was in a vibrant mood. The Baltimore game was the Homecoming Game, and about fifty ex-Packers had returned for the weekend. Along with seven hundred other people, they attended a banquet at the Elks' Club, at which Curly Lambeau was formally ushered into the Wisconsin Hall of Fame. Johnny Blood was on hand for the banquet and enjoyed himself immensely, but, equally characteristically, he was gone again the next day.

Though the weather reports had mentioned the possibility of snow, Sunday dawned bright and clear, and stayed that way. The sports section of the *Press-Gazette* carried "Cal's Comments," a regular Sunday column by

The Westbury is a way of life!

For overnight visits or an extended stay in New York, seasoned travelers return to The Westbury. Here, your every whim or need is anticipated and catered to—luxurious rooms, suites, superb cuisine, flawless service. Company Suites, magnificently furnished, from 1 to 6 rooms, also available on lease or monthly rental.

Home of the famous POLO BAR and new MAYFAIR DINING ROOM

reservations or information: Mr. C. L. O'Connor, Mgr.

KNOTT HOTELS

THE Westbury
Madison Ave. at 69th St. N. Y. C.
LE 5-2000 · Teletype: NY 1-138

3925
745V
844H

SENT ON APPROVAL!
...they have to be good!
CHOOSE FROM 8700 HI-FI COLOR SLIDES

Complete your trip with the scenes you didn't get! You name the spots—incomparable views from 90 countries—all as good as your best originals. Restricted interiors, art galleries, palaces, Oberammergau, Seattle World's Fair in true, living color.

35 mm (2 x 2)

3925: Mt. Rushmore
745V: Tahiti Vibration
844H: Gold Mask of King Tut, Cairo Museum

SEND 25c TODAY FOR THE BIG NEW 8th EDITION, 88-PAGE WOLFE CATALOG!

WOLFE WORLDWIDE FILMS
1657 Sawtelle Blvd., Dept. N-122, Los Angeles 25

For the entertainment of your most valued customer or cherished friend

Florentine Room
in the ITALIAN VILLAGE
71 W. Monroe, Chicago DE 2-7005
Luncheon – Cocktails – Dinner

DICK GREGORY • FRAN WARREN

Appearing Nightly exc. Sun.

BASIN STREET East
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. · PL 2-4444

George Calhoun, the Packers' original secretary-manager, who long ago retired as the paper's sports editor but writes a weekly football piece anyhow. Game time was one o'clock, but at twelve, when I arrived at City Stadium, several thousand people were already on hand, milling around the food concessions and taking on frankfurters, bratwurst, and coffee as reserve fuel against the sharp, cold air. With a food counter tucked under the stands at nearly every portal, City Stadium is as beautifully designed for eating as it is for football. The field itself, like that at the Yale Bowl, is sunk well below ground level. The stands are set unusually close to the field, being only ten or eleven yards from the sidelines at midfield and only eight yards or so behind the end zones. The inner railing around the field is painted a gleaming yellow, and so are the goalposts. One reason that the fans had come out so early was to be sure not to miss the pre-game ceremony honoring Hawg Hanner, who has been a standout defensive tackle for eleven years and is the oldest member of the present Packers team in point of service. Hanner, an Arkansas farmer during the off-season, was presented with a nine-passenger Dodge station wagon and an International Harvester "Scout" tractor equipped with a snow-blower attachment. After that, the Packer Lumberjack Band, backed up by the Oshkosh State Teachers' College Band, played the national anthem, and the game was on.

The Packers eventually scored their tenth straight victory, but in winning, 17–13, they were decisively outplayed in nearly every department by the Colts. Except for two plays that went for touchdowns—a 103-yard kickoff return by Herb Adderley and a 23-yard burst through tackle by Tom Moore—the Packers' offense never got rolling. In the end, the game was won by two superb goal-line stands, the second one in the closing moments. As the fans filed out of the stadium, most of them were in a quiet, philosophic mood. "We can thank the defensive team for that one," I overheard a father telling his young son in a low voice. The boy replied, in an even lower one, "We were plain lucky. We won't beat the Lions on Thanksgiving Day if we don't play better than that." He turned out to be quite right; in Green Bay, even the young are percipient analysts.

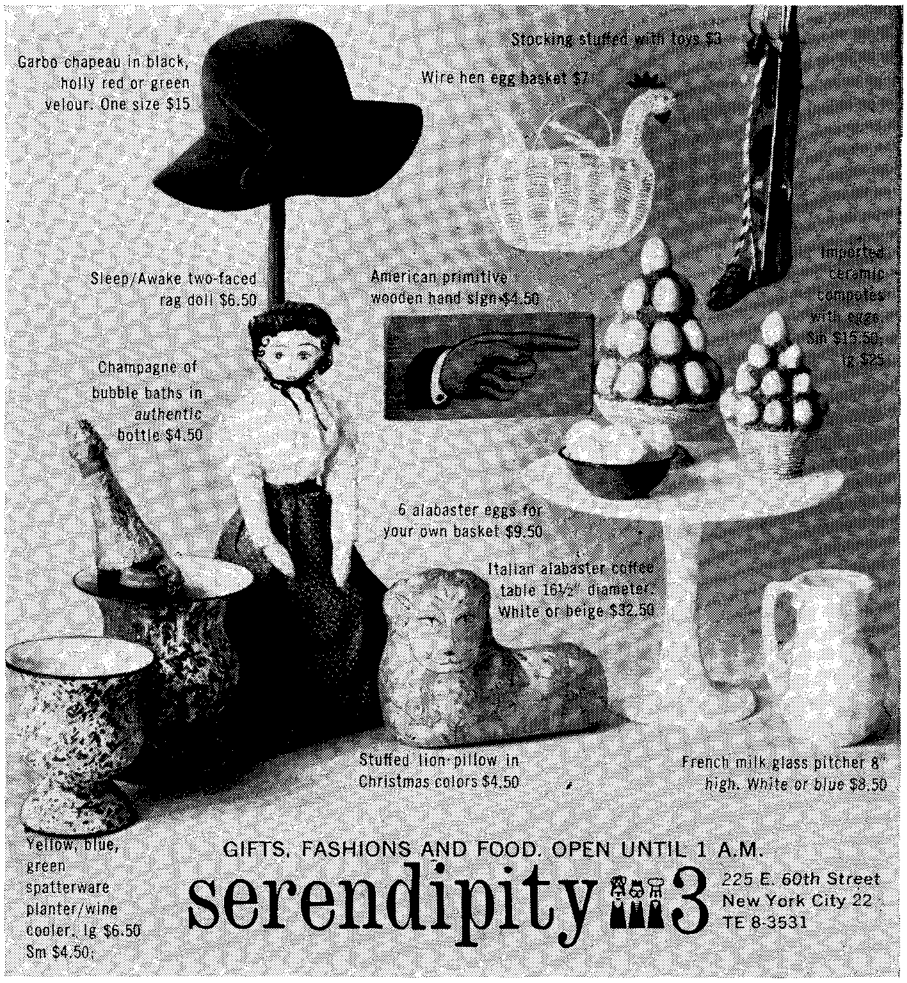
It took the traffic quite some time to get unsnarled, and the slow ride back to town afforded ample time for contemplation. Two main thoughts went

STEREO 360 SOUND
COLUMBIA
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
LELAND HAYWARD PRESENTS
ROBERT RYAN
NANETTE FABRAY
IN
Mr. President
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
MUSIC AND LYRICS BY IRVING BERLIN
BOOK BY HOWARD LINDSAY AND RUSSEL CROUSE
DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN
WITH ANITA GILLETTE JACK HASKELL
JACK WASHBURN STANLEY GROVER JERRY STRICKLER CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD WISA D'ORSO
AND DAVID BROOKS
CHOREOGRAPHY BY PETER GENNARO SETTINGS & LIGHTING BY JO MIELZINER
COSTUMES BY THEONI V. ALDREDGE MUSICAL AND VOCAL DIRECTION BY JAY BLACKTON
ORCHESTRATIONS BY PHILIP J. LANG
DANCE MUSIC ARRANGED AND ORCHESTRATED BY JACK ELLIOTT
PRODUCED FOR RECORDS BY GODDARD LIEBERSON

Irving Berlin's "Mr. President" Stands on Its Record of Top Level Tunes and Timely Lyrics

THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST ALBUM
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

©"COLUMBIA" MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.


Garbo chapeau in black, holly red or green velour. One size $15
Stocking stuffed with toys $3
Wire hen egg basket $7
Sleep/Awake two-faced rag doll $6.50
American primitive wooden hand sign $4.50
Imported ceramic compotes with eggs. Sm $15.50; lg $25
Champagne of bubble baths in authentic bottle $4.50
6 alabaster eggs for your own basket $9.50
Italian alabaster coffee table 16½" diameter. White or beige $32.50
Stuffed lion-pillow in Christmas colors $4.50
French milk glass pitcher 8" high. White or blue $8.50
Yellow, blue, green spatterware planter/wine cooler. lg $6.50 Sm $4.50;

GIFTS, FASHIONS AND FOOD. OPEN UNTIL 1 A.M.

serendipity 3

225 E. 60th Street
New York City 22
TE 8-3531

MAIL ORDERS NOW
SEATS AT BOX OFFICE DEC. 10
OPENS THURS. DEC. 27
CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN
in
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
A New Musical
PRICES: Opening Night Sold Out. Evgs. thereafter: Orch. $9.30, 8.30; Mezz. $7.50, 6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mats. & Hol. Mat. Tues. Jan. 1: Orch. $5.50; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify several alternate dates. Make check or money order payable to Imperial Theatre and mail to "Oliver,"
IMPERIAL THEATRE 249 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

"WEAVES AN ENCHANTING SPELL OUTRAGEOUSLY COMIC."
—TAUBMAN, TIMES
DAVID MERRICK presents
ANTHONY MARGARET
QUINN LEIGHTON
in

WARNER LEROY'S production of
TCHIN-TCHIN
by SIDNEY MICHAELS
based on the play by FRANCOIS BILLETDOUX
Directed by PETER GLENVILLE
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.50. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats. & Hol. Mat. Tues. Jan. 1: $5.40, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50.
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St., N. Y. C.

"A BRILLIANT TOUR-DE-FORCE, A NOTABLE THEATRICAL ACHIEVEMENT."
—WATTS, POST
DAVID MERRICK
in association with
BERNARD DELFONT presents
ANTHONY NEWLEY in
STOP THE WORLD - I WANT TO GET OFF
with
ANNA QUAYLE
a New-Style Musical
Book, Music and Lyrics by
LESLIE BRICUSSE and ANTHONY NEWLEY
Directed by ANTHONY NEWLEY
Original Cast Album London Records
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs.: $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Mats. Hol. Mats. Wed. Dec. 26 & Tues. Jan. 1: $5.40, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.
SHUBERT THEATRE, 225 W. 44 ST., N. Y. C.

"HILARIOUS!" —John Crosby, Her. Trib.
2ND SMASH YEAR!
OFF BROADWAY
THE PREMISE
Tues., Wed., Thurs. 8:30; Fri. 8:00 & 10:30; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30; Sun. 3:00 & 8:30
154 BLEECKER ST. Reservations: LF 3-5020

through my mind. The first one centered on a remark that Art Daley had made one morning during my October visit, as we watched the Packers come pounding out of their dressing room on the way to the practice field. "Just think of it," Daley had said, almost in soliloquy. "The greatest football team in all the world, right here in little Green Bay!" The wonder, I suppose, is how well the townspeople handle this enormous pride in their team—so little braggadocio about it, so much appealing pleasure in it. This touched tangentially on my second thought. According to our native folklore, Green Bay, all wrapped up in football, epitomizes the sort of Midwestern community that drives its gentler spirits out of town—to Chicago, to New York, to Paris, to anyplace where their alien talents have a chance to flower. It is hard to know about these things, but my own feeling is that Green Bay would be an excellent place for any boy or girl to grow up in. Of course, I wouldn't go so far as to recommend that a visitor launch into a long disquisition on the *coureurs de bois* for the benefit of the gang at the Packer Playdium, but if he did, there would be no bother about it. The chances are that they would simply think he was running on about some new quarterback who had just come up with the Montreal Alouettes.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Few persons heard the fire whistle at 2:45 o'clock Wednesday morning that routed the firemen to the Nelle McCosh farm near the southwest edge of town where the barn was afire.

The fire was sighted by Merle Ostermeier who awakened Henry who called Leland who in turn called his mother, Nelle, who called the fire department.

Most of the firemen were deeply hurt at the reaction of their wives when they crawled back into bed about five o'clock after a couple of hours in eight degree below zero snow banks.—*Winfield (Iowa) Beacon.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

REQUESTS FOR NUDGES WE DOUBT EVER GOT REQUESTED

[*Letter received by the father of a college student*]

DEAR GODDARD PARENT:

Earlier this week the father of one of our seniors came in to talk with me about his son's plans and how he might help his son realize them. Before he left he said, "I have been waiting for you to nudge me about a gift that would cover the difference between the amount the College charges and the actual cost that you reported last year."

They All Cheered!
"You'll find yourself overwhelmed with laughter."
—Taubman, Times
ZERO MOSTEL
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
with
JACK GILFORD DAVID BURNS RUTH KOBART
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM
Capitol RECORDS
also RAYMOND WALBURN
and
JOHN CARRADINE
Evenings Monday thru Thurs.: Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Clr. 5-5226

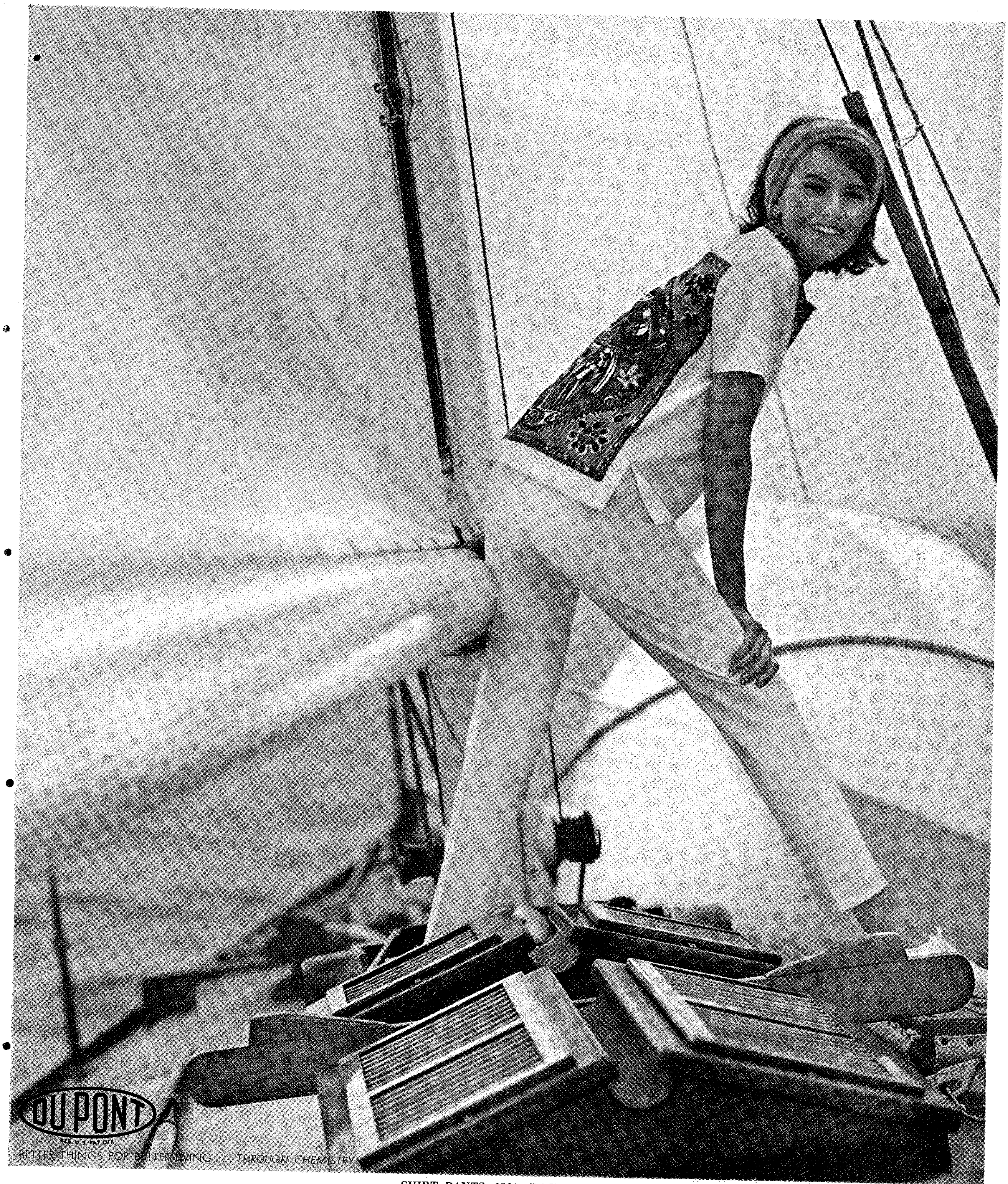
THE COMEDY TREAT OF THE SEASON
Direct From A Year On Broadway

TOM EWELL
in
Take Her, She's Mine
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10-Jan. 5, Walnut St. Theatre
WILMINGTON, Jan. 7-12, Playhouse Theatre

JEAN KERR'S
Irresistible Comedy
in New York
YOU'LL LOVE
MARY, MARY
New York Company at
HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 W. 46 St.
in Chicago
YOU'LL LOVE
MARY, MARY
Chicago Company at
BLACKSTONE Theatre, 60 E. Balbo

ON THE COAST THIS ONE'S THE MOST!
"MADLY FUNNY"
L.A. TIMES
ALL NEW MUSICAL REVUE
L.A.'s own STAGE HIT
BILLY BARNES' L.A.
CORONET THEATRE
366 N. LA CIENEGA
TEL. 652-0866

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000


DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

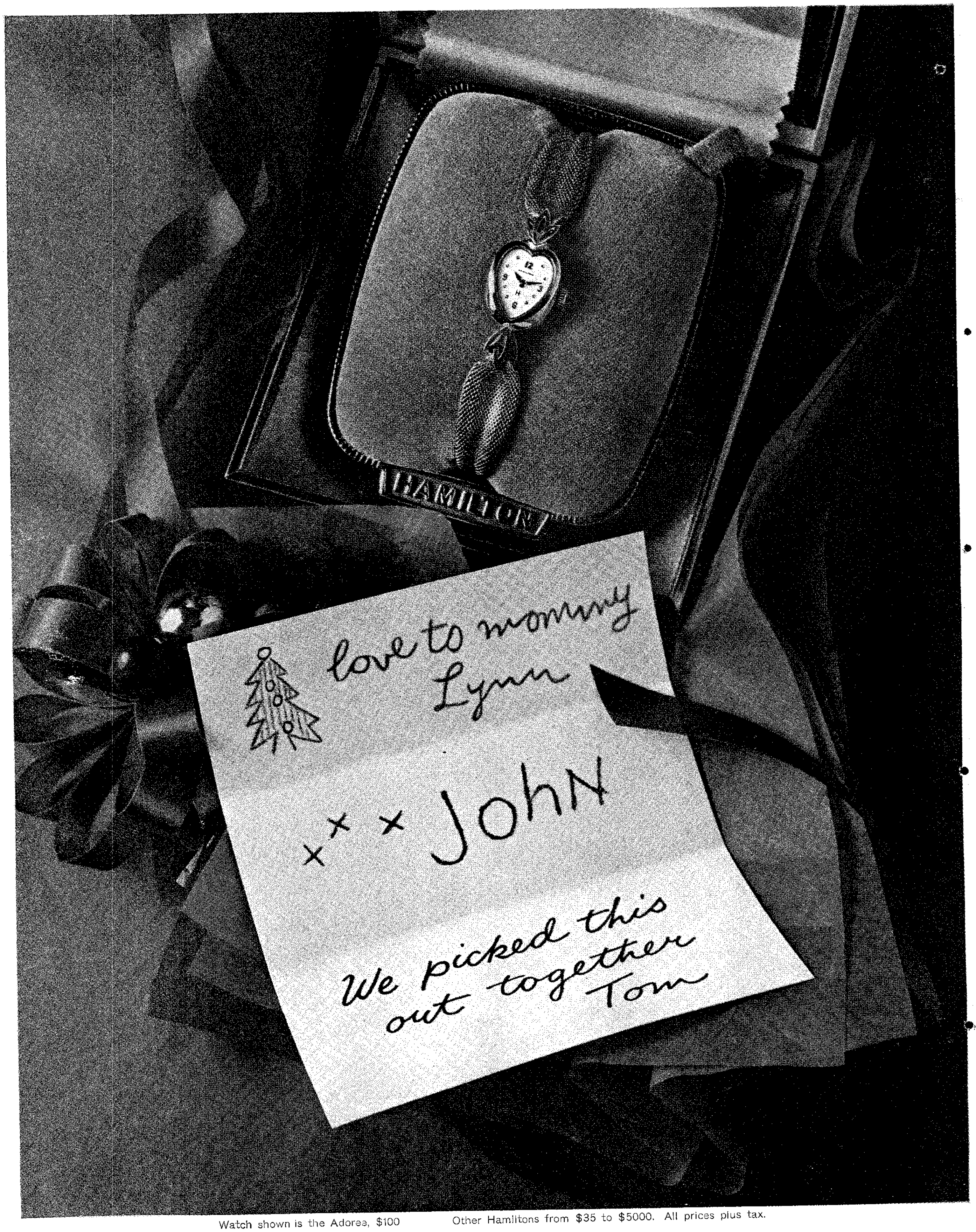
SHIRT, PANTS: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON (A DU PONT RECOMMENDED BLEND).

...love what "Dacron"® does for me!

POLYESTER

And love my spanking-new sailcloth separates of "Dacron" and cotton. Love the color splash of the bandana print. So crisp. So fair. So easy-care. Shipshape. And stays that way all day. Shirt, 8-16; deck pants, in black, white and a sunny world of colors, 6-18, about $12 each. All in 65% "Dacron", 35% cotton. **At all Saks Fifth Avenue stores.**

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN.


HAMILTON
love to mommy
Lynn
x x x JohN
We picked this
out together
Tom

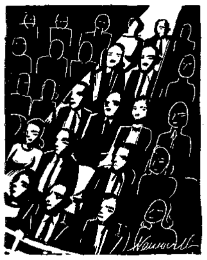
Watch shown is the Adoree, $100

Other Hamiltons from $35 to $5000. All prices plus tax.

With a Hamilton a whole family can say, "We love you!"—to Mother, to Dad, to any special one who deserves a special gift this Christmas. At Hamilton Jewelers in U.S. and Canada. HAMILTON

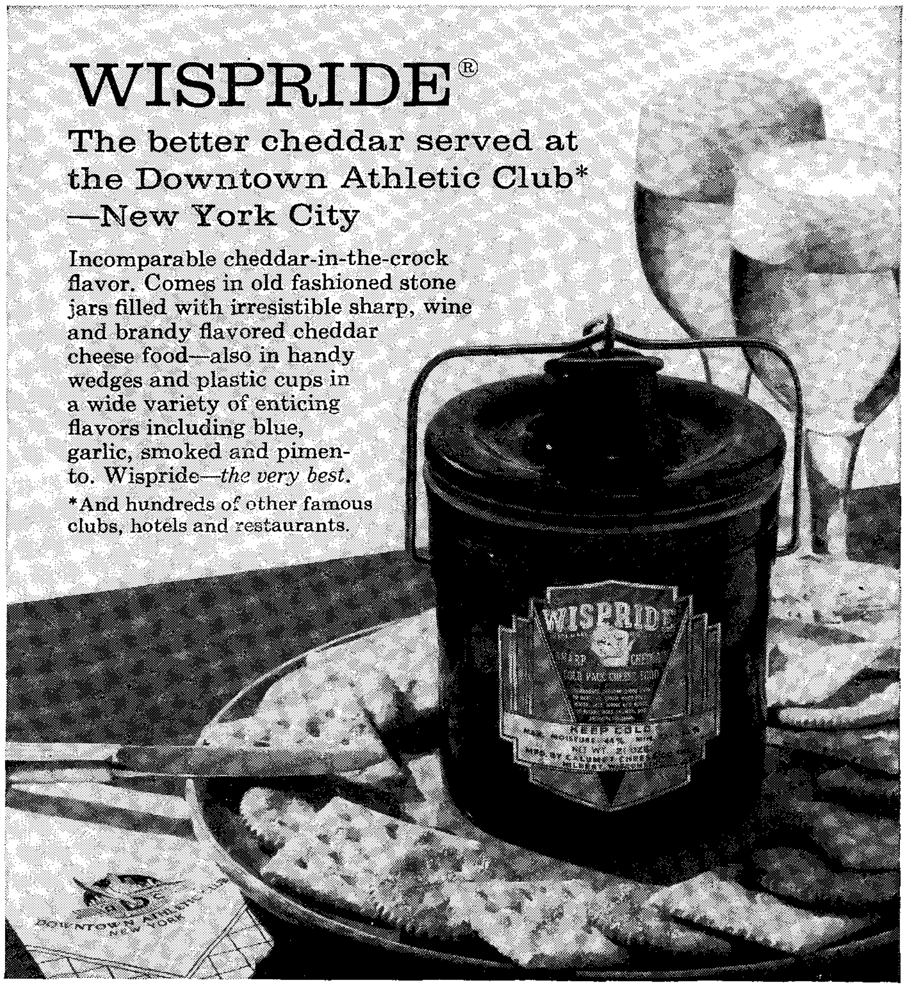
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Too Much Air



SARTRE's famous little play "No Exit" has been turned into a movie that manages to do almost everything just wrong. As the title hints, much of the play's effectiveness depends on conveying a sense of steadily heightened claustrophobia, not only onstage but in the audience. The setting, as you doubtless recall, is Hell, which Sartre at first appears to be asking us to imagine as a sort of gigantic, windowless hotel, tenanted by an uncountable host of the damned. We're shown a single, bleakly furnished room of the hotel, into which three ordinary-looking people, a few moments dead, are ushered by a wiseacre bellhop. As, after a tentative slash or two, they settle down to a fierce common flaying (for Hell, it turns out, is not even this monstrous Hereafter-Hilton; it is the supreme horror of "other people"), we become more and more oppressed by the nature of the trio's fate. Bad enough that, being no longer alive, they have lost the precious boon of being able to die; far worse is their being unable to escape into aloneness. They are immortal shut-ins, doomed to share a stale air that will suffice to sustain them forever without food or sleep. No paths lead out and away from these blank walls, and within them, by a calculated parsimony of time and action, Sartre brings home to us the feel and taste of an everlasting suffocation—we, too, can neither breathe nor not breathe, neither stay nor not stay.

In fashioning the screenplay of "No Exit," George Tabori has recklessly punched a dozen holes in this ghastly unoxygen tent, letting in gust after gust of wholly unsuitable fresh air. The hotel room has a window and an adjoining bathroom, and opens onto a long, traversable corridor; through one or another of these openings—in effect, these exits—we are offered flashbacks into the past lives of the characters. The betrayals of love that have caused them to be dispatched to Hell are rendered at intricate length; we return to the world and make the acquaintance of a number of living people, and with every visit the nagging, painful power of the original nightmare is frittered away. By being "opened up" in the conventional



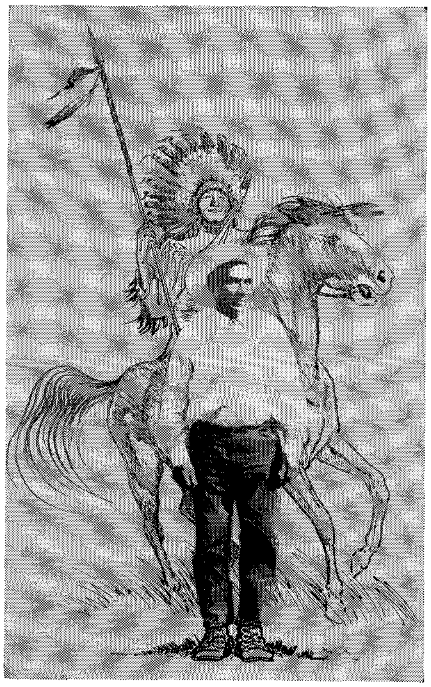
WISPRIDE®

The better cheddar served at the Downtown Athletic Club* —New York City

Incomparable cheddar-in-the-crock flavor. Comes in old fashioned stone jars filled with irresistible sharp, wine and brandy flavored cheddar cheese food—also in handy wedges and plastic cups in a wide variety of enticing flavors including blue, garlic, smoked and pimento. Wispride—*the very best.*

*And hundreds of other famous clubs, hotels and restaurants.

WISPRIDE
KEEP COLD
DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB NEW YORK



Sixty years my people stood looking down at the ground. Hope was running out of them the way blood runs. A terrible time came for my people when nobody believed in them any more. Then we found the Association on American Indian Affairs. The Association had faith in us, and now my people can have faith in themselves again.

—John Wooden Legs,
President Northern Cheyenne Tribe

TIME THE INDIANS' CRUELEST ENEMY!

It is not too late today to deal justly with the first Americans, but we are the last generation that will have the opportunity.

Bold, unremitting action is needed now in the courts; in Washington; in the Indian and Eskimo communities.

The Association on American Indian Affairs is equipped to take such action; for 40 years its program has included:

- Protection of Indian and Eskimo rights
- Health
- Education
- Welfare
- Community Development
- Public Education

ASSOCIATION ON AMERICAN INDIAN AFFAIRS, INC.
475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, New York

I wish to contribute $..........
to fight for justice and equal opportunity for American Indians.

Name..........

Address..........

City..........Zone..........State..........

Contributions are income tax deductible.

stage-to-screen style, "No Exit" contracts to a tiresome morality, in which one observes that the wages of sin is death and that an afterlife furnished with memory is apt to prove mighty unpleasant. Such observations are not enough.

The leading roles are played by Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam, Morgan Sterne, and Ben Piazza; of these, I'm sorry to say that only Miss Lindfors gives a convincing performance. She has a face that is notably intelligent as well as beautiful, and the director, Tad Danielewski, has had the good sense to let his camera dwell upon it. The musical background, composed of taped sounds, is, under the circumstances, much less hellishly eerie than a melody played on a harpsichord would have been.

"THE RELUCTANT SAINT," starring Maximilian Schell, is a light-hearted account of the life of a light-hearted saint, Joseph of Cupertino, who, in the early seventeenth century, caused some excitement among his fellow-monks by developing a knack for levitation. Why levitation should have been considered a sign of sanctity beats me; I am ignorant of the theological background of antigravity, and I refuse to entertain any sort of Freudian speculation. It seems that in Italy in the old days it was hard to keep a good man down—that is all I know about levitation and all I need to know. Mr. Schell plays St. Joseph as one of those lovable fools for God who succeed by incessantly failing; it's a reading of the role that leaves him with little to do but duck his head and slowly raise and lower an extremely heavy and implausible-looking set of false eyebrows. St. Joseph is, of course, the patron saint of aviators, and I recommend the picture highly to the Air Line Pilots Association, but not to anyone else. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Just off the press and ready for distribution today, the 138th edition of John Baer's Agricultural almanac gives cold comfort to most of the country from November to April. Its predictions are for a seldom-broken season of cold waves, storms and snowballs.—*Poughkeepsie Journal.*

A chilly season but a merry one.

•

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20 (AP)—Fidel Castro's announced readiness to see Soviet jet bombers removed from Cuba was described by a State Department sportsman today "as a hopeful sign" of progress toward breaking the U.S.-Soviet stalemate over withdrawal of the nuclear-capable planes.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

And so, back to the polo field.

Choosing them is half the fun!
Christmas books from Dutton

A superb one-volume gift edition of Lawrence Durrell's masterpiece. $10.00

Over 100 cartoons turn history into hilarity. $3.50

Allen Churchill re-creates Broadway's golden era of theatrical entertainment. $4.95

THE FOURTH OF JUNE, David Benedictus' "dazzlingly funny"* satiric novel about life at Eton. *Mademoiselle. $3.95

How Norman Carr schooled his two African lions in the arts of jungle survival. 36 photos, 5 in color. $4.50

230 champion roses in an oversize, fabulous, photo-and-text collector's edition. Christmas special $12.50

Twenty-two major poems by the most talked-about Russian writer since Pasternak. $3.00

Twenty-four true classics of American crime, from 1620 to 1960, edited by Anthony Boucher. $3.95

An original approach to classical religion and myth. Illus. $10.00

At all bookstores
E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
201 Park Ave. So. New York 3, N.Y.

BOOKS

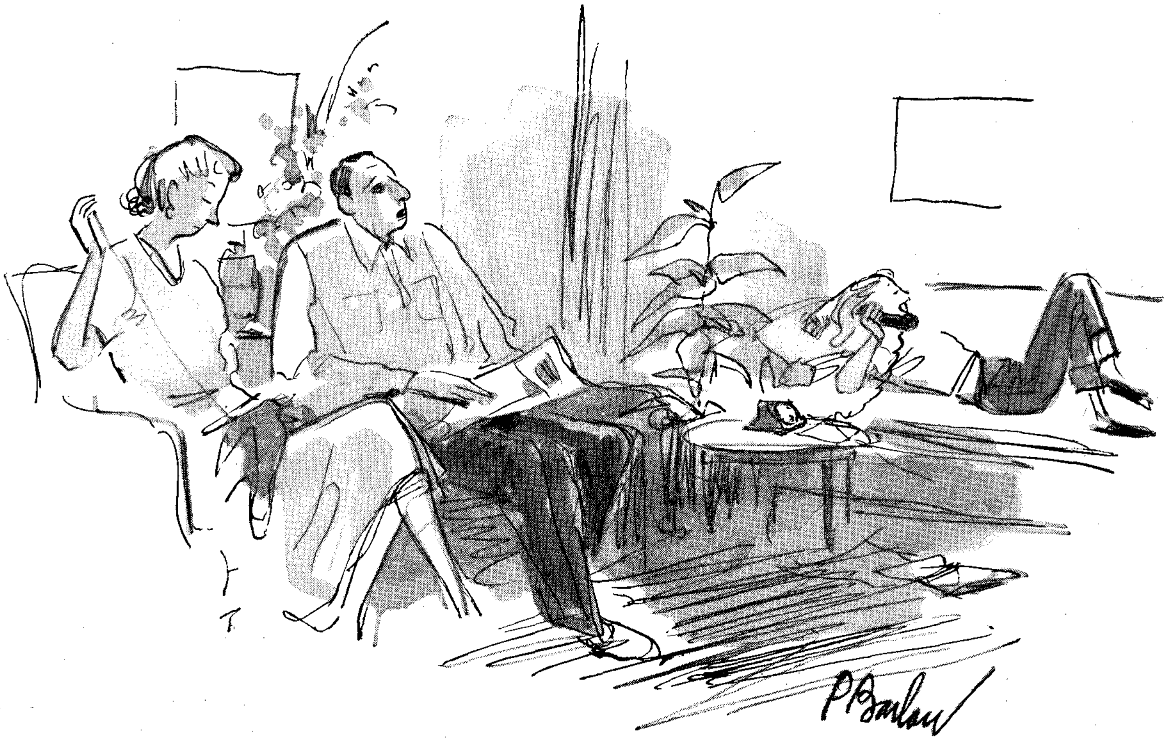
Accessories After the Fact

IN 1953, Francis Russell, a citizen of Massachusetts, was called to jury duty. He served for a month in the same courtroom in the same courthouse in Dedham, Massachusetts, where Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were tried for and convicted of murdering a paymaster and a guard in the course of stealing a South Braintree shoe-factory payroll on April 15, 1920. Russell says the courtroom had "ghosts." There were also living survivors. The sheriff who had been a court attendant at the trial still had the same job and was delighted to reminisce. (He even showed the jurors the cells Sacco and Vanzetti had occupied.) One of the lawyers who appeared before Mr. Russell's jury to argue for the plaintiff in a minor civil suit was Frederick Katzmann, the prosecutor in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—a portly, verbose old man going about his routine law business. Russell, who apparently shares the Elephant's Child's insatiable curiosity, started looking into the matter, and didn't stop until he had exhausted every source he could think of. His notion of research is broad. It is more than conscientious; in figuring out what to look for, it is imaginative. Russell read all the documents and had countless interviews. He reconnoitred all the territory in which Sacco and Vanzetti—or whoever the criminals were—operated before and after the crime. He persuaded an elderly felon who in the nineteen-twenties was thought to have guilty knowledge to clarify one dark corner of the case by taking a lie-detector test. He persuaded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to allow a pair of eminent ballistic experts to reëxamine the bullets and revolvers that had been placed in evidence at Sacco's and Vanzetti's trial. He has thought over all his research and put background, story, and surmise together clearly, readably, and impartially. Out of all this comes a remarkably forceful and—for the moment, anyway—definitive book, "Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case" (McGraw-Hill). And, he tells us, he has changed his mind about the defendants' guilt.

During the long life of the case (1920-27) Russell was a Massachusetts schoolboy. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, and quickly tried and convicted, but they were not executed until 1927; the intervening years were allowed the defense to find new evidence, to file motions for new trials or appeal, and so on. Mr. Russell remembers hearing the grownups talk. None of them, he recalls, had formed an opinion on the basis of the evidence. Who you were—a suburban lawyer like his father, a Boston social worker like his aunt—determined what you thought. His father believed Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty (after all, Vanzetti had been convicted, within weeks of his arrest, of an earlier attempt at payroll robbery); his aunt thought both men were innocent. Mr. Russell took his earliest opinions from his father; later, without much consideration, he accepted his aunt's view. Now he thinks that Vanzetti was almost certainly innocent and Sacco very probably guilty. He did not decide this until he had gone a long, long way into the case, and in his book he clearly separates hypothesis—his own and everybody else's—from reporting. He doesn't say what he thinks until the end. Perhaps I shouldn't have given away his conclusion, but he doesn't regard the case as a murder mystery; to him it is, as his title says, a tragedy. And he writes about it as history.

Still, the book is bound to create arguments, for as soon as he began work, Russell discovered that the opinions formed thirty-odd years earlier were still held, and for the old, unreasonable reasons. Katzmann has died, but those who knew him well—his law partner, for instance—told Mr. Russell what a good man he had been. There is no doubt that Katzmann was certain that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty, and none of his friends seemed able to conceive that he might have made an honest error. The inhabitants of South Braintree still gossip about the crime, and those Mr. Russell talked to are all convinced that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty. Their unanimity isn't astonishing, since the few local people who testified for the defense lost their jobs and had to leave town.

Opinions on the other side have not changed, either. Mr. Russell interviewed Aldino Felicani, the anarchist printer who had been chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. He was a friend of the defendants and is



"The other one. Does she just listen or does she keep talking, too?"

SKIRA
MODERN PAINTING
Modern Painting
SKIRA

The flawless gift for discerning people

SKIRA

MODERN PAINTING

Text by Maurice Raynal. With 200 reproductions in full color. Painting • Color • History series. 10 x 13½ inches, clothbound, in slipcase. $29.50

SKIRA ART BOOKS

DISTRIBUTED BY WORLD

For complete list of Skira Art Books, write
THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
119 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

a man of probity, and he says that it was "impossible" for men of Sacco's and Vanzetti's nature to commit "holdup murder." And, as a matter of fact, the professional felons and the law-enforcement officers who expressed their opinions on the case agreed with Dr. Warren Stearns—then the Massachusetts State Prison psychiatrist, who took several good medical looks at both men—when he told Russell that Sacco and Vanzetti weren't "criminal types." (It's not clear to me what a criminal type is; the crooks thought it something dashing, the cops and Dr. Stearns thought it something low.) Most people, including the sheriff in the courtroom, liked Sacco and Vanzetti. The state's argument even suggested a high-minded motive for the crime, contending that the two men and their three alleged accomplices (who, like the stolen money, were never found) were engaged in a forcible fund-raising operation for the defense of fellow-anarchists who had been apprehended in the recent mass arrests of radicals. The anarchist beliefs of Sacco and Vanzetti gave some plausibility to their story of what they were doing when they were arrested, on the night of May 5, 1920, and why they were both carrying loaded revolvers. At first, they told the police a number of obvious lies about where their guns came from and where they themselves were going—behavior that, according to the prosecution, showed "consciousness of guilt." Later, they changed their stories, and said they were trying to warn other anarchists of impending police raids and hoping to collect and destroy subversive literature. This political element made opinion about the trial infinitely complex, and, Russell discovered, it still adds bitterness even to the folklore of the case.

The newspaper-cartoon anarchist, with his whiskers and his bomb, has become an outmoded item of popular iconography, but, Mr. Russell reminds us, it stood for a reality in 1920. Anarchists had exploded bombs in the United States before Sacco and Vanzetti had ever been heard of, and during the case there were more bombings—the house of one of the jurors was bombed. Yet there was a tide of sympathy waiting to flow for Sacco and Vanzetti, not because they were anarchists but because the federal government had so appallingly mistreated aliens who were radicals and many aliens who were not. It was not unreasonable for sensible people to assume that Sacco and Vanzetti were dangerous because they were anarchists, as you might nowadays assume that a member of the Ku Klux Klan was

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

PIERRE AUDEMARS
The Crown of Night
Published just in time for Christmas! M. Pinaud of the Sûrete, and *The Turns of Time*, becomes involved with a lethal lady – a female Bluebeard, *parbleu!* $3.50

LESLEY EGAN
Against the Evidence
Published just in time for Christmas! Believe the evidence, and there's no doubt the boy is guilty of a rape murder. But his lawyer won't believe it. By the author of *The Borrowed Alibi.* $3.50

JOHN DICKSON CARR
The Demoniacs
Dark doings in 18-century London –"a model of its kind involving duels, diamonds, bigamy, bastardy, waxworks and love."
– ANTHONY BOUCHER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.95

ROBERT VAN GULIK
The Chinese Nail Murders
"One of the very best of the wondrous Judge Dee books."
– ANTHONY BOUCHER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated by the author. $3.95

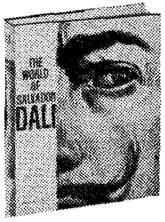
JULIAN SYMONS
The Plain Man
Read all about it – publisher's ex-mistress murdered! "Highly satisfactory."
– ANTHONY BOUCHER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

PATRICIA HIGHSMITH
The Cry of the Owl
"A nightmare wherein the stalker is stalked and dead men rise again.... As pretty a stew as Alfred Hitchcock might desire." – THOMAS LASK, *N. Y. Times.* $3.95
At all bookstores

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

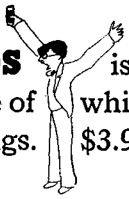
Make it a White Christmas with **THE POINTS OF MY COMPASS,** Letters From the East, the West, the North, the South ($4.00)*; and, for children of all ages, **STUART LITTLE** ($2.75) and **CHARLOTTE'S WEB** ($2.95), both illustrated by Garth Williams . . . and all **by E. B. White.**

*With one exception, the pieces in this book appeared first in *The New Yorker.*

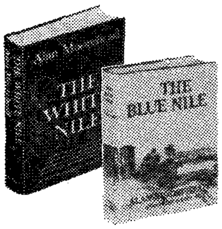


Magnificent to give and get — **THE WORLD OF SALVADOR DALI by Robert Descharnes.** Lavishly illustrated with more than 172 reproductions in full color and black and white. Special gift price to Dec. 31, 1962: $24.95. Thereafter: $30.00

Only now released for publication, **Mark Twain's LETTERS FROM THE EARTH** is "Twain in the raw, jeering, brilliant, pulverizing." — *Chicago Daily News.* $5.95

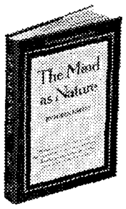


James Thurber's CREDOS AND CURIOS is a richly rewarding collection of twenty-one vintage Thurber pieces, only three of which have appeared in book form. With 25 Thurber drawings. $3.95

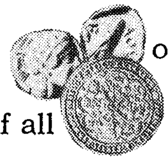


Alan Moorehead's THE BLUE NILE is "hypnotic . . . a resplendent pageant."— *Newsweek.* The magic of its predecessor, **THE WHITE NILE,** is equally irresistible. A perfect pair for giving. Each, illustrated, $5.95

A substantial portion of each of these books originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*



Loren Eiseley's THE MIND AS NATURE — a meditation on the hidden springs of creative power — is, "like everything else he writes, eloquent, moving and profound."— JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. $2.75



The most complete single book on coins ever published — **COINS OF THE WORLD by R. A. G. Carson.** More than 700 pages. More than 1,000 coins of all eras in collotype facsimile. $15.00

ECCE HOMO by Joseph Jobé is the life of Christ as seen through 19 centuries by artists and artisans from everywhere. With 24 pages of color reproductions and 60 of black and white. Special gift price to Dec. 31, 1962: $12.50. Thereafter: $15.00

EVERYMAN'S ARK

Every animal lover will treasure **EVERYMAN'S ARK, introduced by Alan Moorehead and edited by Sally Patrick Johnson** — true stories of man's closeness to the creatures. With drawings. $5.95

In **SEABIRDS IN SOUTHERN WATERS, H. R. H. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh,** records the delights of remote islands and beautiful birds. Illustrated with the Duke's own photographs and 8 bird paintings. $3.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES 18 17 Harper & Row, PUBLISHERS

TORRONE

Ferrara

Ferrara
Torrone
NOUGAT CANDY
Gourmet Assortment

(Italian Nougat Candy)

Crisp roasted almonds and filberts in a nougat of pure fresh eggs and Yucatan honey $1.25

AVAILABLE AT CHARLES & CO., NEW YORK; FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE, WASH.; JURGENSENS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND, NATURALMENTE; CAFFE FERRARA, 195 GRANDE STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

THE PLAYER

By Lillian Ross and Helen Ross

"I have spent most of my life with actors and have read most of the books about them. This is the first one which gives you an insight into how they live, how they feel, how they think. It is, I firmly believe, the best book on the subject that exists."
—*S. N. Behrman*

$6.95. Just Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER. 21 of the 55 chapters first ran in *The New Yorker.*

A brand-new, beautiful

Bemelmans

for the children you love

MARINA

In sprightly verses and scores of wonderful four-color paintings — the story of a seal named O'Neal and his daughter Marina.
$3.95 at bookstores everywhere • HARPER

capable of blowing up a school. It was no more unreasonable for equally sensible people to assume that Sacco and Vanzetti were being persecuted for their politics.

These justifiable extralegal assumptions didn't clarify anybody's thinking, and Mr. Russell's biographies of the defendants, along with his collection of contemporary impressions and reports, support either view—they were desperadoes or they were innocent victims. Sacco and Vanzetti were men of superior intelligence. Vanzetti was widely read, and in prison developed a gift for language. He had a gentle personality. Sacco was a devoted family man and a dependable, steadily employed skilled worker. Their neighbors liked them; they had no criminal records and no records of bad debts, loose living, or loud parties. So far so good. Yet though both men had arrived in the United States in 1908, they had learned next to no English and were, as Vanzetti said, ignorant of "American points of view and habits of thought." They were not aliens so much as alienated, living less in the United States than in a fanatic's nightmare of America. They were kind to children, but neither pretended loyalty to the laws of Massachusetts, most of which they did not understand anyhow. They had fled to Mexico for fear of being drafted during the First World War, because, they explained, they were ideologically opposed to killing. Why, then, were they wandering around with loaded guns? It's as puzzling now as it was in 1920.

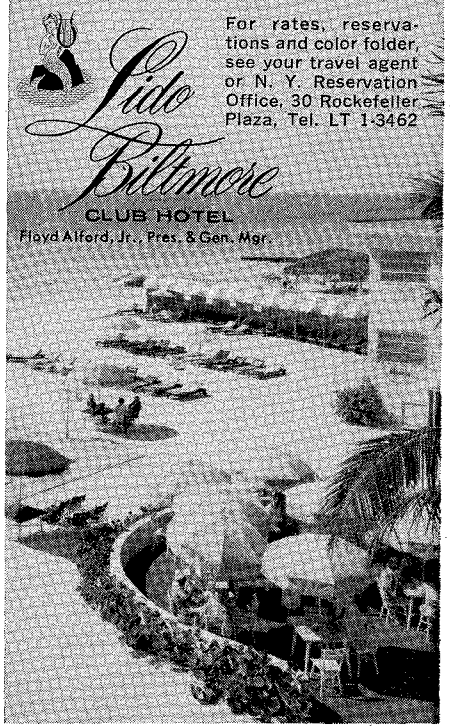
Mr. Russell began this book because he had been a juror and knows how hard a jury tries to do its job. (There is an inevitable element of autobiography in any book that, like "Tragedy in Dedham," takes nearly ten years to write, and it's a gain for the reader. The author of this book is a new witness, and he interests us.) Russell thinks the jury that convicted Sacco and Vanzetti was not biassed by the defendants' politics. In fact, the people in the county don't seem to have been especially scared by the great Red Scare. Mr. Russell found out that in April, 1920, a jury in Dedham had refused to convict a foreign anarchist named Segris Zagroff, reasoning that he was entitled to advocate the overthrow of the United States government as long as he did nothing concrete about it. Webster Thayer, who presided at Sacco's and Vanzetti's trial, was the judge in this case, too, and reprimanded the jury for a verdict he considered unsatisfactory.

But Zagroff had no weapons and Sacco and Vanzetti did. "If they had

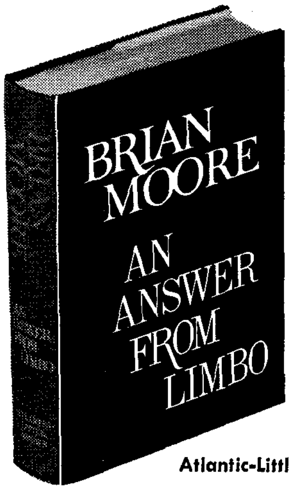
YOURS TO ENJOY

The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . sophisticated club-like setting. New 18 hole golf course, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462



LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA



"He belongs in the front rank of novelists writing at this moment in English."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $5.00

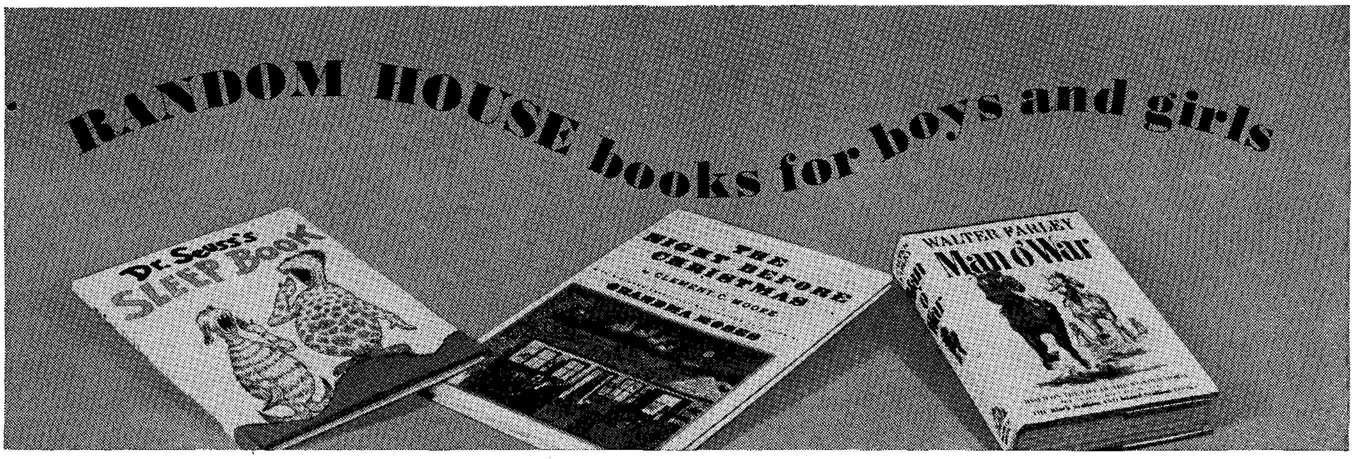
Atlantic-Little, Brown

CAFE RENAISSANCE
MANHATTAN

A most unusual new restaurant

THE BAYBERRY

Dinner • Supper
ACROSS FROM THE R.R. STATION GREAT NECK, N.Y.
RESERVATIONS • HU 2-2900


RANDOM HOUSE books for boys and girls
Dr. Seuss's Sleep Book
The Night Before Christmas
Clement C. Moore
Grandma Moses
Walter Farley
Man O' War

Dr. Seuss's Sleep Book

"Anyone who has followed Dr. Seuss's twenty-five-year career as author-artist knows how persuasive he is. No one could resist these billions of astonishing sleepyheads."—*New York Times.* Illus. in 3 colors. 8 x 11. Ages 4-9. $2.95

Grandma Moses

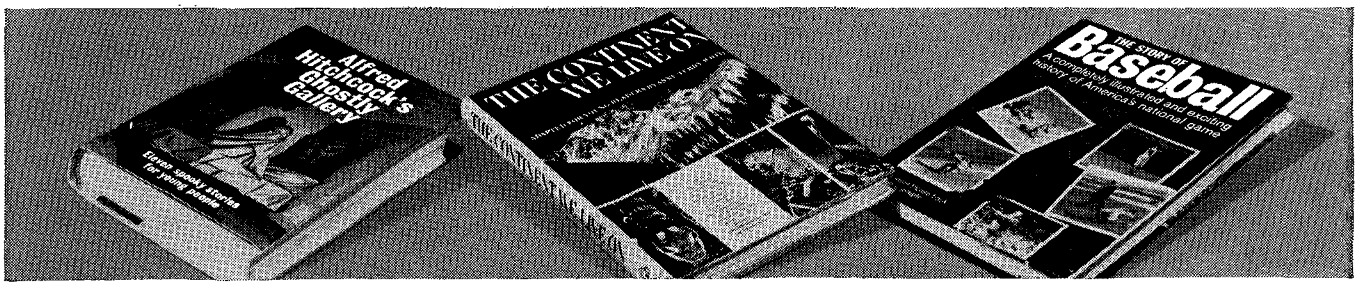
has illustrated the beloved Christmas poem

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Clement C. Moore. An irresistible Christmas package. 9½ x 12¾. Age 4 and up. $1.95

Walter Farley's
MAN O' WAR

"A vivid, moving 'word picture' of Man O' War from the night he was foaled through all his racing triumphs."—Louis Feustel, trainer of Man O' War. Illustrated. Age 10 and up. $3.95


Alfred Hitchcock's Ghostly Gallery
Eleven spooky stories for young people
The Continent We Live On
The Story of Baseball
A completely illustrated and exciting history of America's national game

Alfred Hitchcock's
GHOSTLY GALLERY

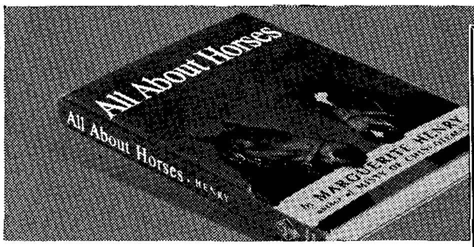
Illustrated by Fred Banbery. Eleven spooky stories for young people, selected by the master of the spine-tingling thriller. Ages 9-14. $3.95

The Continent We Live On

By Ivan T. Sanderson. A journey through North America's natural wonders, adapted for young readers by Anne Terry White. With 160 photos and maps, many in full color. 8½ x 11. 10-14. $4.95

The Story of Baseball

By John M. Rosenburg. This colorful, informal history of America's favorite sport is full of exciting anecdotes. Lavishly illustrated with over 100 photographs. 8⅜ x 11. Age 10 and up. $3.95


All About Horses
Marguerite Henry

All About Horses

By Marguerite Henry. Animal lovers will cherish this rich account of horses and how they have worked with man down through the years. An Allabout book. Illustrated with drawings and photographs. Ages 10-14. $1.95

Landmark Books

Dramatic, well-written accounts of famous events and personalities in American and world history. Illustrated. Age 9 and up. Each, $1.95.

Americans into Orbit: The Story of Project Mercury by Gene Gurney.

The Story of Submarines
by George Weller

The Story of Oklahoma
by Lon Tinkle

The Life of St. Paul
by Harry Emerson Fosdick

Voyages of Henry Hudson
by Eugene Rachlis

Beginner Books

Lively, humorous, books for children just learning to read. Each has a controlled vocabulary of just 200 different words. Joyfully illustrated in color. $1.95 each.

I Was Kissed by a Seal at the Zoo
by Helen Palmer

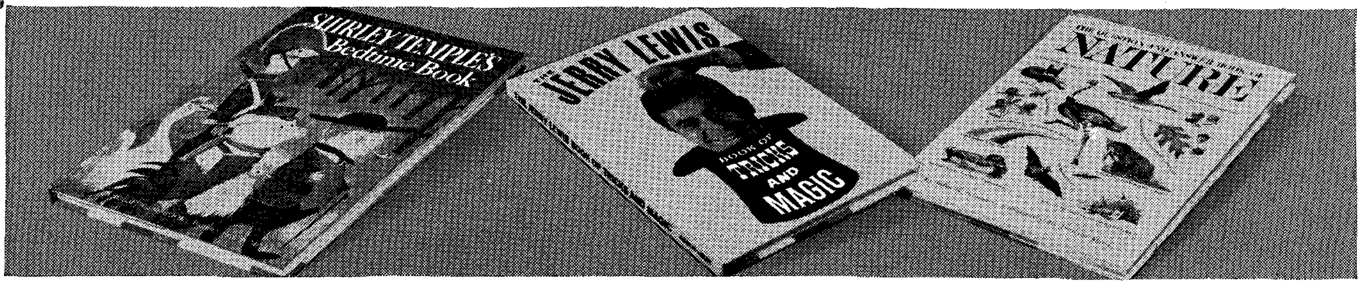
Robert the Rose Horse
by Joan Heilbroner

and Beginning Beginner Books

For eager young readers who can't wait to read Beginner Books. Maximum vocabulary of 150 words. Color illus. $1.95 each.

Snow
by Roy McKie and P. D. Eastman

The Big Honey Hunt
by Stanley and Janice Berenstain


Shirley Temple's Bedtime Book
Jerry Lewis
Book of Tricks and Magic
Nature

Shirley Temple's Bedtime Book

Illustrated in full color by J. P. Miller. Thirty-seven favorite fairy tales and nursery stories for reading or listening. 9¼ x 12½. Ages 4-9. $2.95

Jerry Lewis' Book of Tricks and Magic

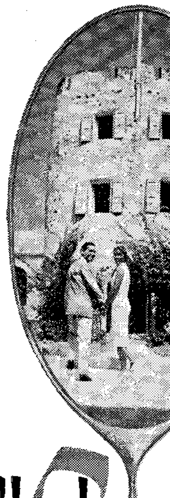
A fun-filled book of do-it-yourself tricks and magic for ages 8-12. Illustrated with step-by-step "show how" photographs. 8 x 11. $1.95

The Question and Answer Book of Nature

By John Saunders. Illustrated in full color. Answers over 200 questions about animals, plants, rocks, and the solar system. 8½ x 11. Ages 5-9. $1.95

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE **RANDOM HOUSE**

MIRROR THOSE MAGIC HOURS AT



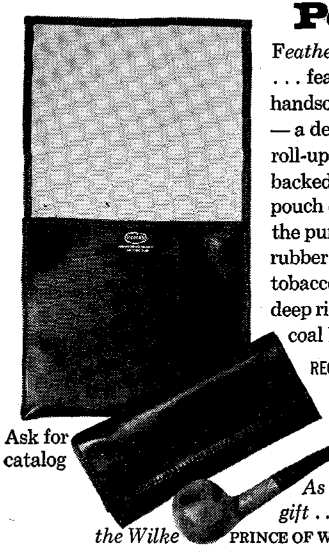
Bluebeard's Castle

ST. THOMAS • VIRGIN ISLANDS

High above Charlotte Amalie—with view of town and harbor! Dine and dance on starlit Buccaneer Terrace (where all meals are served). American and West Indian cuisine. Pool, tennis. Castle rooms air conditioned. Or try the New Beach Club—studio-rooms, private porches; bar and dining area; over 1200-foot white sand beach.

Folder from TRAVEL AGENTS or
Leonard Hicks, Jr. Inc., Reps.
532 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D.C.

Our most popular **Tobacco Pouch**



Featherweight, ... feathersoft in handsome gazelle—a dependable roll-up: its suede-backed flap holds pouch closed and the pure Moseley rubber pocket keeps tobacco fresh. In deep rich brown or coal black.

REGULAR SIZE $9.00
or the convenient
ONE-DAY $8.00
including mailing.

Ask for catalog

As a companion gift ... we suggest the Wilke PRINCE OF WALES *natural briar root pipe in the* $15.00 ppd. *quality.*

Wilke pipe shop Established 1872
400 MADISON AVENUE *at 48th* NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

WANT TO BE KNOWN AS NOUVEAU QUAINT?

It's passé to use a butter churn or one of those grinder things made into a lamp. Nowadays a rain barrel does much more for much less and always affords a grand place to put the goldfish for a short vacation. Useful hints like this abound in FLOWER GROWER, The Home Garden Magazine, Albany 1, N.Y. ($3.50 the year, $6.00 the brace)

not been armed," Russell says, "the chances are they would never have been tried." The guns appear to have insured not only Sacco's and Vanzetti's arrest but their conviction. The prosecution contended that one of the killers had picked up the gun that belonged to the paymaster's guard, Berardelli, as he lay dying, and it maintained that the gun Vanzetti was carrying when he was arrested was Berardelli's. A defense witness who might have supported Vanzetti's account of the past ownership and whereabouts of his gun was not called. Russell isn't sure whether this was fishy or sloppy; he leans toward fishy. The state's ballistic expert, Captain Van Amburgh, declared that Sacco's gun fired the bullet that had killed Berardelli; a second witness for the state didn't accept these findings, but he didn't say so on the stand. Van Amburgh made a mistake in another famous case of the time—the Harold Israel case, in Connecticut—and may have made a mistake in this one. If he had, the ballistic expert for the defense wouldn't have known; he was a phony. In 1961, Mr. Russell's experts affirmed Van Amburgh's testimony. There was a slight catch, though. All the ballistic evidence exhibited at the trial had been out of the state's possession for years. Russell found it lying around the house of Captain Van Amburgh's son—an unsatisfactory provenance for an antique, let alone evidence of murder. And, by the way, after Mr. Russell's book appeared, Justice Michael Musmanno, of Pennsylvania (who in his youth played a small role in the Sacco-Vanzetti defense), wrote to the newspapers to point out that one of Russell's ballistic experts, Frank Jury, had made a mistake in a recent case.

But the ballistic evidence is only a sample of the muddle. It is hard to believe there could have been such a concatenation of incompetences. The criminal investigations were begun by small-town police who might have had trouble catching butterflies. A cap picked up at the scene of the murder was passed around for two days before it came to rest in the hands of a policeman who made a tear in the lining—his way of identifying evidence. At the trial, testimony was offered that the cap was Sacco's because, in the factory where he worked, he customarily hung his cap on a nail that might have torn the lining. The Lowell Committee—three distinguished Massachusetts men appointed by the Governor in 1927 to review the case and advise him whether to execute Sacco and Vanzetti, pardon them, or commute their sentences—was the first official body to learn how the lining was torn. The

Franz Kafka

PARABLE AND PARADOX

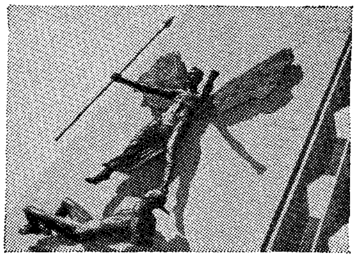
By Heinz Politzer

University of California, Berkeley

HERE at last is a book which treats Kafka as literature pure and simple, though not so pure and not so simple. Rather than stressing the timeliness of Kafka's vision, the book explores the timelessness of his imagery. Politzer considers the paradoxical parable as the basic form of all Kafka's works and examines them according to this conception. What emerges is a series of brilliant and highly original interpretations.

397 pages, illus., $6.50

Cornell University Press
ITHACA, NEW YORK



PHOENIX AT COVENTRY

The Building of a Cathedral

By the architect SIR BASIL SPENCE

The highly personal and moving account of the concept, design, and construction of Coventry's new "space-age" cathedral, told by the architect himself. Magnificently illustrated with 11 full-color and 35 monochrome photos. $6.95

At your bookseller

HARPER & ROW, *Publishers*

A Very Special Restaurant

The COACH HOUSE

110 WAVERLY PLACE • SPring 7-0303
JUST WEST OF WASH. SQ. NEW YORK CITY

committee was apparently unimpressed. The identifications of Sacco and Vanzetti were made by an unreliable procedure. Nobody ever picked the defendants out of a lineup; prospective witnesses were taken to the jail and shown them there.

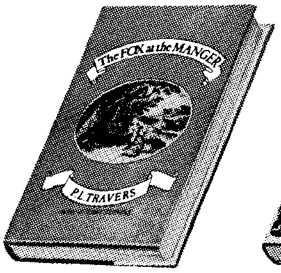
Almost any identification in this case seems to me tricky. Those witnesses who identified the men as loiterers in South Braintree on the day of the crime had no reason to fix the strangers' faces in their memories, and those witnesses who identified them as the criminals had had only the briefest glimpse of the killers, in circumstances so horrifying as to be distracting. At any rate, the identifications—as Mr. Russell describes them—appear to me, anyhow, less credible than the defendants' alibis.

Mr. Russell doesn't seem to mind anybody else's inadequacy as much as he minds the inadequacy of Fred Moore, the main defense attorney. Moore, a Californian and a political radical, really invented the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He appealed outside the tiny circle of anarchists who knew of the men's arrest to the labor movement and to groups concerned with civil liberties. He was a good impresario but not as good a lawyer. He was sloppy about means. He browbeat prospective witnesses, and there is testimony that he attempted to bribe others. His judgments were poor; he chose the phony ballistic expert, and his work in the courtroom was noisy but not to the point. He was the prisoner of his own radical dogmas, and Russell thinks that by challenging any man who didn't seem proletarian enough he got a less able jury than he might have. One instance Russell cites of Moore's denseness in cross-examination appears unforgivable.

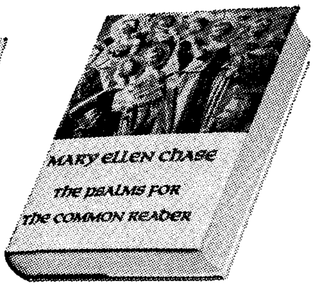
Russell may be too hard on Moore; some surviving workers on the Sacco-Vanzetti case still think highly of him. The defendants didn't like him, and in 1924 he was replaced by William Thompson, a first-rate, honorable, conservative Massachusetts lawyer, who directed the defense until the end. I have the impression that Russell thinks Thompson, if he had been in charge of the defense in the beginning, might have won an acquittal or a hung jury. In one respect, certainly, Mr. Russell blames Moore unjustly. Moore evoked—possibly provoked—the hostility of Webster Thayer. Did the Judge's dislike of Moore injure Moore's clients? I doubt it. Before he laid eyes on Moore, Thayer was biassed against Sacco and Vanzetti because he was a fanatic about the anarchist menace. He asked the Chief Justice of Massachu-

THE BOOKS TO GIVE ARE

"Books that Live"



LILLIAN SMITH
Memory of a Large Christmas

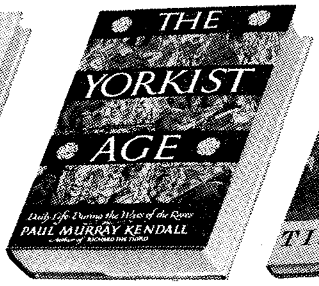


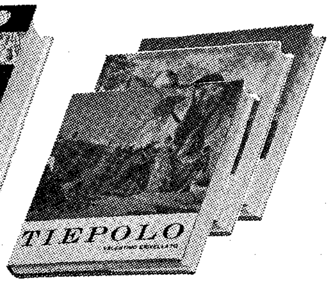
THE FOX AT THE MANGER
By P. L. TRAVERS
An enchanting Christmas story by the author of the Mary Poppins books. As Walter de la Mare has said, her writing is "absolutely alive and glinting with strange magic." Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick. $3.00

MEMORY OF A LARGE CHRISTMAS
By LILLIAN SMITH
In this gay, tender, often delightfully funny book Lillian Smith recalls Christmas as she knew it in her Southern childhood. You will enjoy sharing these wonderful memories. Decorations by Constance McMillan. $2.95

THE PSALMS FOR THE COMMON READER
By MARY ELLEN CHASE
"One of the most accurate and delightful books ever written about the Psalms."—LISTON POPE, Yale Divinity School, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.95

the bird
and others
by HARGREAVES





THE BIRD and Others
By HARGREAVES
Give everybody THE BIRD, but first give yourself a copy of this hilarious new cartoon book by Harry Hargreaves, a *Punch* artist whose humor speaks to Main Street as well as Mayfair. You and just about everybody you know will be for THE BIRD. $2.95

THE YORKIST AGE
By PAUL MURRAY KENDALL
The author of *Richard the Third* re-creates Merrie England in "an outstandingly fine work of social history."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times.* "Charming and judicious." — A. L. ROWSE, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Illustrated. $7.50

THE NORTON ART SERIES
(Masters and Movements)
The first three volumes: TIEPOLO by Valentino Crivellato, RAPHAEL by Luciano Berti, NICOLAS DE STAEL by Douglas Cooper. Each illus. with 40 or more full-page, full-color plates, plus numerous duotone gravures. Each, only $3.95

At all bookstores • W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.

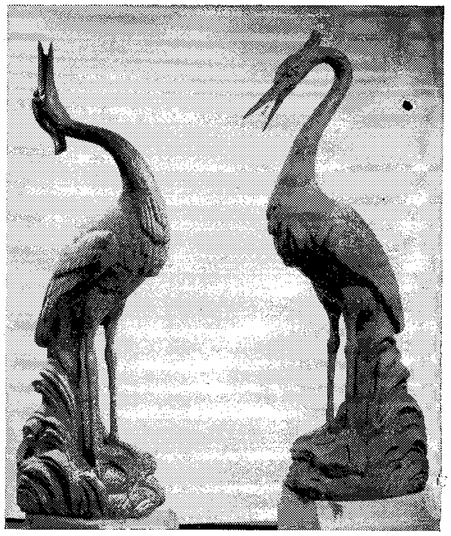
THE
INTERNATIONALLY
RENOWNED
Embassy Club
CONTINUOUS DANCING
GUNNAR HANSEN
His Magic Violin
and his Orchestra
*
QUINTERO
and his Continental Band
*
Dinner from 6:30
Dancing from 8:30
RESERVATIONS: "Eddie"
PLaza 5-1000
Closed Mondays
Sheraton-East
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK
VICE PRES. AND GEN. MGR.

Wonderful to Own...
Exciting to Give
Dremel ELECTRIC SHOE POLISHER
Now . . . an electric shoe polisher that eliminates the fuss and bother of hand polishing. Only daily care brings out the glowing luster and richness of fine leather, and it's so easy with the new Dremel. Just tap the foot switch and two polishing bonnets whirl into action (one for black shoes, one for brown). A quick daily buffing makes one shoe paste application last for weeks. It's a walk-up-to floor model —no bending or stooping, no soiled hands. Distinctively styled in gleaming chrome. Weighs 7½ lbs. Convenient carrying handle makes it easy to lift or carry about. A distinctive gift for home or office use.
Look for it at better stores. If not available, write for name of nearest dealer or order direct. Only $29.95. Fully guaranteed.
Four "shining" models to choose from — including deluxe *Executive* chrome $35.00, gold plated, $45.00.
DREMEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 242-M, Racine, Wis.

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

setts, John Aiken, to assign him to the case—an impropriety that, Russell speculates, Aiken forgave because he and Thayer were both Dartmouth graduates. Age may have had something to do with it; Aiken was born in 1850, and perhaps by 1920 he should have been retired. Assigning Webster Thayer to this case was a professional misjudgment that matches the worst of Moore's mistakes. The defense had tried to hire Thompson long before; he spent a day watching the proceedings while the jury was being selected, and he predicted, "The Judge is going to convict these two men and see that nothing gets into the record." Thompson had practiced in Massachusetts and knew the judges' peculiarities; other observers, such as the newspapermen, thought they saw what Thompson had thought he saw. Still, it's not a judgment now capable of proof, since Thayer kept his written record clean. (You would not convict a man on the basis of a record of an innocent conversation because the police alleged that he winked while he spoke.) Thayer's role continued after the clean trial record; he had the responsibility of ruling whether the new evidence the defense kept unearthing warranted a new trial, and year in, year out he ruled it didn't. Out of court, his public references to the defendants were on the elegant order of "those anarchistic bastards." There was no legal remedy except to ask for a new trial on the ground that the judge was biassed; Thayer heard the defense argument and ruled against it.

Aiken and Thayer remind one of a problem—the selection of able judges—that we, the laity, are always adjured to take seriously, although there never seems to be anything we can do about it. Whether judges are elected or appointed, the bar associations and the political clubs invariably pick the nominees. But who—including bar associations—can predict anybody's behavior? Thayer was a technically proficient judge, a rational man who in this most wretched circumstance behaved irrationally. Maybe he didn't prejudice the jury, but he ineradicably prejudiced half the population of the United States. If Moore invented the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Thayer perfected the invention. The two men were doing the same thing—abstracting when concreteness was required, standing at Armageddon, seeing two men as symbols of larger issues. I suppose there *are* larger issues in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; at least by implication, everything about it suggests the desirability of abolishing capital punishment. Not to mention the desirabil-


HERONS
Suitable as garden ornaments, or piped for water fountain—One of many from our extensive collection of statuary and garden ornaments in Lead, Bronze and Stone.
●
HERONS . . . in lead as shown with head up or down. Suitable as garden ornaments or can be piped for water fountain (to order) 46" high base 13" x 11" irregular $275.00 each—F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express collect—.
25¢ for catalogue M-63 on complete line in coins or postage.
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

Luxury
in the New York manner
Cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Two notable restaurants
Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

that fine Italian hand
in fur...
David
50 West 57, New York

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

ity of cultivating, in public matters, precise habits of thought.

Mr. Russell describes Moore's and Thayer's kind of thinking, but he is never bemused by it. He sticks to reality, and frequently makes reality art—his sketches of the semi-rural, semi-industrial landscape south of Boston are art, and so is his interview with the embittered granddaughter of Joe Morelli, a dead gangster who is thought by many to have had a hand in the South Braintree crime. Mr. Russell simply writes to tell, not to persuade. In one way, though, his book is persuasive: whatever view you hold of the case, and however firmly you hold it, "Tragedy in Dedham" will demonstrate why other people don't. This is quite an achievement of intellectual, aesthetic, and sympathetic balance.

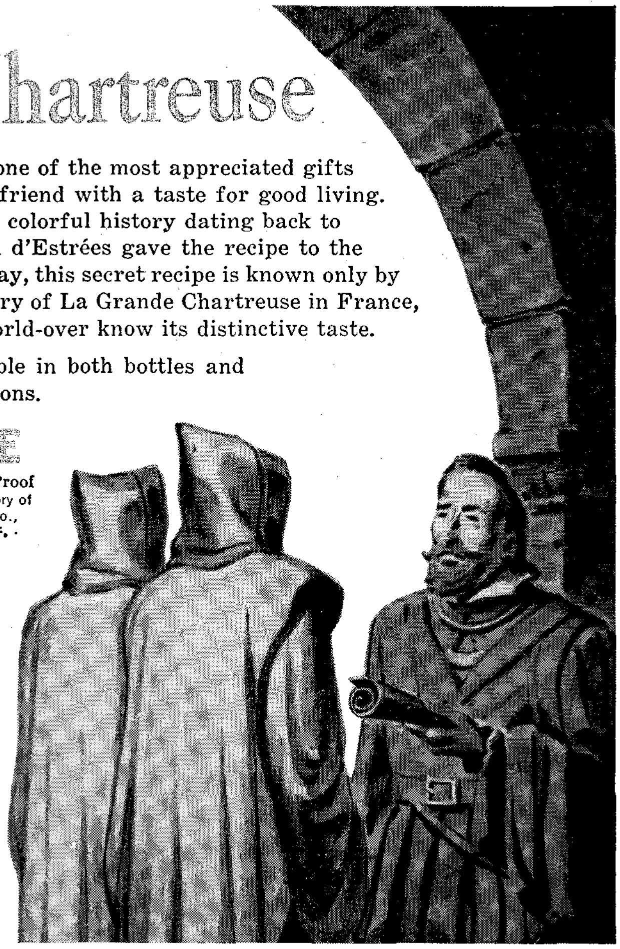
—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Commissioner, by Richard Dougherty (Doubleday). A solid, self-confident, old-fashioned novel that has the good sense to bring us what novels famously used to bring—news of the world that exists not only outside our heads but outside the author's head as well. Mr. Dougherty has an exact knowledge of the great feudal kingdom of the New York City Police Department, and in the course of recounting a nervy three-day man hunt in upper Manhattan he subliminally teaches us much about how the twenty thousand-odd men who keep our local peace work and feel. The commissioner of the title is a fascinating hero—a just, diligent, lonely, imperfect man, who has spent his life acquiring power and is suspicious of any man's being able to use it well. Mr. Dougherty has been kind enough to grant the commissioner a charming mistress, and cruel enough to leave us uncertain of the outcome of their affair; our irritation at not being sure that the commissioner will ever be as happy as he deserves is a measure of the author's art.

Passage Through the Red Sea, by Zofia Romanowicz, translated from the Polish by Virgilia Peterson (Harcourt, Brace & World). A strange, sorrowing short novel that deals with the reunion of two women—the nameless narrator and Lucile, who is somewhat older—some years after their release from a Nazi concentration camp. The narrator discovers that Lucile, whose help she needs and has always needed, has become an



CHARTREUSE
1605

a gift of Chartreuse

Chartreuse Liqueur is one of the most appreciated gifts you can select for any friend with a taste for good living. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605 when the Marshal d'Estrées gave the recipe to the Carthusian Friars. Today, this secret recipe is known only by 4 Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France, but connoisseurs the world-over know its distinctive taste.

Chartreuse is available in both bottles and half bottles in gift cartons.

CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, N. Y. Dept. F.

VISCOUNT
SUPERLATIVE
GOOD GROOMING SET

Every essential good grooming implement, precision-crafted in fine gold or lustrous chrome finish. Your choice of luxurious leather case in tan or black top grain cowhide. A superbly styled gift set for home or travel use. Gold finished implements $15.00 plus tax. Chrome finished implements $12.50 plus tax.

At these fine department stores and men's shops —

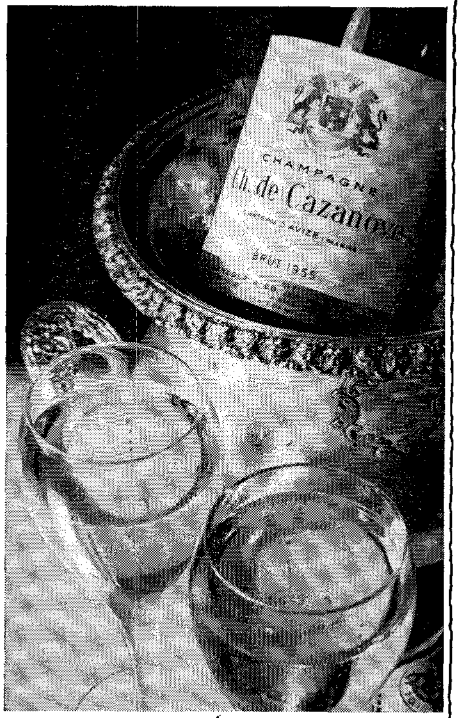
F. R. Tripler & Co., Inc.–New York
Marshall Field & Company, Store for Men–Chicago
Roos/Atkins–San Francisco
Foley's–Houston *Muse's–Atlanta*

THE W. E. BASSETT CO., Derby, Connecticut, Makers of TRIM® Manicure Implements TRIM

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

Gaston
SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. ■ PLaza 5-4285

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE . .
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

One of the 7 wonderful
inns of the world

Cherry Hill Inn

A very modern inn, with old-fashioned overtones in design and hospitality. 300 rooms, fine food and cocktails. Just 15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia. 4 miles from N.J. Tpk., Exit 4.

Write for brochure
Rt. 38 at Haddonfield Road, Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: 609 NO 2-7200

When in Florida . . . Stay at our
harbour inn
Bal Harbour, Miami Beach

FAMOUS FOR PRIME STEAKS, SUPERB ROAST BEEF AND AUTOGRAPHED LOBSTER. CAESAR OR TOSSED SALAD INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE WITH MORE THAN 30 ENTREES.
LUNCHEON - DINNER - SUPPER. OPEN FROM 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M. DINERS' CLUB.
NEW YORK—49 E. 49th St.—PL 1-1960
MIAMI BEACH—21st St. Off Collins Ave.—JE 8-0523
CHANDLER'S

empty, posturing copy of her former self, and for a horrifying reason: in prison, the narrator, through her own dependence and frailty, had permanently drained Lucile, leaving only a husk. The narrator's realization of this drives her into a keening, self-punishing madness, and she destroys Lucile. This nightmarish plot is accentuated by an oblique, dreamlike narrative (there is almost no dialogue), written in a chanting, doubling-back-on-itself prose, which may or may not be the author's style but which is nevertheless just right.

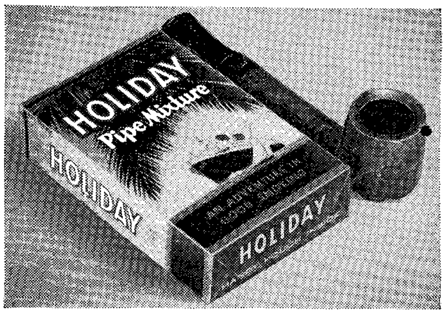
GENERAL

On the Edge of the Rift: Memories of Kenya, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow). A second installment of Mrs. Huxley's childhood as the daughter of English settlers in Africa. The first volume, "The Flame Trees of Thika," ended with the outbreak of the First World War and her father's joining the Army. This book resumes after the war's end. Her parents' coffee plantation was ruined in their absence, and they set about reconstructing it with bank credit and persistence. But they were, as Mrs. Huxley describes them, not so much settlers as pioneers, for as soon as they had put their property in working order, they sold it, bought new land, farther away from civilization—beautiful land that had never been cleared, let alone tilled—and began once more their energetic, unprofitable cycle of reclamation followed by moving. In these years—this volume ends when the author, eighteen, is about to go back to school in England—Mrs. Huxley discovered her literary bent; she read the Georgian poets and, under the pseudonym Bamboo, became the highly respected polo correspondent of the English newspaper in Nairobi. Like nearly all the other English colonists, she rode, shot, and hunted. Her perceptions of the natives (mostly Kikuyu) are sharp but nonetheless—and she realizes this—those of an outsider. She sees their customs and laws as a system of sinister complexity—blackmail, pull, kinship, and magic—in contrast to the majestic simplicity of English fair play and English law. Though Mrs. Huxley's memoirs won't support generalizations about native Africans, her African landscapes are limitless, and so is her charm.

One First Love: The Letters

For the finest
Polynesian and
Cantonese food,
plus superb
Continental cuisine
and exotic drinks,
visit New York's only

TRADER VIC'S
ENTRANCE 7 EAST 58th STREET
Open daily including Sunday
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
THE
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call:
ELdorado 5-2600



TRY HOLIDAY IN NEW PACK FREE
Let The House of Edgeworth send you free your first pack of Holiday Pipe Mixture. Has handy built-in foil pouch to safeguard the Holiday blend of five custom-selected tobaccos, with the famous aroma men relish and women welcome, too. For free pack, send name and address to Holiday, Dept. B-14, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va. Offer limited to U.S.A.

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Company, Inc. • Richmond, Virginia
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS
OF INTIMACY
and
COMFORT

AUTHENTIC
HUNGARIAN
CUISINE

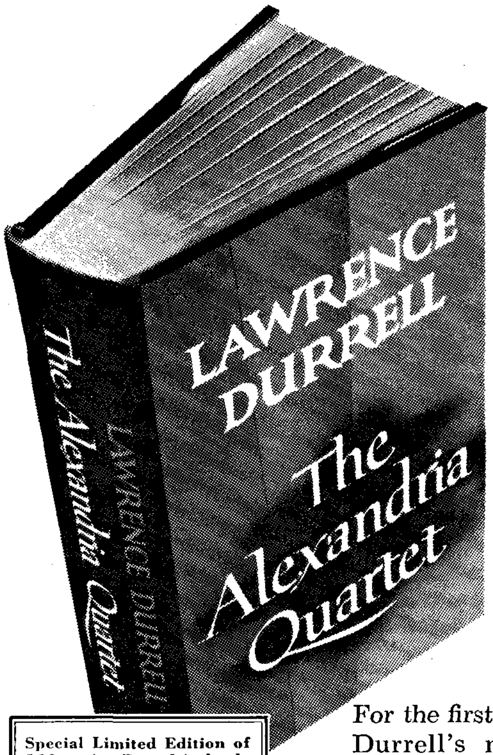
gypsy music
with cimbalom

Csardas
Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • FREE Parking • Closed Mon.

OF ELLEN LOUISA TUCKER TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON, edited by Edith W. Gregg (Belknap Press-Harvard). Emerson became engaged to Ellen Tucker when she was seventeen and ill with tuberculosis. A year later, they were married, and slightly more than a year after that she was dead. These love letters, written to him before and after their marriage, are, variously, funny, charming, touching, and beautiful. The editor, Emerson's great-granddaughter by his second wife, has supplemented them with a few letters to other members of the family and with a selection of Ellen's poems, which at their best are reminiscent of Emily Dickinson's and at other times are comic doggerel. Emerson's letters to Ellen have been destroyed, but his surprising playfulness and passion, mirrored in her letters and visible in his love poems to her (also included by Mrs. Gregg), make it clear that the later, meagre personality we know as the Sage of Concord was scar tissue from this brief, tragic first love and marriage. A book of exceptional interest. Illustrated.

KINGS, COURTS, AND MONARCHY, by Sir Harold Nicolson (Simon & Schuster). Monarchy from the days of prehistoric, anonymous sorcerer-kings to the era of that attractive constitutional ruler Elizabeth II, and including Chinese, Tartar, Arab, and Aztec emperors, war lords, and caliphs, along with Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Louis XIV. Sir Harold studs his history with anecdotes and outspoken judgments, and gives the impression not merely of knowing his topic but of enjoying it—a pleasure his readers will share. The book is lavishly, not to say royally, illustrated. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE EXPLORATION DIARIES OF H. M. STANLEY, edited by Richard Stanley and Alan Neame (Vanguard). The first publication of the diaries—lost for many years—in which the great African correspondent of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph* recorded the perilous three-year journey (1874-77) that included the circumnavigation of Lake Victoria, which confirmed it as the source of the Nile; the exploration of Lake Tanganyika; and the discovery that Dr. Livingstone's River Lualaba was the upper reaches of the Congo. That this is an important book need hardly be said. It is, however, more than that. Crisp, imme-



Now in one magnificent volume!

Lawrence Durrell's bestselling masterpiece

Special Limited Edition of 199 copies. Bound in buckram, stamped in gold, slipcased, numbered and signed by the author. $35.00

For the first time—a handsome gift edition of Durrell's monumental tetralogy, **Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive, Clea,** hailed by *The Saturday Review* as "one of the major achievements of fiction in our time."

$10.00 at all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
201 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

Announcing the second annual

DELTA PRIZE NOVEL AWARD

FOR A WORK OF OUTSTANDING FICTION TO BE PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN HARDCOVER AND PAPERBACK

The judges of the 1962 Delta Prize Novel contest—Mary McCarthy, Walter van Tilburg Clark and Leslie Fiedler—have regretfully concluded that no manuscript submitted in this year's competition achieved the overall standards of literary excellence they wish to establish for this prize.

The editors of Delta Books are therefore pleased to add this year's unawarded $5,000 prize to the 1963 award, bringing it to $10,000. The same judges have graciously consented to serve again, more than ever convinced of the need to discover and encourage fresh creative talent.

1963 PRIZE: $10,000

DEADLINE: JUNE 30TH

For rules and details write DELTA BOOKS, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

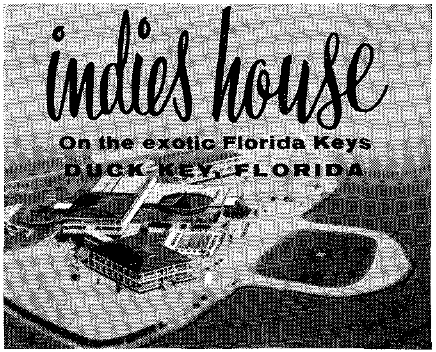
Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

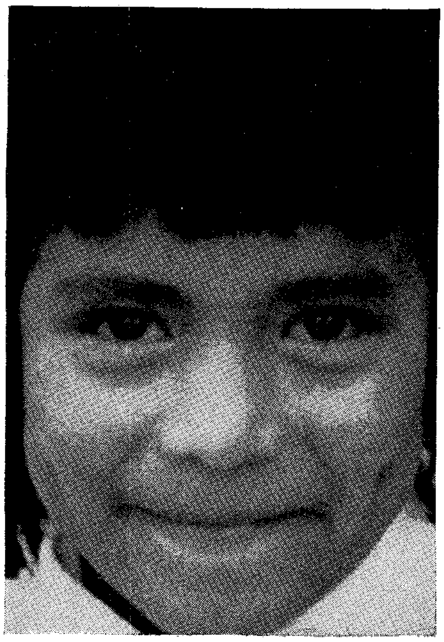
CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb
quality served in a
distinctive continental
atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.



Opens December 8th for another happy season. Enjoy Florida's warmest winter climate and our luxurious charming atmosphere



Her eyes tell you why...

Perceptive, intelligent, serious – so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of this American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a $10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

SCF

Save The Children Federation, Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐ Enclosed is my first payment:

$10.00 a month ☐	$ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐	$120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child. Enclosed is contribution of $____

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone____State______

Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 12-8-2

diate, and harrowingly eventful, it is also the best of reading. Illustrated with sketches by the author, photographs, and an end-paper map.

ASTRONOMY, by Fred Hoyle (Doubleday). A stunning book that tells—in words, diagrams, and pictures, many of them in color—the history of man's exploration of the universe. The author reaches back to the earliest stirrings of curiosity about the stars among the Mesopotamians and the Greeks, and traces the successive systems of astronomical thought up to the present. Mr. Hoyle, professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy at Cambridge University, is a skillful guide who can lead the serious lay reader as far into the abstruse bushes as he is able to go. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE SEA (Rand McNally). A picture-and-text depiction of the element that occupies seventy-one per cent of the earth's surface. It is the work of a group of Swiss explorer-writers (W. A. de Salis, Hermann Hiltbrunner, Hans Hass, Ernst Gagel, and Auguste Piccard) and photographers, among them Hein Wenzel. As is nearly always true of books of this kind, the text, though crammed with facts, is largely superfluous. The photographs (eighty in black-and-white and nineteen in color) and the captions (crisp but fully detailed) are definitive. They are also, whatever the subject—an open mussel shell in a film of water, a crash of surf on the Great Australian Bight, moonrise over an Arctic iceberg, a South Atlantic swell, a tidal mud flat—absolutely stunning. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD, by Bradley Smith (Doubleday). A beautiful book tracing in words and pictures Columbus's four voyages of discovery. The book is a joy physically, and accurate history in the bargain. There's a funny discrepancy, though: the text, like Columbus's voyages, is full of danger and ugliness (cannibalism, mutiny, murder, theft), but the scenery—in the pictures, anyhow—is one idyll after another (thrilling landfalls, snug harbors, soft beaches). Fifteen dollars.

THAT WILDER IMAGE, by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown). This is a book whose appearance is particularly apropos, for it comes at a time when the American artists of the nineteenth century, loosely referred to as the Hudson River School, and for a long time contemned, con-

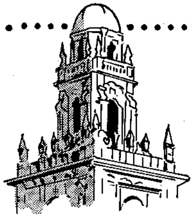
CHOCOLATE APPLE

CHOCOLATE APPLE
Droste
Droste of Holland

A name that has meant chocolate excellence the world over since 1890.

Wherever fine confections are sold.

Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., Clifton, N. J.



it costs no more to enjoy the finest

RONEY PLAZA

HOTEL & SUN CLUB
On the Ocean, Miami Beach

- Luxurious rooms, superb cuisine
- Golf on our own oceanfront course
- 4 tennis courts
- Resort world's largest beach
- Olympic pool with cabanas
- Beautiful tropic gardens

For full information, see your travel agent . . . or call
MU 8-0110

APPLETON ESTATE
A LIGHT JAMAICA RUM
86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

demned, and degraded, are gradually being upgraded again. It is no longer taken for granted that Winslow Homer was the only artist that the century produced in this country. He was the greatest, but there were a number of others—George Catlin, with his precise studies of Northwest Indians; Albert Bierstadt, who refused to be overawed even by the Rocky Mountains; George Caleb Bingham, with his jolly flatboatmen; and, of course, Audubon, the Proto-Surrealist Thomas Cole, and George Inness, with his serenely "American" landscapes—who deserve consideration, too. It was an odd period. Genre, frequently of the corniest sort, predominated, and the attitude toward landscape was certainly flamboyant. But, as Mr. Flexner accurately points out, all this was in itself a distinctive feature of the American school, for the official fare in Europe was still set rigidly in the coldly classical tradition; he even hints that, with luck, we might have developed a truly native democratic style that would have continued the style of the democratic Dutch, with a similar emphasis on the everyday, as against the supernal. Though the author does not say so, it was probably the Impressionist explosion, upsetting all ideas about art everywhere, that changed all that. In any event, this is a handsome book, its writing swift and vivid, and its hundred-odd illustrations, all in halftone, well selected. Fifteen dollars.

MASTERS OF THE JAPANESE PRINT, by Richard Lane, and PRIMITIVE ART, by Douglas Fraser (Doubleday). The first volumes in a series called the Arts of Man. Identical in format and size (medium octavo), they share an effort to combine compactness with brisk but wide-ranging informativeness. Uniform success, though, is harder to come by. Of the two present examples, the Japanese book may have suffered from its striving for completeness. If one leaves aside the work of such masters as Hokusai and Hiroshige, most Japanese art is fairly repetitious—a rather stilted parade of samurai, actors, courtesans, and so on—and in trying so hard to cover *all* the ground the author may have succeeded merely in emphasizing the monotony that is the weakness of the art. This, however, is not to detract from the book's value as a reference work, which is considerable. The companion volume is a more considered and generally a more successful

CHRISTMAS has many different meanings. But down through the years, the Christmas Seal has meant the same to everybody—a symbol of the fight against tuberculosis.

Strike your blow against TB. Answer your Christmas Seal letter today. Fight TB and other respiratory diseases with CHRISTMAS SEALS.

FOR THE YOUNGEST ON YOUR LIST...

CHRISTMAS IN THE STABLE
The Tomten

Ring-A-Ring O'Roses

By RAYMOND BRIGGS. Favorite nursery rhymes illustrated with lovely jewel-like pictures. Ages 4-7. $3.00

Christmas in the Stable

By ASTRID LINDGREN. *Illustrated in color by Harald Wiberg.* The story of the first Christmas, retold in a reverent and glowing book. Ages 5-8. $2.95

The Tomten

By ASTRID LINDGREN. *Illustrated in color by Harald Wiberg.* An enchanting winter fantasy. Ages 5-8. $2.95

At all bookstores

CMC COWARD-McCANN, INC.

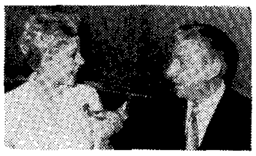
A Pocketful of Christmas

THE QUARTO GUIDE
TO SHOPS AND SERVICES

on New York's
Upper East Side

$1.75 AT LEADING BOOKSHOPS
OR QUARTO, P.O. Box 2320, N.Y. 17

Kim
Novak
with Host
John C. Bruno



Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED
STEAK HOUSE
LUNCH · DINNER
Open every day · Air-conditioned
205 E. 45th St. · MU 2-8660

ON SAYING NO

Every so often someone asks us whether we really do discourage some people from investing. And our answer is yes, certainly.

Why? Well, let's put it this way. Every sensible business man would rather have happy customers than unhappy ones, because the happy ones will come back and will speak well of him to others.

So when someone comes to us and says he wants to buy some stock, if he has a regular income and cash for emergencies and adequate insurance and a surplus in addition, we help him all we can. But if someone comes to us and says he wants to buy some stock with money that should go to pay bills or build a rainy-day reserve, we discourage him all we can. We discourage him because he can't afford to take the risks that owning stock involves, because he may be forced to sell at a loss at a time when he needs the money urgently. As old Ben Franklin said, "Necessity never made a good bargain."

In short, the only kind of customers we want are happy ones. That's just good sense and good business.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

essay. Primitive art, of course, bulks large among the influences on modern art, and this book, which, despite its relatively small size, ranges without perceptible straining from Oceania to Africa by way of America, and from Patagonia to the Eskimos, is truly a source book, for many of the reproductions make one aware again of the debt that even our most sophisticated contemporaries owe to supposedly savage tribal patterns. Though the books' treatment of color may be a trifle florid (a common failing nowadays), both are well and copiously illustrated, the first with a hundred and forty-eight plates (ninety in color) and the second with a hundred and eighty-three (fifty-nine in color).

THE NEW ENGLAND IMAGE, by Samuel Chamberlain (Hastings House). The splendid best of this veteran landscape-and-architecture photographer's pictures of New England. Mr. Chamberlain explains in his preface that he knows there are slums and bowling alleys in New England, but that he thinks they're ugly, so he's skipped them. He presents, instead, a beauty contest of shore, farm, mountain, and village, all studded with seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and early-nineteenth-century buildings of note. It's an alluring image, beautifully portrayed. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

•

Drums heat loudly, cymbals clash, the wind and other instruments are played full blasts. For sheer magnificence of spectacle, Chinese Operas are unbearable.—*Tourists' Information Guide, Hong Kong.*

They are, and let's keep them that way.

•

In the November 28 Chapel service, Dr. Oaks Hoover, College of Idaho physician, will be the guest speaker. He will discuss the subject of the case against Euthanasia, where the people live only on a vegetable diet.—*From the College of Idaho Coyote.*

But die happy.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK, AND ONE OF THE MOST CONVINCING, TOO

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Denver Post*]

SANFORD, N.C.—(AP)—A judge who sentenced an unemployed man to 3 to 5 years imprisonment for nine break-in thefts didn't accept the defendant's explanation.

Only 80 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant Lodge club and cottages

Here is a complete ski-village at the Laurentians' highest peak. Double and single chair lifts, T-bars and slopes at your chalet door. Over 50 miles of downhill trails for novice or expert and 24 instructors in our famous L'Ecole de Ski du Mont Tremblant to perfect your technique.

Accommodations in Lodge, Inn or your own private cottage. Ski Weeks from $110 including meals, lodging, Ski School and all lift tickets. French cuisine, movies, skating, dancing nightly. Special children's program. Early reservations suggested. Write today for colour folder!

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada

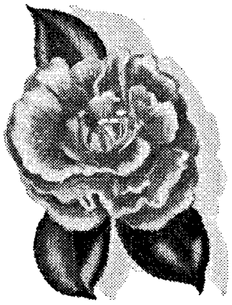
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, *President and Managing Director*

For your favorite gardener

YOU CAN GROW CAMELLIAS

By MARY NOBLE and BLANCHE GRAHAM
A wealth of information on outdoor and indoor culture and propagation. Illustrated. $7.50

HARPER



YOU, ANYONE, EVERYONE can sustain, and participate in, American art

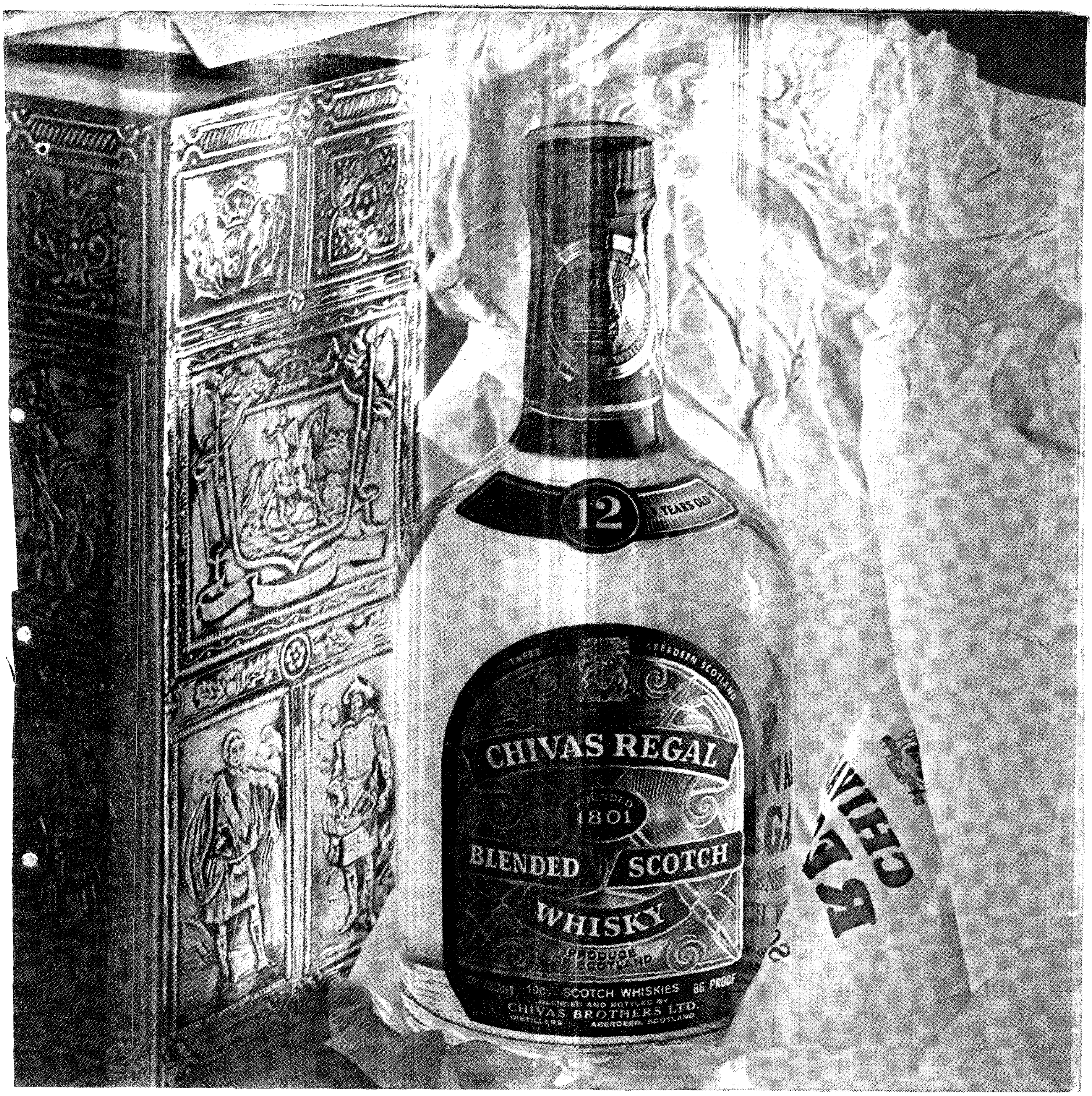
Join Collectors of American Art INC.

Your $5.00 membership GUARANTEES you an ORIGINAL—a painting, or a print, or a piece of sculpture in the annual distribution.

19 East 71 St., New York 21

EMILY A. FRANCIS, *President* YU 8-0771

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


12 YEARS OLD
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
DISTILLERS ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

Are you giving Chivas Regal this Christmas because it's expensive?

Don't look hurt.

Price happens to be a very good reason for giving Chivas Regal.

Because buying Scotch is a matter of simple arithmetic: you get just what you pay for.

It's possible to buy Scotch for half the price of Chivas Regal.

But Chivas Regal is twice as good.

So good, in fact, many people consider it to be the smoothest Scotch there is.

We can't tell you how we get it so smooth; we don't know the whole secret ourselves.

But this we do know: we refuse to change, even slightly, any of the honored methods we've inherited.

Or to age a drop of Chivas Regal a moment less than 12 years.

Now then. Can it be that you *weren't* thinking of giving Chivas Regal?

There's a pity. Especially when a good taste of it might well change your mind.

Why not order a glass in your local bar? Sip it. (Neat, if you please.)

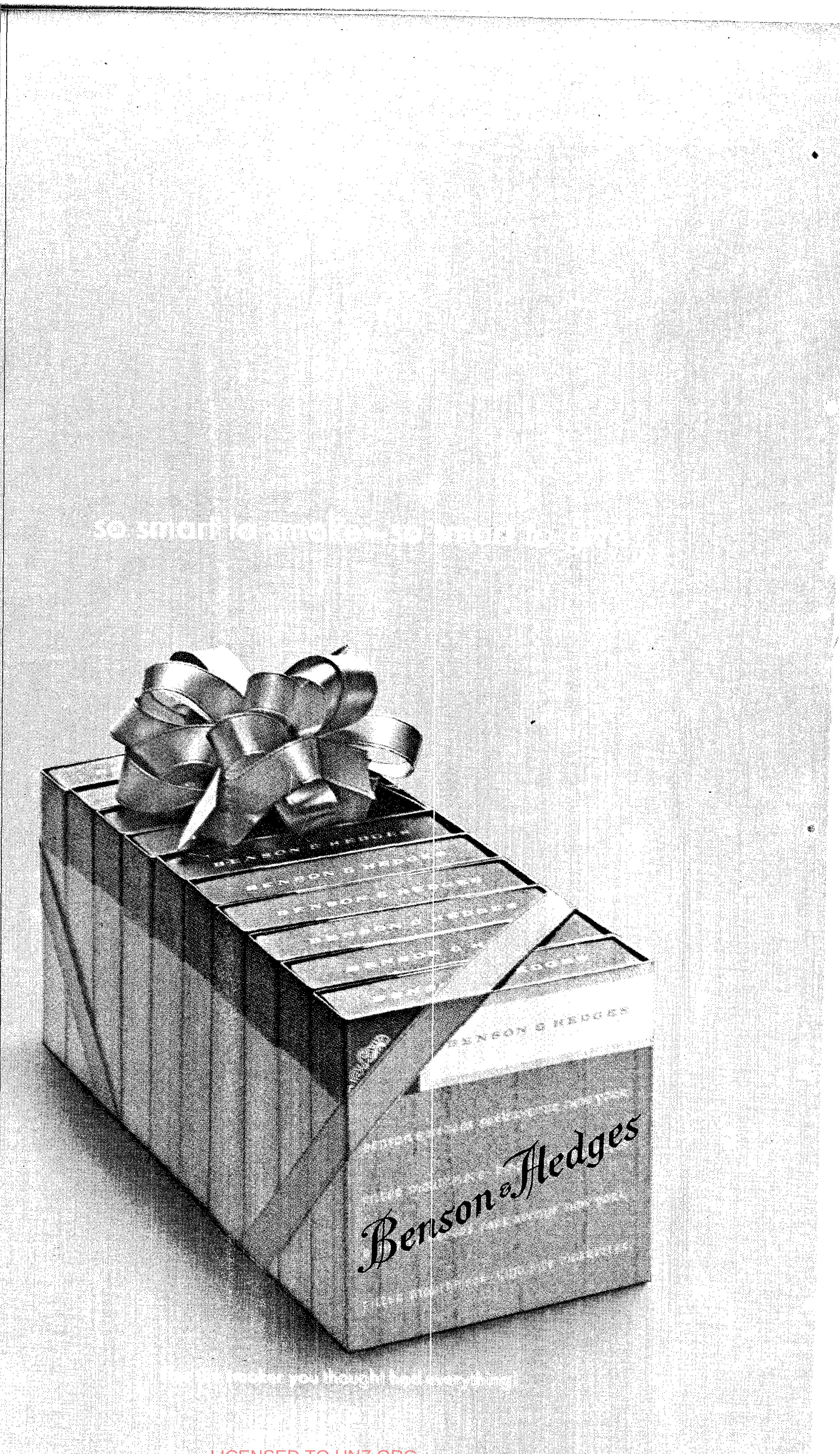
You'll find it goes down as smooth as honey.

Perhaps you'll decide to give Chivas Regal after all. If so, your friends will also be delighted with our gift box. It's available all year round at no extra cost.

It compares with "special" holiday gift-wraps as Chivas Regal compares with other Scotches.

Brilliantly.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.


so smart to smoke... so smart to give
BENSON & HEDGES
Benson & Hedges
For the smoker you thought had everything!